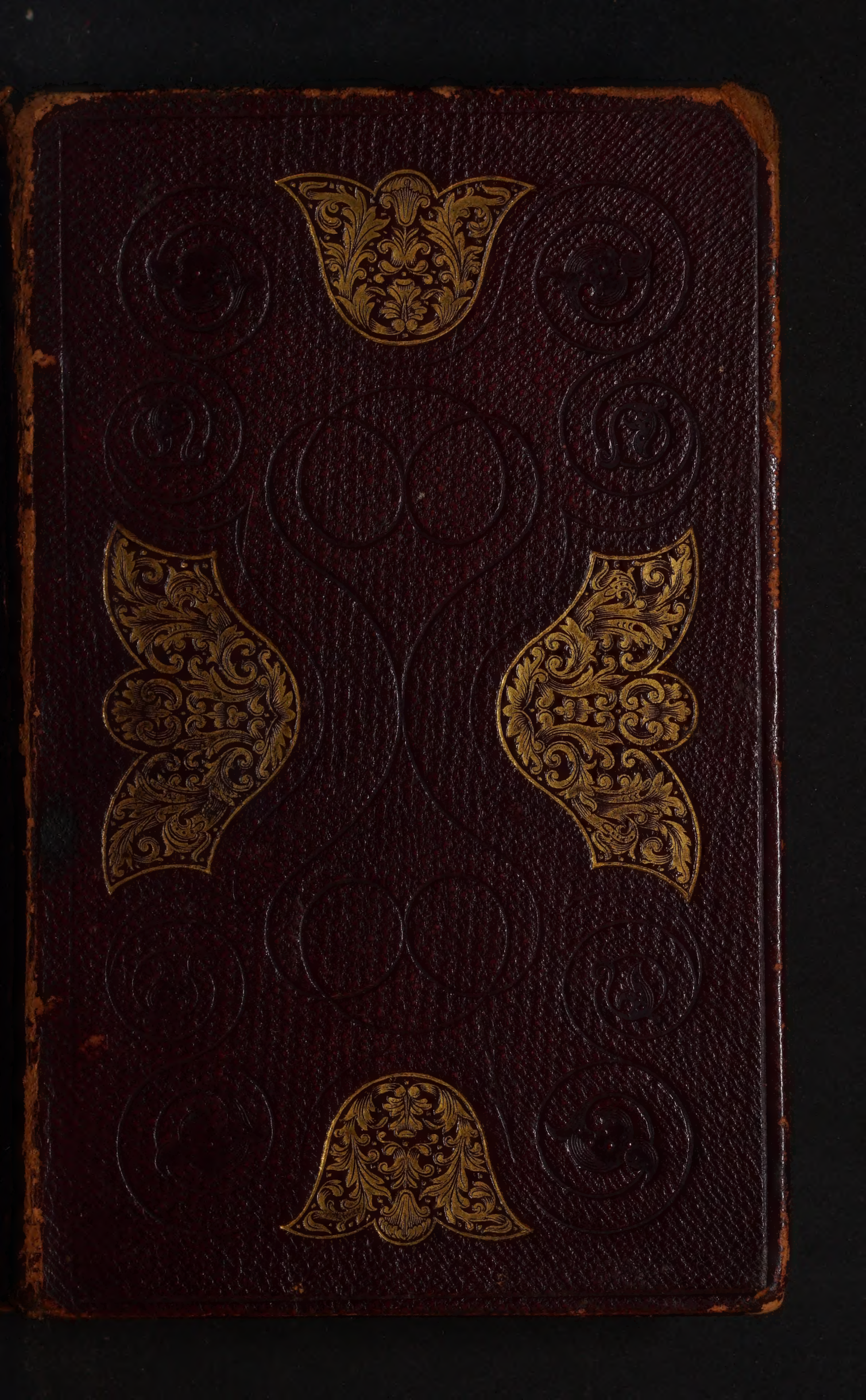

FORGET
ME
NOT.

1837

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THE
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LADY BLANCHE.

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXVII.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.
L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY ACKERMANN AND CO.

LONDON:

F. SHOBERL, JUN., LEICESTER STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

PREFACE.

Change is one of the conditions attached to humanity, and inseparable from every thing that is of human origin. For proof of this position we might appeal to the vicissitudes experienced during the last few years by that class of publications to which this work belongs. Hailed with a feeling that may be termed enthusiastic, the Annuals sprang up in rapid succession, after the appearance of their prototype, the Forget Me Not, and flourished for a time in the warm sunshine of the public favour. The fostering rays were withdrawn, and most of them sunk after a longer or a shorter career, according to the purse or the perseverance of their conductors; so that, out of those which adopted our work as their model in regard to form and price, scarcely one survives at the present moment. What a few years since it was the fashion to commend and to extol, it appears now

to be the fashion to sneer at and to decry. This treatment, as far as we are ourselves concerned, has had no other effect than to stimulate our endeavours to prove that it is undeserved. Indeed, of the Annuals generally it may be asserted with truth that they have been the medium of placing before the public gems of surpassing beauty, both in literature and art; and, even if this merit could not be conceded to them, their avowed purpose—that of cultivating the best affections of our nature—should entitle them to some indulgence.

For our own part, undeterred by the caprice of Fashion or the censure of Prejudice, we offer the present volume as a new pledge of our conviction that we have a higher duty to perform than merely to minister to the amusement of the frivolous; and that it shall be, as it has hitherto been, our aim to mingle with lighter matters as much information and as many a sound moral lesson as our opportunities and limits enable us to do.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE Sorceress	9
The Flower Spirit. By CHARLES SWAIN, Esq., Author of *The Beauties of the Mind*, &c.	49
Annie Deer. A Tale of the Middle Classes. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., Author of *Darnley*, *De l'Orme*, *Richelieu*, &c.	51
The Blackbird. By JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq. . . .	75
Tajo de Ronda	77
Moments Fled. By CHARLES SWAIN, Esq.	88
The Rose of Sharon. By the Rev. RICHARD POLWHELE .	90
An Alchemist's Fortunes. By Miss LAWRANCE, Author of *London in the Olden Time*, &c.	91
The Doge's Palace, Venice. By J. B. PAPWORTH, Esq. .	117
England. By RICHARD JOHNS, Esq., Author of *Ascension*, a Poem	119
Song. From *Titian*, an unpublished Romance. By R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.	120
The Capture of Linlithgow Castle, in the Year 1313 . .	121
The Use of Flowers. By MARY HOWITT	159
Faithful Carlo. By T. HAYNES BAYLEY, Esq.	161

PAGE

The Prince of the Storm. By Charles Swain, Esq. . 164

The Nice Doctor. By J. Forbes Dalton, Esq. . . . 165

The Young Cottagers. By Agnes Strickland . . 190

Annabel's Bridal. A Legend of a Dream. By Henry F. Chorley, Esq., Author of *Conti* 193

Light. By Delta 207

On a Ruin, which had been occupied at different periods as a Nunnery and a Baronial Castle. By C. J. Davids, Esq. 208

My Native Place. By Richard Howitt 209

The Caterer. A Fragment from the Notes of a Traveller. By Mrs. Lee 211

The Resurrection. By James Montgomery, Esq. . . 222

The Wreath of Fame. By Charles Swain, Esq. . . 224

Lady Blanche. By Miss Lawrance 225

On the Tomb of Blucher 227

A Game at Coquetry 229

Song. By John Bird, Esq. 256

The Joghee. An Indian Tradition 257

Lines addressed to the Editor. By Charles Swain, Esq. 262

The Sleeping Beauty. By Miss L. E. Landon . . . 263

Love and Mercy. By the Rev. Richard Polwhele . . 265

Morning. By Captain Calder Campbell 267

Julian and Leonor. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D. . 269

Song. From *Titian*, an unpublished Romance. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D. 290

The Betrayed. By Eleanora Louisa Montagu . . 291

PAGE

Puss and the Poetess. A Tale of Sense and Sentiment. By Henry F. Chorley, Esq. 293

The Widow and her Child. By Mrs. Abdy 317

Rigour of the Law in the Year 1657. An Historical Fact, related by Mrs. Gore 319

Poetry. By Captain Calder Campbell 352

The Bridal Toilet. By the Author of *Chartley* 353

Wisdom and Folly. From *Titian*, an unpublished Romance. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D. 354

Hope. By John Bird, Esq. 355

PLATES.

PAGE

1. Presentation Plate. Engraved by W. Kelsall.
2. Lady Blanche. Painted by E. T. Parris. Engraved by C. Rolls . . . . . *to face the Title*
3. The Sorceress. Drawn by Miss F. Corbaux. Engraved by G. A. Periam 9
4. The Spirit of the Flower. Painted by J. Wood. Engraved by H. B. Hall 49
5. Tajo de Ronda. Drawn by J. F. Lewis. Engraved by C. Rolls 77
6. The Doge's Palace, Venice. Drawn by S. Prout, F.S.A. Engraved by J. Carter 117
7. Faithful Carlo. Painted by E. Landseer, R.A. Engraved by C. Rolls 161
8. Annabel's Dream. Drawn by Miss Setchell. Engraved by L. Stocks 193
9. The Sleeping Beauty. Painted by J. Wood. Engraved by F. Bacon 263
10. Puss and the Poetess. Painted by H. P. Parker. Engraved by T. S. Engleheart 293
11. The Bridal Toilet. Drawn by G. Cattermole. Engraved by F. Bacon 353

THE SORCERESS.

THE picture-gallery of the Duke of Modena is well known as one of the finest beyond the Alps. But in the private apartments of the palace are some performances, which, whether to escape the eye of French pillage, or from the somewhat jealous spirit of Italian connoisseurship, are kept almost sacredly from the public eye. Circumstances gave me some opportunities of penetrating those Bluebeard chambers, and I was rewarded better than the heroine of the tale, by the discovery of some of the most exquisite works of the native pencil. But among them was one which had a higher interest than its mere beauty of execution. The view of this picture lay under an ultra-prohibition, for it was enclosed in a solid bronze case, for which the key was to be sought through as long a file of court guardians as if it had contained the jewels of the crown.

Italy is, like the Apostle's character of the Athenians, to speak in the gentlest terms, "too superstitious;" and the name which the picture has somehow or other

obtained among the people may account for the extreme reluctance with which it is shown. The "Sorceress" is a formidable appellation in any land of the Continent. But, in Italy, it involves fears and horrors, of which it would be equally dangerous to tempt the revival, or ridicule the folly. The original of the picture was unquestionably an extraordinary personage. And it would be an herculean task to divest the multitude, or perhaps many of their superiors, even to this hour, of the impression that the fame and final success of this personage were connected with aids from sources, whose name startles human nature. The picture, however, may yet be shown to strangers by the operation of that spell which acted in my own instance — that magic, at least as powerful as any that ever obeyed the calls of modern necromancy—that little glittering talisman, which, emerging from the Englishman's pocket, no sooner touches the foreigner's hand, than he feels an instant impossibility of keeping any secret whatever; and, even before "Open, Sessame!" can be pronounced, expands the inmost recesses of his household and his soul.

The picture is certainly a very noble one. Italy scarcely supplies a more striking example of that power of portraiture which once made the Italian school pre-eminent in this admirable province of the art. The countenance lives. The character lives in the countenance. Without the slightest labour for effect, without contortion, without study of action, feature, or attitude;

in short, without that profound and perilous determination to enrapture, which makes all French portraits the fac-simile of some figurante of the Opera, or solemn hero of the *Français;* or that heavy homeliness which makes the majority of English as tranquil as so many plaster-casts; a woman is before us, as we might have seen her in the pride of genius and beauty—with a slight touch of the austere, or perhaps rather the bold —but still the magnificent Italian, such as the land sometimes sends forth, to vindicate her fame for female loveliness, among the thousands and ten thousands of those harsh, stunted, abrupt, and burnt-up physiognomies with which Italy abounds, perhaps more than any other region of earth—her neighbour, Africa, scarcely excepted.

For some days after I had seen this *chef d'œuvre,* I was full of the topic, which happened to be a harmless one, as it was wholly among my own countrymen. But to obtain any thing like elucidation on the subject I soon found hopeless. Few had heard of it; fewer, of course, seen it; and none, whatever their curiosity, could extract any thing from the old Cicerone of the palace, but that the whole affair was a prodigious secret—a matter of state, on which a whisper or a shrug might put all parties in the hands of the police. Unhappy news for him and all other Ciceroni, if a shrug could endanger his liberty, for it is the only employment of their shoulders through life! But let no man despair who loves state secrets in Italy. There is always

to be found, even in the very crashing of those jaws with which the Austrian wolf or the Russian bear masticates the infant speculations of the imaginative of Europe, some panting champion of colloquial confidence, some depository of the facts of the prison-house, some gay or grave interpreter of those hieroglyphics which are written on the tombs of the dead, or the dungeons of fettered cabinets; who is only longing to be disburthened of his tale, and who, over a cup of coffee, or a glass of Maraschino, divulges histories, which, dropt into any ears but English, would consign the voluble communicant to touch his guitar in the cells of Laybach for life, or carry his hod and pickaxe in the fortifications of Odessa, until they are required to inhume his own luckless mortality.

One evening, at a large party, in which an Italian marchioness, foolish enough to emulate the most foolish of all our customs, crowded about a thousand well-dressed and unfortunate people into apartments, large and handsome, it is true, but still, on a hot Italian evening, giving the strongest conceivable resemblance of the Black Hole at Calcutta; half carbonized with the heat, tired to death with abortive attempts to find or make conversation; for which a conversazione is of all earthly contrivances the most incapable; and, if I must stoop to humbler matters — half-starved, for at foreign *soirées* all the food is so strictly intellectual that a biscuit and a glass of lemonade is a piece of profusion, and even the "cup of cold water" rises

into the rank of a genuine act of hospitality — I had worked my way out of the vortex of Counts and Countesses, with and without moustaches, into the only quiet corner of the huge hotel, a little dismantled room, from which I could just see the garden and partially catch the breeze. But I was not the only candidate for solitude. I found already planted there an old officer of the court, who, after having paid his obeisances to the marchesa in the shape of being half suffocated, had fled for breath to the little cool chamber; and was now hanging out of the casement to seize on all the vitality that was to be extracted from the last lingering air of a sultry twilight. On the table lay a volume of drawings, sketched with considerable force; but what struck me peculiarly in them was that they had the portrait of the "Sorceress" prominent in all their groupes, and were evidently constructed with some reference to her history. The old officer and I gradually fell into communication; and one of my first inquiries was, whether the drawings were imaginary or authentic. I found my companion a man of taste and of the world; he had seen a good deal of that perilous service to which Napoleon compelled the Italian chivalry. Half-a-dozen orders and as many wounds reminded him and the world that he had done and suffered at Jena, Austerlitz, and Moscow. Returning in command of a division, satisfied with marches and massacres, a little stricken in years, and perfectly saturated with the glory of feathers and aiguillettes,

the general had hung up his banner in his native state, and now enjoyed one of those quiet dependencies on the sovereign, which in the continental courts give the dignity of office without the trouble of responsibility.

I had pounced upon the right man at last. "These drawings," said he, "the thousand deficiencies of which you have the kindness to overlook, are mine. They were the work of the winter when I returned frost-nipt from the Russian campaign. During six months of rheumatism and all other tortures, I amused myself with making a few sketches founded on all that I could learn of the mystery of the portrait. The mystery, I still call it, for the chief circumstances of the transaction were wrapt in silence, partly from the reigning family's reluctance to have the matter talked of; partly from the wish of the principal herself that her elevation in society should not be attributed to means hazardous to her fame among the people; and partly from the public disturbances of a time in which the fate of Europe was in the balance, and in every country the great were beginning to dread the inroads of the multitude."

The drawings were each illustrative of some peculiar period of the story of this singular personage. And, as the general took them up successively, he explained their purport, sometimes by simple reference to the events, sometimes by giving it in that species of half dramatic character and improvised dialogue which is an

instinctive Italian talent, and which is at once so graphic and so novel to strangers.

The first sketch was a fine broad representation of the principal church of Modena. An altar decorated for high mass stood in the centre. The scene wound away in ranges of clustered pillars, behind one of which a figure was half seen, muffled in a cloak. The porch of the cathedral was filled with the mitred and robed clergy, receiving the Duke.

"This was the crisis of the prince and his people," said my interpreter. He had received undoubted information that Illuminatism, then prevalent in Germany, and revolutionary wherever it prevailed, was favoured by a powerful party in the Duchy. His was a gallant, intelligent, and honourable mind, and it is the serious fault of such minds oftener to despise obscure danger than to guard against it. He had, too, an additional obstacle, in his being somewhat of an Illuminé himself. Ardent, certainly, in most things, remarkably fond of the secrets of science, and perhaps, too, visionary in the pursuit of its imaginations, his was not the temper for times that dealt so much in the realities of rebellion. I knew him intimately, and once ventured to hint that, if he had lived in the age of the alchymists, he would have spent his days and nights in hunting for the philosopher's stone. 'And what nobler employment of days and nights could there be,' was his answer, 'what higher honour than that of mastering the powers of nature, to become the won-

der of the living generation, and the benefactor of all that are to follow?' I was, of course, silent thenceforth. But the mystery, which in the hands of Schœfer, and perhaps even of Weishaupt, was a harmless juggle, became a different and rather darker business, when it fell into the hands of our Italian propagandists. Our national vanity perpetually reminds us that, as we tread the soil of empire, we are the natural inheritors of the universal sceptre. Our national ignorance forgets that we are northern barbarians."

Against this sweeping sentence I protested, and pronounced a sort of palliative, from the known character of Italian genius. But the general had made up his mind.

"You speak with the generosity of your great country," said he. "But, rely upon it that the true test of national greatness is the faculty of winning and wearing freedom. Let truth be told in all things. Tartar robbers, Greek runaways, Norman savages, a mixture of all strange populations; filtered through some slight strainers of traditional taste, a lovely climate, and the influence of classic memorials in every hill, valley, city, and shore; those were our parentage, and we keep the likeness in every feature, soul and body, at this moment. But, to the portfolio."

He pointed out the figure of the assassin. "There," said he, "was one of our political regenerators. On this day, he had been placed in the church for the express purpose of murder. The Prince had just

reached his seat, within a few feet of the assassin, when a form, dressed as a Dominican friar, passed him hastily, muttering some words of which he could distinguish nothing in the general hum of the crowd, but 'Beware!' This warning was not enough to retard a man of courage from sitting down when he was tired. The Prince advanced to his seat, and remained there during the ceremony. At its close, a sudden tumult behind him was followed by a mortal cry, and the Count Santa Valle, one of the officers of his staff, fell dying at his feet. Of course the tumult was prodigious. Conjectures were as numerous as they were idle; until the Count recovered his speech sufficiently to say that, in the act of throwing himself forward to save the Prince from a dagger which he saw drawn against him, he had received the deadly blow. Of the giver of the blow he could tell nothing, but from the fragment of a Dominican's cowl, which he tore off as he fell. The wound was truly described: it was deadly. The Count expired that night. Large rewards were offered for the discovery of the murderer. All the Dominican convents were searched, through a circuit of miles, and all in vain. The only approach to discovery was made about ten days afterwards, when a dagger, wrapped in a paper, was thrown into the balcony of the Duke's bedchamber. The paper contained the words: 'You seek for the hand that put Santa Valle to death. You seek in the Dominican convents. Seek in your own palace! He died justly. He died by this hand and

by this dagger.' The letter and the dagger were alike inscribed, 'Carmolini.' "

The next subject was a beautiful sketch of the palace gardens. They were prepared for a magnificent fête. Orchestras with coloured lights, and the profuse ornaments of the Italian pageants, were seen planted at various distances through the arbours. Fireworks were throwing rainbow lights on the flower-beds, the statues, and the fountains. In the remoter view, the palace was in its full pomp, brilliantly illuminated, and exhibiting, in the rich perspective of its marble and gilded saloons, a crowd of the native nobles, promenading, banqueting, and dancing. Two leading figures near the eye were a female, and a gallant masquer in the dress of a minstrel; his lute evidently just dropped on the ground, and his hand pointing to a pair of prancing horses in the shade of the grove. His gesture was one of the most ardent entreaty, and the expression of his countenance, from which the mask had fallen off, that of the most glowing passion. The lady's glance at the palace was much more that of fear of being followed than of reluctance to fly; and it might be easily conjectured that the gentle violence of the lover was fully seconded by the inclinations of the fair one.

"This," said the general, "depicts one of the most singular circumstances of the Prince's history, and one of which I happened to be an eye-witness. The marriages of sovereigns are, as we all know, seldom mat-

ters of the heart. The politics of the Duchy had long pointed to an alliance with the house of Savoy. Amadeus was powerful, rich, and held the keys of the Alps in his hand. The Modenese, exposed on one side to Austria, and on the other to France, required a native protector. The negociation began, was speedily brought to a conclusion, and the Princess, a showy, but stern-looking figure, was received with due honours by the Court. Still all was not well. While the preparations were making for the nuptials, rumours were heard that neither party much cared if the other had gone on a voyage to the antipodes. It was even said, that the Duke had some uneasy recollections of a former flame, and that the Princess had made a still more distinct discovery of the state of her feelings, since her arrival. But matters of this kind must not be suffered to disturb marriages of state, and the preparatives were only urged on the faster. The bridal day at length came. All was pomp and gaiety. I was then a page in the Ducal service. Proud of my first aiguillettes and sword, I was just in the frame to look upon all the world with delight. Yet, even at the magnificent table to which the Prince led his future bride, I could see that all was not rapture. The open countenance of the Duke was clouded; the handsome yet rather Juno-like features of the Princess were almost cold. But those are no miracles within palace walls. All went on undisturbed, and the marriage was to be solemnized by the Papal nuncio at midnight. It was

preceded by a masked ball. All the noble birth of the Duchy, with many of the Piedmontese visiters, made it brilliant.

"After dancing till I was weary even of the brilliancy, I strolled into the garden, as now, to breathe a little longer. There, lounging on one of the seats, and half sinking into sleep from the drowsy sweetness of every thing round me, I heard a voice of such remarkable elegance, accompanied by some instrument touched with equal taste, that I at first conceived it to be one of those fairy performances which haunt dreams. But a rustling through the branches behind me soon proved that I was still in the waking world; and I heard, what was to me, in those days, a novelty, a regular declaration of love. Doubtful whether I ought to listen, I left the spot, and soon after saw, rushing from the shade, a female, evidently in great disturbance, and as evidently glittering with jewels, though wrapped in a large cloak; she was followed by the minstrel, who, whether her perturbation were fear or love, contrived, after some further entreaty, to lead her where the horses stood, to induce her to mount one, and then to fly at full speed, over hill and dale, in the old romantic style. It was not within my province to interfere, and, even if it had, all passed so rapidly, and I was in such a mood of fancy, that I half regarded it as only a more pleasing scene of a drama. I was soon roused to a more active use of my senses by the general tumult, which rolled on me from the palace. The Princess was no

where to be found. She had retired from the dance to change her dress for the ceremony. From that moment no eye had seen her, unless it were mine. She had vanished. But by what means, through the doors of a palace, crowded with attendants, guests, and guards, baffled all conjecture.

"Within a week this wonder became still more wonderful by a despatch from the Court of Savoy, announcing that the Princess had arrived, and to this intelligence adding the implacable indignation of the Court of Turin. The perplexity of the whole affair was certainly beyond mortal brains to fathom. The only fact of which there could be no doubt was, that the Princess had decamped with a lover, and that the Duke had lost a bride. The Turinese version of the story was, that the Duke, bent upon breaking off the negociation, had actually involved the Princess in an *affaire*, of which, harmless as it was, he had taken advantage to drive her away. The Modenese version was, that the Princess, having had a lover before she set foot in Modena, and determining to elope with him to some remote corner of the Continent, had assented to the match, merely with the idea of gaining her object and eloping with impunity. Decision, among those conflicting authorities, was impossible. The sentimental complained, the politicians predicted a war, the people laughed, and the Duke sat in full council three days, and despatched letters to all the courts of Italy, exculpating his conduct. At the end of another week, all

was more perplexed still. A letter was thrown into the Duke's chamber, as the dagger had been, to the following purport: 'The Princess of Savoy has found a lover and not a lover, has fled with a husband and not a husband, is a wife and not a wife. She will never return to Modena: signed by me, Carmolini.'

"Nothing could exceed the Prince's surprise but his indignation. The next intelligence that came from Turin was, that the Princess had retired into a convent. This put an end to the threat of hostilities. But who was the lover who had lured an ambitious woman from a throne and rivalled a Duke? Carmolini. And who, in all the names of wonder, was Carmolini?"

The third sketch was a Casino, showily fitted up, and yet with the look of a place which had been suddenly adapted for concealment. The gilded door was shut with a large iron bar. The silken curtain of the central window showed behind its crimson draperies a rude shutter, which seemed to have been placed, on the spur of the moment, to exclude all external eyes. On a table of the most superb mosaic a solitary lamp was burning, while four or five glittering candelabra stood lightless in various corners of the apartment. The figures which tenanted the singular place were equally characteristic. They were evidently Italians, and of the highest ranks of Italy; yet they were wrapped in rough cloaks, more suited for mariners or banditti; large hats were slouched over their foreheads; and on the table lay, mingled with papers, two or three

pistols and daggers, as if prepared either for combat or against a surprise. They were rising in evident alarm, and all eyes were anxiously turned on a figure fantastically equipped, which was advancing from the door of a recess in the remoter part of the room; where a strong gleam of the moon within showed that it was night.

"This scene," said the general, "is partly true, and partly fanciful. The Casino exists, and I have sketched the room from reality: the groupe existed too. But I must acknowledge, that I was not admitted to the honours of a sitting. This was a memorable night, for on it depended the fate of Modena. If those men had succeeded in their object, rapine and republicanism, and they are seldom far asunder, would have been masters of the state. A conspiracy of discontented nobles had long been formed in connexion with France. They were all Illuminés, and had adopted the extraordinary notions of the German impostors on all matters of politics and religion; in fact, the pistol and the dagger were to settle the difficulty on all subjects, and Modena was to be the perfection of that theory, in which every virtue under heaven is to be obtained by a comprehensive cutting of throats and purses. Several of the officers of the palace who had rendered themselves obnoxious to the people had been led to join their party. But the death of Count Santa Valle had awoke them to a peculiar sense of their peril. He had been deep in their designs. His intimate connexion with the

Prince gave them access to all the private movements of the palace, and on the very day in which he fell, he was to have led them to the Duke's apartment, and put his life into their hands. His unaccountable death checked the conspiracy for the time. But his possession of some of their principal papers, on the other hand, again urged them to anticipate seizure by striking the blow. Execution was to be done on the evening of the Prince's bridal. The Duke was to be seized, and put to death without noise; the Princess, to prevent the hostility of the Court of Turin, was to be placed on the throne; while a council of state, formed of the conspirators, was to hold the actual government.

"The plan was capitally conceived, and nothing was wanting but the performance. As the night advanced, the whole party were in arms, in the various characters of the masquerade. The Prince was closely watched; and in five minutes more he would have been either thrown into one of the wells of the gardens, where no one would have dreamed of looking for him, or spirited away to the coast, and there sent to finish his career where no eye could follow. Suicide, lunacy, or any other pretext, would account for his disappearance, where contradiction was out of the question. And, in the mean time, the possession of power would quickly make men scrupulous of being sceptical upon the subject.

"That plan, too, failed. The sudden flight of the Princess, the instant breaking up of the masquerade,

and, still more, the appearance of the Duke at the head of the palace-guard setting off to scour the country for the fugitives, put a summary end to the project for the hour.

"On this night it was to be renewed. Despatches from the various affiliated provinces of the peninsula had been received, reproaching the Modenese with tardiness, and insisting that they should instantly proceed to action. Measures had been diligently taken to ensure success. The palace was again to be the first object. A thousand banditti, disguised as peasants, were to be at the gates of the city by midnight. The guard were to be attacked, and, when all resistance in the city was at an end, the palace was to be entered, set on fire, and the new constitution of Italian liberty and eternal republics proclaimed.

"The tolling of the bell at midnight from the monastery of the Santa Cruce was to be the signal. All promised success. The conspirators had assembled in force. An officer of the palace had just reported that the Duke was about to retire to rest; that the guards had been set for the night; and that, from the particular care used in selecting them, all were sworn friends of the cause. The only point still incomplete was the arrival of the banditti, whose delay had begun to make some of the boldest hearts of the party palpitate rather anxiously. It was at length resolved to send one of the leaders, Count Salvandi, to expedite this essential movement.

"The Count, however, had scarcely reached the door, when, from the recess, which had probably been unknown to them all, the captain of the banditti abruptly made his appearance. He wore the dress of a Sclavonian gipsy, and seemed advanced in life, and singularly repulsive in his aspect. The whole assembly rose in surprise, and swords and daggers were laid hold of. But the gipsy advanced fearlessly towards them, and, glancing at their preparations, asked them, with a contemptuous laugh, 'of what they were afraid.' The words and the tone were equally new to the haughty nobles, and the word 'Afraid!' was repeated on all sides in the most varied sounds of scorn.

"But the Zingaro was not to be thus baffled of his rough jest. 'Afraid!' said he; 'yes, and afraid of me! Ha ha! — Gallant conspirators you are! — fine uprooters of governments!—showy rebels, if you tremble before a single Zingaro!'

"The general indignation now grew so strong that pistols were cocked, and many a brace of balls was ready to be sent through his brains, to teach manners to this fierce ally. But the Count Salvandi pointed out, in a few rapid words, the hazard to the cause, in the extinction of one of its essential aids; and the pistols were restored to the folds of the cloaks from which they came.

"The bandit looked on at this operation, with folded arms and a glance of the most arrogant defiance from under a pair of barbaric brows. When all was quiet, he burst out once more into a loud laugh. 'Ha ha!

Cavaliers,' he exclaimed, 'waste none of your powder on me. You will soon have enough to do with it—fighting for your own lives, or saving yourselves from the scaffold, by adding lead to the lead in your skulls already.'

"All gazed on the speaker with astonishment. His insolence was so utterly unexpected and inconceivable, that for the time the whole circle seemed paralyzed.

"At this moment, the bell of the Santa Cruce began to toll midnight, and the signal recalled the angry assembly to a sense of their situation. 'Cavaliers,' said Salvandi, 'the captain has a hasty tongue. But we must make allowance for friends. Matters may have chafed him on his way. The grand question to-night is, how we are to compass the public liberty. We may talk of etiquette to-morrow.'

"'To-morrow!' murmured the bandit, in a voice that sounded like a voice from the sepulchre.

"'Ay, to-morrow,' added Salvandi, appearing determined to disregard all interruption. 'But now the time is short.'

"'Ay, the time *is* short!' murmured the bandit, with the same hollowness of tone.

"'And, therefore, gentlemen,' pursued the anxious Count, 'our first inquiry is, how many men the captain brings with him.'

"'A thousand,' quickly exclaimed the Zingaro: 'are they not the number? Enough to carry a Duke to his grave—or a roomful of traitors to the scaffold!'

"The indignation now grew boundless. Cries of 'Treason!—seize him!—down with him!' rose on all sides. The Zingaro stood, with his arms folded, his hat stricken down deeper on his brows, and his whole attitude expressing secure defiance.

"'Traitor!' he at length said. 'Fools, have you had the sense to ask me for any proof that I was not the thing you call me! Here! and, if your eyes are not blinded by terror, see my credentials.'

"He took a succession of papers from his bosom, and threw them one by one on the floor. 'Here is the Count Salvandi's own letter to the committee of Pavia. Here is the answer. Here is the compact signed by the Secret Council of Florence. Here is the despatch of the Liberatori of Parma. Here twenty others. And now that you have shown yourselves fools, I wait only till you show yourselves poltroons!'

"The circle shrank from around him, as a madman. But one, more wily than the rest, had stolen behind with a dagger. The hand was already raised, to put an end to this arrogant defier of nobility, when the Zingaro, coolly turning round, drew his hand from his cloak, and fired a pistol full in the face of his intended assassin. The ball took full effect, and he fell writhing on the ground. 'Zerobin Arcaldi,' said the Zingaro, as he gazed on his hideous contortions, 'thou diest, and diest justly! Living a villain, thou meetest a villain's end.—He is gone!'

"The Zingaro then turned to the conspirators, who

all stood awed by this sudden act of vengeance. 'Cavaliers,' said he, 'I promised you a thousand men. I can bring you ten times the number. But business must be done like men of the world. What is to be my recompence?' As he spoke the words, he looked round the circle, who, bold as they were, were hushed into silence. 'I repeat my question,' said the Zingaro, in a still more authoritative voice. 'Count Salvandi, I demand it of you, as the head of this desperate *treason.*' The emphatic manner in which he pronounced the last word threw even the frigid ferocity of the chief off its guard.

"'Bandit,' was the angry answer, 'you shall have your *hire*—the thousand zechins for yourself, the thousand for your followers.'

"The Zingaro's face assumed a still more contemptuous expression. 'So, Signori,' he exclaimed, 'this, then, is your justice. Two thousand zechins! about half what any one of you would throw away on the canzone of a singer; not the tenth part of your opera-dancers' establishment; nor the hundredth part of what every man of you has long since flung away at the hazard-table. *Mille Diavoli!* is this all?' He stamped his iron sandal on the ground. 'Now, hear me, my fellow-conspirators. Hear me, my brethren in iniquity. This is not an affair of gold or jewels, it is an affair of men's lives. This hour settles the point, whether you shall gain all you desire, or whether you shall be in the hands of the Duke's guards, to be by

them transmitted to the public executioner. And this depends on *me*, and yet to me you talk of a thousand zechins, and bargain like a beggarly merchant. Now hear me. I demand a hundred thousand; on the spot, too; you may not live to pay me to-morrow. I demand the last coin on your persons; I demand every man's credit on his banker. Make it up as you will, the money must be paid down this moment, or you must be undone.'

"Never were consternation and rage stronger in the countenances of men. They with one voice refused. 'Remember,' was the Zingaro's single answer to wrath and remonstrance alike, 'it is the price of your lives.'

"At length, Salvandi, taking some of them aside, appeased the tumult. The means by which this was accomplished transpired in the whisper: 'Pay him, and — poniard him.' The Zingaro gave no sign of its having reached his ear, but by a haughty smile and his ordering the circle, instead of putting their purses into his hand, to throw them in a heap on the table. The money was then counted out; the conspirators had made unusually large preparation, from the necessities to which the night of enterprize might expose them. The sum amounted to thirty thousand zechins. The remainder was made up, after much cavilling, by orders on the bankers of Modena.

"'Now,' said Salvandi, 'captain, your part of the business begins. We must delay no longer. Our friends in the palace will be impatient.' He took out a

plan of the city. 'Here,' said he, pointing to one of the avenues to the gardens, 'your men, to the number of at least a hundred and fifty, will move in all possible silence, and wait till a rocket is thrown up from the roof of the Count Palliagini's hotel. Three hundred more will seize the grand gate of the palace. A hundred, with faggots and torches ready for lighting, will follow at the distance of fifty yards in their rear, waiting until the palace is in complete possession, and the Duke seized or put to death. The conflagration then will——.'

"'Hold,' said the Zingaro, sternly, and placing his hand upon the plan, as it lay on the table. 'We must have some more words on this subject. My money was to be earned by attacking the guards at the gates. But, cavaliers, you have added to the task, and you must in conscience pay in proportion. We, who live by the sword, cannot afford to lower our terms.'

"A general cry of surprise again rose from the irritated nobles. But the firm gesture of the bandit never changed. 'Fools,' said he, 'leave these matters to men who understand them. Do you think I want more of your money. Make yourselves easy on that point. But, here is a prince to be murdered, a palace set on fire, a whole city to be attacked, robbed, and butchered: in fact, a complete revolution to be effected. Now, in common honesty, do you think any man can afford to be a patriot on such beggarly terms? One hundred thousand zechins! Why, they would not pay for a

month's cigars of my troop.—Silence,' said he, observing an attempt to rush upon him. 'The first man, the first ten men, who raise a sword's point against me, die by this hand! Ask the Count Zerobin, there—if he will condescend to answer such a troop of opera-dancers!'

"A universal gnashing of teeth, and darting of fiery glances round him, showed how the title stung. 'The night wears,' said Salvandi, furiously.

"'What monk have we got among us?' cried Count Patrizzio, a tall and broad-built Hercules, who evidently longed to crush the taunter.

"'A spy!' exclaimed the Marchese Morini, the proudest noble of the state.

"'Conspirators,' said the Zingaro, 'listen to me. I may be stabbed. No man can resist numbers. But this I tell you, that, if I do not return to my men within one quarter of an hour after midnight, I have given them strict orders, instead of moving on the palazzo, to surround this house, and send their daggers into the bosom of every man they find here. It wants but five minutes to the time. So, you see, all violence would be only to prepare a sudden death for you to-night, and a gibbet for your bones to-morrow.'

"'Your terms, your terms, then?' was the general outcry. And, 'May the blackest of the fiends take the hour when we had any thing to do with you!' was the half-muttered malediction of the indignant Salvandi.

"'My terms, then,' said the Zingaro, with a calmness which strongly contrasted with the feverish looks and nervous gestures of the impatient crowd, 'are these. My noble friends, of course, you cannot suppose that, after having led the way in achieving the deliverance of the country, I intend to retire into the mountains again. By no means. I mean to settle among you. Let others desert the commonwealth. I honour liberty too much not to enjoy, like other patriots, what I get by it. But, to settle without house or lands, wife or equipage, is out of the question.' Turning to the herculean Count, who stood open-mouthed listening to him, 'You, Count Patrizzio, have a handsome sister. She must be my wife. I shall take her with double the dowry that falls to her by inheritance.' The Hercules was so astonished that he could only clench his hands, and try to utter an oath of scorn.

"'You, Marchese Morini,' said the Zingaro, turning carelessly from the thunder-struck clown, 'have the Casino della Rosa, on the top of the prettiest rising ground within view from the city. It is small for my household, but it will answer the purpose for the present. That Casino you must make over to me. But an unfurnished Casino would, of course, be worth nothing to a man of taste. You, Duca de Testa Grande,' said he, laying his hand on the shoulder of a little, stiff noble, who darted from him at the touch, as if it had been the fang of a serpent, 'you must supply that deficiency. Your picture-gallery is able to

spare quite as many *chefs d'œuvre* as are necessary to line the walls of the Casino. You must give me an order on the spot to the Custode of your collection. I shall not require more than fifty.'

"The Duca was, like his brethren, dumb with absolute wonder. But the Barone Jeronimo Caraffa, notorious as a successful gamester, and, as such, accustomed to scenes of bold extortion, roared with laughter, and bade the bandit ask for the Duca's famous Hungarian stud, which he had just purchased of one of the Archdukes, the Viceroy of Milan.

"'Signor Barone,' said the Zingaro, fixing a gaze of supreme scorn on him, 'one can ask nothing from a bravo but his dagger, or from a sharper but his loaded dice. I have no use for either, therefore I have demanded nothing from you.'

"The Barone's hand was instantly thrust into his pocket, where a pistol was heard cocking. The Zingaro's quick ear caught the sound. He was unmoved. 'Keep that folly for children,' said he, with a sudden spurn of his heel, which, striking the pistol, made it go off, setting the Barone's embroidered skirts on fire, and sending the ball through his foot into the floor. All this was transacted with such rapidity, that interruption could scarcely be offered. There was something, too, of a fierce humour, a lofty impudence, mingled with the scene, that, big as it was with the general fate, caught the native taste of the Italian for extravagance of all kinds.

"At length, Salvandi, laying his watch glittering with diamonds on the table, said, with a sneer, 'Signor Capitano, you have yet asked nothing from me. I suppose I must pay my share to the profession of the road, like the rest. It now wants just two minutes of the quarter. The watch is at your service.'

"'Signor,' was the cool reply, 'that watch may serve you still. It is convenient to count the hours between arrest and execution. Hush! no threatening looks for me. Cavaliers, do you severally accede to my reasonable requests?'

"The ill suppressed wrath of all now rose into rage. They argued, reviled, swore. Still the demand was reiterated, under threat of giving up the whole plot to the Duke. At length, Salvandi, by remonstrating with them on the folly of refusing personal sacrifices, when a few hours might place them in unlimited power, partly persuaded, partly forced, them to comply. With bitter indignation they severally signed their names to the donations required by the imperious Zingaro. When all was complete, putting the papers in the breast of his robe, he said to Salvandi: 'Count, I have yet made no demand on you. But, to show you that this was not in any disrespect to the chief of this gallant band, I only require that you give me, on the spot, the list in your possession of the names of all who have joined you in this city, of your associates in the provinces, and of the arms and other munitions of war provided for the breaking out of the general insurrection.'

"Salvandi himself was now wild with fury. He sprang backward, and gazed upon the Zingaro, as the tiger glares before he falls on his victim. 'Villain! traitor! spy! who and what are you?' were the only words that he could utter. They were echoed round the room.

"'Carmolini!' was the answer. The name was well known and terrible.

"'Crush him, stab him, trample him! he must not escape alive!' were the universal yell. The Zingaro made a single step to the wall, and drew out a pistol. 'Remember,' said he, 'if Carmolini dies, he dies not unrevenged.'

"'Shoot him! poniard him!' was again the cry. The uproar grew wilder and wilder still. The whole crowd rushed on the solitary bandit. In this extremity, he gave a glance round, and fired the pistol; yet not in the face of the conspirators, but at what seemed the solid wall. At the moment, a smoke arose; a low, hissing noise was heard; the ground shook under their feet; and, with a burst of flame, the wall rent, heaved, and fell in huge fragments into the garden of the mansion. When the smoke had partially cleared away, and the conspirators could recover their senses, they saw above them the moon and the sky; but before them, a regiment of the Duke's guards drawn up, who, rushing into the room, seized and disarmed them one by one, before either escape or resistance could be attempted. All were conveyed to the dungeon. What

became of the Zingaro was unknown. Whether he fell by the point of some dagger in the tumult, was blown up by the explosion, or went downwards, to that place where Italian imagination sends every thing of which it happens to disapprove, seems to have furnished an unwearied topic for the idle and ingenious of the classic peninsula."

Half a dozen sketches, chiefly incomplete, and varying in all shapes and shades of time and place, still lay between the General and myself. "These," said he, "are the records of some very curious circumstances at that troubled period. But, that we, too, may not be taken for conspirators, at least against the hospitalities of the palazzo, I shall spare you them all but this—it is the last."

The sketch exhibited a saloon fitted up in the most exquisite style of Italian luxury; busts, pictures, antiques, embroidered draperies, a superb harp; an organ, of which the fabric seemed entirely gold and ivory; guitars and lutes richly inlayed; in short, all the magic of wealth, lavishing all its powers on the equipment of this more than princely saloon. At the remoter end, a broad purple curtain hung.

"What see you there?" said the general.

"The bower of Alcina," said I, "or the boudoir of a *Déesse de l'Opera?*"

"Why, I must acknowledge," was the reply, with a grave smile, "that pirouettes and coupés are sometimes paid rather high, and that many a fieldmarshal

might envy the exchequer of a prosperous *Ballerina*. But for once you have been deceived. This was the cavern of a sybil, the den of a modern witch of Endor; the cell of a Sorceress of the eighteenth century—no solemn, scowling, subterranean hovel, as magic used to demand; but such an apartment as a Parisian soubrette living on the purse of an Italian principality need not be ashamed of. But to explain.

"The detection of the conspiracy had left all Modena in the vapours; and nothing was talked of, for a month, but chains, dungeons, and the galleys. Yet even the vapours will grow tiresome, and nothing was ever felt more a relief than the announcement that 'The most wonderful of all possible wonders, the Signora Scaramanta Escaramanti, was arrived, to take up her abode for a few hours or days in our capital, and lead all the world into all the mysteries of fortune. The credulous and the idle, of course, flocked to her shrine at once. But, within a short time, even the sceptical began to think that there was something extraordinary in the case. Certainly the Signora was no vulgar charlatan. In the first place, instead of the squalid obscurity in which those people generally make a point of living, she appeared to court publicity, drove on the Corso in a most splendid equipage, lived in a suite of apartments such as you see in this drawing, and lavished her money, however she got it, like a sultana."

"But what," said I, "was her science? She was, I presume, a very model of divination—the empress of cups and balls."

"Perfectly astonishing," was the reply. "Like all dealers in the art of settling the fates, she, of course, pretended to have every body's secret at her mercy, to know every thing and every body. But she certainly had some means of knowledge extremely puzzling to those who thought themselves among the wise in court affairs. I am not, I believe, peculiarly disposed to be credulous: but I certainly heard some matters from her which I thought totally unknown to any living being but myself. So much so, that there were actually times when, on returning from her displays, I began to consider whether there might not be some secrets of nature, or even some means of intercourse with things above or beneath the world, which had escaped our philosophers."

"The question is not quite settled yet," I observed. "But, I presume, the enchantress had the candour to take the senses first by surprise, and then bewilder the understanding. The gipsies owe half their power to a pair of black eyes."

"Not exactly," said the old man. "I was once, I suppose, as likely to be fooled by looks and lips as any idler about this idle land of our's. But her beauty, though I think I never saw its superior, had in it something too much of the preternatural for my taste. It was exquisite, and yet scarcely human. In its moments of softness, it was that of a syren; in its sterner aspects, that of a sorceress. There was a brilliant subtlety about it at one time, and a mysterious wildness at another, that, to me, shook all the down from Cupid's wings.

"At length, the Duke himself was tempted to follow the general course, and see the wonder. I had the honour to be on his staff, and I alone attended him on the occasion. One or two appointments for the purpose had been made, but they were postponed; the Signora being indisposed, or requiring to consult her star, or any one of the hundred reasons which the sex, in all cases, are entitled to have at their mercy. But, after a week, during which all access was denied to the world, and the Signora was completely invisible, she condescended to intimate her pleasure to receive the Prince. We went, were ushered into the saloon, which you see, and there left rather longer than was consistent with etiquette, to think upon the future. But, at last, music was heard; the curtain which hangs across the end of the apartment slowly rose, as in the opera; and I prepared for some showy *tour de scène,* with the fair necromancer waving a wand, and calling up her imps in caps and feathers. Quite the contrary. All was haze and confusion at first; but, when the light grew clearer, we saw, through an avenue of oaks and chesnuts, a simple landscape, by the rising sun. A cottage was at a distance, and two figures came forward, one wrapped in a horseman's cloak, the other a beautiful girl, hat in hand, and evidently anxious to avoid being seen. It was equally evident that she was solicited by a lover to leave her home with him. The girl resisted, but the solicitation was ardent; and, coming forward, they both knelt on the ground, and pledged their faith

to each other in the sight of Heaven. The face of the female was turned towards me for a moment, and I had some idea of having seen it before; but it was so soft, so fresh, and so joyous, that I certainly could not task my recollection with having seen it in the city of Modena.

"'And what said the Duke to the phantasmagoria?' was my question. 'The virtue of silence is perfectly understood among us here,' answered my cicerone; 'and his Highness exercised it remarkably on the occasion. He did not utter a syllable. But, if countenance is any thing, he certainly did not regard it without interest. And when the beautiful peasant came forward, with that step as light as air, and that lovely face looking like a picture of hope in the first feeling of delight, I thought he gave a start, and even a sigh.

"The scene sank into clouds, and another followed. The sounds of an anthem preceded it. The clouds rose, and, behold, the Cathedral. There were the Duke and his guards, the monks, the high mass, the whole ceremony to the life. There, too, was the Dominican, and there fell Santa Valle. That catastrophe must evidently have been transacted in the presence of the personage, perhaps by the hand, that now displayed it with such fearful accuracy. 'What think you of this?' whispered the Duke to me. 'Astonishing!' was my only answer. 'It must be looked to,' said the Prince; 'Santa Valle's murder cannot be

passed over. He died in the cause of loyalty.' 'He died in the cause of treason,' was echoed in a voice that seemed to come from under our feet. 'Sorceress,' said the Prince, greatly moved, 'that must be false. But name his assassin, and you shall have a thousand crowns at the instant of his discovery.' 'Now then be it,' said the voice. Before it died away, a small table with pen and paper rose from the floor, and the Prince wrote the order on his treasurer. The table sank suddenly with it. 'Listen,' said the voice. 'Santa Valle had pledged himself to poniard his sovereign. He was the agent of conspirators. His secret was known. He was watched. At the moment when he would have done the deed, vengeance was by his side: he fell. Carmolini's was the hand, and it saved the principality. Take the proof!' A hand descended from above our heads, and dropped down a letter. It was the Count's promise to commit the assassination! 'Is this the work of human powers!' was the Prince's cry, as he perused the fatally convincing document.

"The cloud again filled the scene, and, on its passing away, a view of the palace gardens opened before us. They were exactly as I had seen them on the night of the Prince's disappointed marriage. There, too, was repeated the curious incident which I had happened to witness, the meeting, the entreaty, and, finally, the flight of the Princess and her minstrel adventurer. The Prince looked on with curiosity, but with the natural chagrin of a sovereign who has been jilted, and

on his wedding-day too. But, trying to put the best face on the matter, he said, half laughingly, 'Well, Sybil, since I see you deal in love affairs, do me the honour to say who it was that supplanted me?' A light voice replied, 'Carmolini.' 'What!' said the Prince, 'is that knave every where? Yet he must have succeeded by treachery.' The voice was heard again, but it had lost its lightness. 'No: he succeeded, to prevent treachery. A false lord was saved from an inconstant bride. A Prince was rescued from a sense of injustice that would have embittered a throne.' The true chord was evidently struck. I was still ignorant of the cause, but the effect was clear. The Prince asked no more questions of the Sybil.

"I was now prepared for any thing," said the general; "and if the magician had proposed to show me the regions of the moon, or the centre of the earth, I should have waited the fulfilment in perfect faith. I still expected some reference to the affair of the conspirators, of which little more had then transpired than that it was an extraordinary display of daring and defiance on the part of one of the assemblage, and that they had been baffled chiefly by that strange individual. I took it for granted that the Signora could give a complete insight into this mysterious transaction, merely from her seeming to have the command of every secret of Europe. The Duke had evidently come to the same conclusion, for I heard him utter the name of Salvandi. Scarcely had the word been thus involuntarily pro-

nounced, when, as if by a spell, the chamber of the meeting was before us. All the details were perfect, as I had seen them on the day of the arrest. We then saw the whole process of the dispute, the purchase, the quarrel, and the discovery, gone through, and with such remarkable distinctness, that I was fully convinced of its being the true version. The Prince's feelings were wrought upon so strongly by the showy gallantry of the Zingaro, that, while the mimic explosion was scarcely cleared away, he repeatedly demanded of the Signora what had become of the captain. 'Had he perished in the explosion, or fallen in the conflict?' 'Neither,' was the answer. 'If he lives, then,' said the Prince, 'and will return to his country, let him be told that his Prince is not insensible to the courage which saved the state from a rebellion. He shall have a commission in my guards.' 'He will never draw sword again,' was the solemn reply. The Prince now urged the matter more strongly: no answer was returned. 'At least, let me know his name,' he asked. A low voice pronounced, 'Carmolini.' 'What!' he exclaimed, 'Carmolini all, and every where! monk, minstrel, and Zingaro! thrice my preserver! I must see him.'

"'It is impossible,' was the reply.

"The Prince, unaccustomed to non-compliance of any kind, was indignant at the abruptness of the refusal, and would have issued his commands upon the spot. But I advised gentler counsels, and remarked to him

that the necromancer who had done so much could probably do more; at least, to the extent of keeping her secret as long as she wished it. The Prince's nature was manly, and he felt his haste at once. 'True,' said he, 'force is not in our compact. We came here, only to see, and we have seen. But money may have its effect. Signora,' said he, addressing the invisible mistress of this extraordinary display, 'name your demand for bringing before me this Carmolini.'

"'It is beyond the power of the stars,' said the voice. 'He is past away for ever.'

"The Prince's determination seemed to be but the more fixed by this denial. 'Signora,' said he, 'I must not be trifled with; you know my power. We are alone. You have nothing to fear for the bandit, Zingaro, conspirator, or whatever he may be. I give him a free pardon. But he must appear.'

"'The Zingaro will never appear on earth again,' said the voice.

"The Prince, wound up to the height of feverish interest, eagerly exclaimed, 'Sorceress! if he cannot appear in the body, I command you to summon him in the spirit.'

"The saloon was instantly involved in darkness so total, that I began to have some alarms lest the prince had been actually betrayed into danger, and lest the fair magician was an instrument of some new conspiracy. I half drew my sword, and laid hold of the Duke's arm to draw him away. But he was immove-

able. At length, a slight glimmer stole on the darkness. Sounds of a hymn, singularly sweet, but distant, came on the ear. The light increased, and what had seemed shadows shaped themselves into the pillars and arches of a cloister. A tomb was next visible, with a beautiful female figure in marble reclining on it. The letters of an inscription now began to grow clear, and I read aloud the name, Emilia Galotti. The Prince repeated it, with an intensity of gaze, and a remorseful bitterness of tone, that told me, the necromancer had fathomed some of the deepest secrets of his heart. He stood evidently attempting to give his feelings utterance, but without the power to speak. It was now my time to interpose, and, agitated as I, too, was by the scene, I addressed the Signora to forbear a display which so painfully affected the Prince. 'Since it is his will,' said I, 'produce Carmolini, and be done.' But even I was confounded by what followed. The tomb actually opened; and from it moved what, if I had ever dreamed of a shape of the future world, realized all my conceptions. A form, shadowy and solemn, yet apparently light as air, advanced from the tomb; a gleam of moonlight, from the stained casement of the cloister, threw a pale glory round the vision, and I gazed, I must confess, in awe, though without any painful sense of fear. The phantom approached where we stood motionless. Its veil seemed to dissolve away, and I saw a face strongly resembling that of the lovely girl whom I had observed in the flight from the cottage.

'Carlo Rosalba,' sighed the phantom. 'Emilia Galotti!' exclaimed the Prince; and bounding across the slight enclosure that separated us from the scene, followed the retreating phantom a few headlong steps, and fell insensible. Then I saw the whole phænomenon revealed; the phantom was turned into a living, breathing, lovely woman; weeping, upbraiding herself, rejoicing, forgiving, and happy.

"That night closed the long series of anxieties which had haunted the Duke with a sense of violated faith. Feelings of that order may not occasion much uneasiness in the world in general, but his was an honourable heart, however fettered by the habits of his condition. The story was never suffered to come formally before the country; for the marriage which took place soon after rendered all inquiry a breach of etiquette. But thus much could be ascertained—that the Duke, when under the care of his tutors at the college of Milan, had been captivated by the remarkable beauty of a peasant girl in the vicinity of the college. Known to her but by the assumed name of Rosalba, he had induced her to fly with him to a neighbouring church, where they were married. This transpired. His tutors were in alarm; Signor Rosalba was sent off at night under a guard to Modena; and Signora Galotti in the opposite direction, under a similar guard to a convent. It was said that she soon died there of a pestilential fever, which was making great ravages in the province. All further inquiry was unavailing.

"But woman's love, perseverance, and genius, are not to be easily baffled; and the Signora Emilia wound her way out of her dungeon. Learning the rank of her lover, and loftily determining to make her value felt before she claimed her rights, she watched over his safety in a time which was beginning to be anxious. Her zeal defied danger; and, under the various characters which she could incomparably assume, she contrived to become acquainted with the most secret proceedings of our revolutionists. The handsomest woman of Italy was transformed by love into the name of terror, Carmolini!

"The picture which you have seen in the cabinet of the palazzo gives a strong likeness of this remarkable being in her more solemn mood. But the pencil was never made to do full justice to woman in her loveliness, and you lose, even in this fine performance, the true witchery of her beauty. Her design was bold; but what is too daring for passion, and, of all passions, that of an Italian? The enterprise was difficult, but when does woman calculate difficulty? But the success was triumphant, and in this world of our's the end is every thing. She triumphed, and Semiramis or Cæsar could do no more."

A flourish from the orchestra interrupted the narrative. "Midnight," said the general. "The trumpets are announcing the opening of the supper rooms. No man can live on romance, and we must seize time by the wing, if we are to sup to-night. *Andiamo.*"

CRESCEMBINI.

J. Wood pinx.t Pub.d by Ackermann & Co. London. H. B. Hall sculp.t

THE SPIRIT OF THE FLOWER.

THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE BEAUTIES OF THE MIND."

When Earth was in its golden prime,
  Ere grief or gloom had marr'd its hue,
And, Paradise, unknown to crime,
  Beneath the love of angels grew:
Each flower was then a spirit's home,
  Each tree a living shrine of song;
And, oh! that ever hearts could roam,
  Could quit for sin that seraph throng!

But, there the Spirit lingers yet,
  Though dimness o'er our vision fall;
And, flowers, that seem with dew-drops wet,
  Weep angel-tears for human thrall;
And sentiments and feelings move
  The soul, like oracles divine:
All hearts that ever bowed to love,
  First found it by the Flower's sweet shrine.

A voiceless eloquence and power —
Language that hath no life in sound—
Still haunts, like Truth, the Spirit-flower,
And hallows even Sorrow's ground.
The Wanderer gives it Memory's tear,
Whilst Home seems pictured on its leaf;
And hopes, and hearts, and voices dear,
Come o'er him — beautiful, as brief.

'T is not the bloom — though wild or rare—
It is the spirit-power within
Which melts and moves our souls to share
The Paradise we here might win.
For Heaven itself around us lies,
Not far, nor yet our reach beyond,
And we are watched by angel eyes,
With hope and faith still fond!

I will believe a Spirit dwells
Within the flower! — least changed of all
That of the passed Immortals tells
The glorious meeds before man's fall! —
Yet, still! — though I may never see
The mystic grace within it shine—
Its essence is sublimity,
Its feeling all divine

ANNIE DEER,

A TALE OF THE MIDDLE-CLASSES.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,

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THERE is a little town on the coast of England which at the present day is not exactly a sea-port, though, in former times, when the chivalrous race of Plantagenet held sway within these realms, it was not only reckoned as such, but sent its ships to the fleet under the command of a Mohun, a Grey, a de Lisle, or a Clinton. There is as little connexion, however, between the former state of the town and the present as there is between those days and the time at which the events which I am about to relate took place. All that remains of its former splendour, indeed, is the ruin of an old castle, picturesquely perched on the extremity of a little slope, which, like the ambitious aspirations of youth that have no result, runs out, promontory-fashion, into the sea, towering up as it goes, till, cut short in its career, it ends in a chalky cliff of no very great height.

Upon the brow of that cliff is the castle we have mentioned, standing like the skull and cross-bones upon a nun's table, a memento of the transitory nature of all

things, though the eyes once familiar with it seldom draw any moral from that memorial of the dead.

Along the slope of the hill, towards the west, is built the little modern town, or rather the village, a congregation of small white houses, looking over the ever-changing sea. Manifold are the gardens. Though Flora loves not to be fanned with the wings of Zephyr when his pen-feathers are dipped in brine, yet we are obliged to confess that the flowers there grown are sweet and beautiful, the shrubs, though rather diminutive in size, green and luxuriant.

There are one or two pretty houses in the place, the best being the rectory, which stands near the church, and which, though large, is not very convenient. The neatest, the most commodious, is one which, situated just below the castle, takes in part of the ancient vallum as a portion of the garden, and is built in the purest style of cottage architecture, as if to contrast the more strongly in its trim and flourishing youngness with the old walls which, in the pride of decayed nobility, tower up above it, raising battlement and watch-tower high in air, as if turning up the nose at the little upstart at their feet.

In this house dwelt a personage by no means uncommon in England, and combining in his own nature a great many of the faults and good qualities of our national character. But we must give a sketch of his history, which, though as brief as possible, will explain his character without any long details. The son of a well-doing man in the neighbouring county town, he

had early been put apprentice to a large dealer in various commodities; gradually made his way in the world; entered into partnership with his old master; rendered the business doubly flourishing by care, activity, and exactness; increased in wealth and honour; married at forty-five the daughter of a poor clergyman —the only thing he ever did in his life without the cash-book in his hand; and was duly presented with one fair daughter, whom he loved passing well.

Through life he was the most exact of men, prompt, punctual, authoritative: and, having really considerable talents in a particular line, very good taste in many things, an easy and increasing fortune, and a very comfortable notion of his own value, he became one of the most important men of the town, gave law to the common-council, and tone to a considerable class in society. He was a little dogmatic, somewhat pompous, and loved not contradiction; and his wife, who was as meek as a lamb, took care that he should experience none in his own dwelling. But, with all these little faults, he had contrived to make himself loved as well as respected. For though in putting two and two together he was as accurate as our great mathematician's calculating machine, yet, in reality and in truth, there was not a more liberal man upon the face of the earth. If any body applied to him for pecuniary assistance, he would sit down, and, gathering together all the facts, calculate, with the most clear-headed precision, whether a loan would be really useful to the

person who asked it. If that were made clear, he had no hesitation whatever; and, even if it were not made clear, and there was something like an even chance that his assistance might be serviceable or might not, he only hesitated for a minute and a-half; and the good spirit unloosed the purse-strings ere the bad spirit could get them into a run knot.

As, however, he was upon extremely good terms with a lady who is one of the pleasantest companions that we can have in life, and whose name is Dame Fortune, those instances in which the chances were equally balanced generally turned out as he could have wished, and he both served his friend and regained his money, with the proper addition of interest, both in bank-notes and friendship.

He never met with but one great misfortune in his life up to the time of our commencing his history; but that misfortune drove him from the county town, and caused him to settle uuderneath the old castle by the sea-side. He lost neither his wife nor his daughter, his health, his spirits, nor his fortune. No! it was an addition, not a loss, that cut him to the heart.

One of the members of the common-council, it seems, had a brother who was a silversmith in London, and who, having made a comfortable competence, wisely retired from trade, came down to the town of which he was a native and a free-man, and was soon admitted into the municipal body. Now, whether he had frequented a debating society or the reporters' gallery of

St. Stephen's, whether he had studied under Cobbett or Hunt, Burdett or Hume, or any of those gentlemen —we do not mean either to be personal or political— any of those gentlemen, we say, famed for opposition, it would seem as if, from the moment he came down, he had determined to overthrow the supremacy of our worthy friend, and to worry him as though he had been a bishop, a baited bull, or a prime-minister. Moreover, he was oratorical; he would speak you a speech by the hour, in which he would confound all that the straightforward good sense of our friend had made clear; he would pour upon the simplest point a torrent of fine words not always pronounced with the utmost purity; he would render the most pellucid position opake by the turbid stream of his eloquence, and would add a few words of Latin, with very little reverence for the terminations of the nouns, or the tenses of the verbs, but still with sufficient volubility to astound and overawe the ignorant ears around him.

Our friend was resolved not to die without a struggle; and, at the close of any of these triumphant orations, he would rise, feeling morally convinced—seeing —knowing—believing, that all his adversary had said was idle, absurd, and stupid, but yet labouring under a consciousness of his own incapability to disentangle the subject which had been twisted up into a Gordian knot, or even to find out the thin, feeble, and insignificant thread of his foe's argumentation amidst the crystals of sugarcandy with which his eloquence had

invested it. He would rise, as we have said, and gasp, and struggle, and sit down again, impotent of reply.

There was no help for it; he felt himself worsted; and, after the agony of a couple of months, he retreated from a field which he no longer could maintain. He resigned his post in the town-council, made the necessary arrangements with his partner in business to give up his active share, and retired, a man well to do, to spend the rest of his days in peace at the little coast town, about ten miles from his former dwelling, the localities of which we have already described. There, then, he settled with his wife and only daughter; there he embellished, improved, did good, and enjoyed his doings, and passed his time in that busy and important usefulness which was so well suited to his disposition.

But we forgot all this time to make the reader acquainted with his name. It was one, which, though not uncommon, was in some degree remarkable, being neither more nor less than John Deer. Now, he certainly was not so light-footed as a roe, nor so timid as a stag, nor possessed of any of the distinctive qualities of the cervine creation. He was much too consequential a person also for any one—not even excepting his own wife—to venture to play upon his name and turn John Deer into Dear John: so that the name of Deer could come to no harm in his hands. But, alack and well-a-day! he had, as we have before said, one fair daughter, whom he loved passing well; and she was beautiful as a rose, gentle as a dove, timid as a young fawn, and

her name was Ann; so that it very naturally happened that when anybody spoke of her as Annie Deer, there was an expression about the lips, and a meaning in the eyes, which gave the last *e* in her name very much the effect of an *a;* and Annie Deer, from her father's and her mother's lips — and one other pair besides — was Annie dear, whenever she was mentioned.

Now, it was natural for her father to call her so, and very natural for her mother to call her so, and still more natural than all for one other person in the village to call her also; but who that person was remains to be shown. We will not keep the reader a moment in suspense. Suspense is wrong, unjust, wicked: persons who have been condemned by a competent jury, and judged by a competent judge, are the only ones to whom suspense should be applied — and very seldom, if ever, even then. The person who pronounced the name of Annie Deer with such a tone shall be disclosed to the reader immediately.

There was a poor widow in the village, who had seen better days, but whose whole remaining fortune was a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and more than one half of that was on annuity. Yet, out of this sum she had contrived both to live with great respectability, and to give to her son, whom she loved far better than herself, an education equal to the station in which his father had moved. When Mr. Deer and his family had first come to live at the little town of Saltham, as we shall call the place, William Stanhope was absent with

his ship, for he had by this time become a mate in an East Indiaman, and Mr. and Mrs. Deer did everything they could to be kind and civil to Mrs. Stanhope, and make her time pass cheerfully till her son's return.

When at length he did come back, they welcomed him as an old friend, pouring upon him all those civilities and festivities with which we greet the long absent and long expected. He was a very handsome young man, brave, gay, and happy in his disposition, gentlemanly and well educated, but withal touched with the frank, straightforwardness of a sailor; but the quality which, joined with others, pleased Mr. Deer the most, was a prudent and economical calculation of expenses, which taught him what was just to others, and what was just to himself. Mr. Deer liked him very much, and though Annie Deer was at that time only fourteen, and no great chance existed of her falling in love with anybody, yet Mr. Deer, being famed for foresight, resolved that he would examine young Stanhope's character thoroughly and watch him well.

That year William Stanhope had brought home no great wealth, having scarcely any capital to trade upon; but he brought some very pretty presents for his mother, which showed him to be a very kind and dutiful young man. The next year, having increased his capital, his gains were increased; and, besides bringing home more money, he brought home not only presents for his mother, but presents for Annie Deer, which he gave straightforwardly to her father, expressing his grati-

tude for all the kindness which had been shown to his mother during his absence.

Mr. Deer took the presents, and inquired, with looks of much personal interest, into the speculations of the young sailor and their success. William Stanhope was frank and candid, and though the sum that he had made was not very brilliant, yet, compared with his means of making it, it promised so well that Mr. Deer began to calculate, and found that liberal assistance might without risk enable young Stanhope to advance his fortune rapidly, and he made the offer at once. It was embraced with thanks, and the next voyage insured to William Stanhope competence as a single man.

He had a higher ambition, however. He was now competent to take the command of a ship. He was respected and esteemed by all who knew him, and a favourable offer was made to him, but the sum of ready money required was very large; and, though he mentioned the offer to his mother, with all its advantages, and all the difficulties that interposed, he spoke of it to no one else. His mother went that evening to drink tea with the family under the castle, but William Stanhope remained at home musing, alleging that he had letters of business to write; and the next morning, instead of taking his way to the house of Mr. Deer, as was his common practice, he wandered along solitary upon the sands round the bay, seeming to count every pebble that studded the shore. He had not gone

very far, however, before a friendly hand was laid upon his arm, and Mr. Deer, joining him in his walk, entered at once upon business. He told him that Mrs. Stanhope had related to them the evening before the offer which had been made concerning the command of a ship, and then went on to ask his young friend why he had not applied to him, John Deer, for the money.

"I did not know, my dear sir," replied the youth, "that you would be willing to lend so large a sum."

"Not willing to every body," replied Mr. Deer, "but quite willing to you, who, in all your transactions, are as correct as my cash-book."

Still William Stanhope paused; and then, after letting two sailors, who were loitering along the shore, pass them by, he turned directly towards his companion, and, raising his head, he said, "There is another reason, Mr. Deer, why I have not asked you; I am in love with your daughter, Annie, and, if I get on in the world, I am determined to seek her hand. I did not wish to mention this at present, because I have but little to offer her, except in hopes and expectations, and I could not think of asking you to lend me so large a sum of money without telling you what were my feelings towards your daughter."

"Sir, you are an honest man," replied Mr. Deer, "and keep, I see, both sides of the account clear. But I will strike a balance with you, and begin a new account. Thus, then, we stand, William: I will lend you ten thousand pounds to buy your ship, and, when you

think you have made enough to afford a wife, I will give you the ten thousand pounds as my daughter's fortune, and be glad to receive you as my son-in-law."

"This is beginning a new account, indeed, my dear sir, for it leaves me your debtor in every way."

"Pay it off in kindness to my child," replied Mr. Deer; and the matter was thus finally settled with the father. As to the daughter, William Stanhope sat with her for an hour and a half before dinner; and at a little party which was given that night at the clergyman's house, every body declared that the beautiful eyes of Annie Deer looked like two stars.

The two months that followed were filled up with that thrilling joy in which present pleasure is mingled with and heightened by the expectation of something not exactly sorrowful, nor painful, nor melancholy, but perhaps we should call it sad. Thus, Annie Deer enjoyed, to the full, the society of him she loved, though the expectation of his departure, upon his first voyage, as captain of a China vessel, sometimes brought a cloud over the bright sky of their happiness. Time, that rapid old postillion, who goes jogging on in the saddle faster and faster every day, without at all minding the six thousand years that have elapsed since first he began to beat the road—Time, we say, whipped his horses into the full gallop, and carried William Stanhope and Annie Deer with wonderful rapidity to the point of parting. Annie Deer cried very bitterly; and, as they were among the first tears she had ever shed in her

life, they were, of course, the more painful. William Stanhope would not suffer himself to weep, but he felt little less than she did. They parted, however. He took the command of his vessel; and, shortly afterwards, she, within one hour, saw in the newspaper, and read in his own handwriting, that the Honourable Company's ship, Lord Spencer, Captain Stanhope, commander, had cleared out and dropped down the river.

It was the month of March, and the weather somewhat boisterous; and Mr. Deer, when he heard the wind whistle and roar down the chimney, thanked God that some man had been struck with the very provident idea of insuring vessels risking themselves upon that treacherous ocean. Annie Deer's mind ran in the same way, but it went no farther than wishing that there was really some meaning in the name by which Life Assurance Societies designate themselves. But she felt too bitterly, poor girl, that there is no insuring that fragile thing, human life, especially when trusted to the mercy of the winds and waves. Her daily walk was upon the edge of the little promontory, looking over the vast, melancholy, sea; and at length, a few days after the ship had dropped down the river, she beheld a gallant vessel coming on with a furious and not very favourable gale; and, watching it with deep interest, saw it take refuge in their little bay, and come to anchor to let pass the storm. About four in the afternoon, the wind lulled, but shifted more to the south-west, so that no ship was likely to get ou

of the Channel. About half past four, as she was looking out of the drawing-room windows of her father's house, she saw something like a boat tossed up from time to time by the bounding waves, which the tempest had left behind it. In half an hour after, she was pressed in the arms of William Stanhope, and two or three hours more of pure happiness were added to the few which they had known through life. At ten o'clock, he took his departure; but, at that hour, the moon, though she was shining, was red and dim, announcing that the presence of the commander might soon be wanted on board his vessel.

Annie Deer retired to her chamber immediately afterwards. She retired not to repose, however, but, on the contrary, to pay for the happiness which she had that night experienced by many a tear. She prayed, too, and prayed fervently, not without hope in the efficacy of prayer, but with that trembling timidity, that doubt of our own worthiness, under the weight of which the footsteps of the Apostle, though miraculously upheld, sunk through the surface of the yielding waters. All remained calm; and, towards eleven o'clock, she remarked the clouds passing over the moon taking a different direction from that which they had done in the morning: and she thought, with mixed hope and apprehension, that, ere the morning, perhaps, he whom she loved might be far away upon that voyage, which was destined either to give them comfort and independence, or to separate them for ever. She

lay down to rest; but, towards twelve o'clock, the wind began to rise, increased in violence every moment, and swelled, at length, into a hurricane. The casements rattled; the wainscot shook and creaked; the house itself seemed shaken. Loudly roaring round and round, the spirit of the storm appeared clamouring at the gates for admittance. It could be heard as it whistled through the branches of the trees. It could be distinguished as it rushed and raved amidst the ruins of the castle up above. It could be felt as it swept, with sighing and a melancholy sound, over the level sands of the bay, interrupted only by the sullen plunge of the waves, as they poured headlong upon the resounding shore. Annie Deer rose from her bed, and listened, and wept, and prayed, through the livelong night.

But what boots it to tell a long and a sad story, when a very few words will serve our purpose! With the morning light Annie Deer gazed from her window, but the ship was gone, and the storm continued; and, as she looked, without making any particular effort to hear, the sound of a few distant guns caught her ear, and made her heart sink low. The tempest lasted the whole day. During the night it decreased, and the next morning there were found on various points of the coast the spars and timbers of a gallant vessel, on some of which were painted "The Earl Spencer!" The gentlemen of Lloyd's announced the loss of an outward-bound Chinaman. The owners of the Earl

Spencer cursed the luck which had lost them a good voyage, and applied to the underwriters. The underwriters cursed their luck still more furiously, but paid the money. Mr. Deer thanked God that he had insured to the full amount of his loan, and Annie Deer sat down, with widowed heart, to pass the rest of her life with very little interest in the things thereof. Her mother marked the varying colour of her cheek, the languor of her look, and the frequent tearfulness of her eye; and, kissing her tenderly, let fall a drop on the pale forehead of her only child. Annie Deer met with sympathy from one kindred being in her melancholy path, and it was all she hoped for, all she asked, in life.

Such was the first part of the story of Annie Deer. Now, all stories, into whatsoever imaginary divisions they may be separated by the brains of the teller, have at least two parts; there is no getting rid of the beginning and the end. Having told the former, we must now turn to the latter, which is destined to be shorter still. Mr. Deer went to London, and was indemnified by the underwriters for the money he had advanced; and he returned to his dwelling, looking really sad for the loss of poor William Stanhope. He called upon the childless widow, and tried to comfort her, but she was not to be comforted. He spoke some soothing words to Annie, but Annie only wept the more; and Mr. Deer himself had a kind of perception that they had all suffered a loss, which money could never repair. As the house was dull, and the village was dull, and

every thing about the place looked more or less gloomy since the loss of the Lord Spencer and poor William Stanhope, Mr. Deer betook himself one day, merely for the sake of relaxation, to the county town, purposing, as the pleasantest and most habitual way of amusing his thoughts, to look into all the accounts and proceedings of the very respectable firm in which the greater part of his fortune was still embarked. His partner was out, however, when he arrived; and Mr. Deer, strolling out into the town, was met by Mr. Pocock the silversmith, and Mr. Pocock's retired brother John, the common-councilman and orator.

Now, Mr. Deer and Mr. John Pocock were severally sixty-three years of age and upwards, and the enmities of sixty-three are pertinacious things. Mr. Deer, therefore, would willingly have avoided Mr. John Pocock; but that gentleman, on the contrary, put his arm through his, talked to him very civilly, and, leading the conversation to the affairs of Mr. Deer's house, gave him a hint, with perfect kindness of intent and manner, that his partner might be getting on too fast. Mr. Deer was agitated, alarmed, and irritated; and, if he had done what his heart bade him, he would have told his companion to mind his own business, and to meddle with nobody else's affairs, for that he, John Deer, was rich enough to buy out him, John Pocock, and all his relations. He refrained, however, and answered as civilly as the nature of the case would allow; but returned to his partner's house, and instantly set to work to investigate the matter thoroughly.

Sad and alarming was the result of his inquiries. He found that, during the five or six years of his absence, his partner, although he had contrived to make a fair show in their half-yearly accounts, had in fact addicted himself to banking, farming, and such vices. Immense sums were risked at that moment in hazardous speculations, and Mr. Deer saw himself inextricably implicated in transactions which he would not have meddled with for the world, of his own free will.

The matter went on as simply as it is possible to conceive. His partner, seeing that Mr. Deer was now convinced that he had trusted once too far, grew angry, resisted the interference which might have saved him, hurried recklessly on in the wrong course; and, ere four months were out, the house of Deer and Co. were bankrupts to the amount of more than a hundred thousand pounds. By the wise and strenuous efforts which Mr. Deer had made during those unhappy four months to retrieve the affairs of his firm, they were enabled to pay very nearly twenty shillings in the pound. But the beautiful house under the castle was advertised for sale; the rich furniture and plate were disposed of by auction; and Mr. Deer retired to a small cottage next to that of the widow Stanhope.

Amidst all this distress, no one was so kind as Mr. John Pocock. Though at his period of life much locomotion was not agreeable, he drove over two or three times a week to console, advise, and expostulate with Mr. Deer, whose mind had fallen into a painful state

of despair, and who in body had sunk at once into an old man. He wished Mr. Deer to rouse his spirits, and to resume business at once upon his own account, and he offered most liberally to advance him any sum of money for that purpose; but Mr. Deer felt, and Mr. John Pocock was soon convinced, that such a course was impracticable. The bankrupt's health gave way more and more each day. He became fretful and impatient. A very small pittance, which belonged to his wife, supported him and his family in penury for some months, but he saw it drawing to a close with agony of heart. Pity pained him, consolation seemed an insult; and he would gaze upon his daughter by the hour together, as she sat painting little screens, working little purses, or busying herself in any of those employments which she fancied and hoped might prove the means of supporting her father and mother in their old age. At length, the money came to an end, and on that very night Mr. Deer was struck with palsy, which fixed him to the marble seat of impotent age all the rest of his days.

Annie Deer then found how little could be procured by those means to which she had trusted for support. Mrs. Deer bore all patiently, and she and her daughter consulted and deliberated long with Mr. John Pocock as to what they could do in the terrible strait to which they were reduced. His kindness was unfailing. He looked at the afflicted wife—he looked at the beautiful but destitute girl, till the tears rose

in his eyes; and, insisting upon their taking a small sum as a loan, till he could devise some plan for their future life, he left them, promising to return on the following day, and declaring that he would not come back without some feasible scheme for their support. It was night on the promised day before he made his appearance, but then he came in his own chariot, and then there was a briskness in his look, and a smartness in his whole aspect, which led Mrs. Deer and her daughter to believe that his meditations on their behalf had not been without result. His hair was nicely powdered and adjusted to a line, his pigtail was tied up with a new piece of ribbon, and his best blue coat and white waistcoat shone without a speck. Mr. Deer was somewhat better, and sitting in a chair by the fire. Poor Mrs. Stanhope had come in to cheer them as far as her sad heart would allow, and the sight of Mr. John Pocock with a gayer air blew up the last spark of hope that lingered in their hearts. Mr. Pocock looked at Mrs. Stanhope, as if he could have wished her away; but he was full of what he had to say, and would not delay it.

"My dear Mr. Deer," he said, advancing into their little circle, "and you, Mrs. Deer, and *You*, my dear young lady, must give me your attention more than all. Misfortunes may happen to every one, and very sharp misfortunes have happened to you. Now, I see but one way on earth of remedying them and making us all again happy and comfortable. I am an old man,

Miss Annie, sixty-four years of age in April, which is next month; but, if you will accept the hand of an honest man, who loves you dearly and respects you much, he will do all he can to make you and your's happy. His fortune is of his own making, and he may well do with it what he likes; he will be not only proud to have you for his wife, but proud to have a wife who will devote herself to make her *parents* as well as her *husband* comfortable."

Annie Deer had turned as pale as death; Mrs. Deer threw her arms around her child's neck and wept bitterly; her father said not a word, but, like the parent in the most beautiful song we possess, he looked in her face till her heart was like to break. Her eyes did not overflow, but they turned towards Mrs. Stanhope, and her lips muttered, "Oh, William, William! —Sir," she continued, turning to Mr. Pocock, "I have loved, deeply loved another, and I love his memory still, and ever must love it."

"I will not be jealous of that, my dear young lady," he replied; "your love for the dead will never interfere with your duty towards the living. Nor do I expect you to love me otherwise than as a young woman may love an old man who is kind to her. Believe me, Miss Annie," he continued, taking her hand, "I am not a selfish man, and I do not make this proposal altogether for my own gratification."

"I know it is not, I know it is not," replied Annie Deer, and she wept.

"Oh, Annie," cried Mrs. Stanhope, "do not let the thoughts of our lost William prevent you from doing your duty towards your parents in such a terrible situation as this!"

The tears streamed from Mr. Deer's eyes, and he cried in a feeble voice, "Annie! Annie, my child, do not make yourself miserable for me!" That tone and that look were worth all the persuasions in the world, and the fatal consent hung upon the lips of Annie Deer, when the door behind her opened, and Mrs. Stanhope, who sat with her face towards it, started from her seat, and with one loud scream fell senseless on the floor. Annie turned to see what was the matter, and she, too, would have fallen, had she not been caught in the arms and held to the heart of William Stanhope.

"Good God! what is the cause of all this?" he exclaimed: "every body seems frightened at me, the servants run away, my mother faints! Have you not received my letter?"

The scene of confusion that ensued, explanations, histories, inquiries, replies, fresh mistakes, and fresh *eclaircissements*, though they were all comprised in the space of about an hour, would occupy a great many hours in the detail. At the end of that time, there were only two things which wanted explanation; the first of which was, what had become of two letters, one of which William Stanhope had sent from St. Helena on his way to India, telling that he had been

shipwrecked; that when his vessel went down he had been saved in the last boat, and had been picked up by an outward-bound Indiaman; that he had preserved the bills in which all his little capital was invested; and that he intended to employ them in India, in the hope of recovering in some degree the terrible loss he had sustained. The second letter had been written from London three days before his re-appearance, and went to inform Mr. Deer that the loss of his vessel had proved, as far as he was concerned, the most fortunate chance that could have befallen him; that he had arrived in India at a happy moment; had made one of those successful speculations which were then not uncommon, and which the good name he had acquired while a mate in the service had now enabled him to extend far more than his own limited capital would have permitted; that, contented with one happy chance and a moderate fortune, he had returned to England, and was coming down to claim the hand of his fair bride, a far richer man than his most sanguine hopes had ever led him to anticipate. The loss of the first of these letters, William himself easily accounted for by acknowledging that he had entrusted it to a private hand—and every one who has had any thing to do with private hands must be well aware that they are in general furnished with very slippery fingers. The loss of the second was justly accounted for by a surmise of Mr. John Pocock's, who suggested that, as postmasters—whether legally or not we do not know—

take upon themselves the infamous task of handing over the letters of bankrupts, public and private alike, to the assignees, exposing to the cold eyes of mercantile inquisitors all the secrets of domestic life, the anguish of the child's heart for the parent's misfortune, the agony of the parent for the downfall of his child, the sweet communings and consolings of kindred affection, the counsel and the comfort, the care and the apprehension—as this evil and iniquitous practice, we say, is or was tolerated in the land, Mr. Pocock suggested that the letter of William Stanhope had very likely been sent to the assignees. And so it was. The letter had been so sent. The assignees were absent. And thus, for three long days, the letter was withheld from the only eye that should have seen it.

All that remained was the explanation between Mr. Pocock and William Stanhope, and that might have been very well omitted if the former gentleman had pleased, for William had remarked nothing farther than that he was a good-looking old gentleman, and seemed to take a great interest in Mr. Deer's affairs. But Mr. Pocock, who had at first felt a little uneasy at the re-appearance of the young sailor, had soon made up his mind, like a sensible man, as he really was, to make the best of what he could not avoid, and to rejoice in the renewed happiness of others, though it brought a little disappointment to himself. He was resolved, however, to extract the satisfaction of a speech from the matter, and therefore, as soon as every thing else was settled, he got

upon his legs, and proceeded—" Captain Stanhope," he said, " you have come just in time to prevent the completion of what perhaps might have been a very bad bargain on all parts. The fact is, that I saw no earthly way of arranging the affairs of our good friend Mr. Deer but by marrying his daughter. I had just made a bargain with her not to oppose her thinking of you with regret, when we all believed you dead, and God knows I shall as little oppose her thinking of you with affection, now we see that you are living. As you deprive me of the title of a husband, Captain Stanhope, I shall only demand that you grant me the name of a friend; and though I am a tolerably spruce old gentleman," he added, twitching his pigtail, " yet, as you have not found me a dangerous rival, you will doubtless not fear me as a dangerous acquaintance."

Captain Stanhope shook him by the hand, and willingly ratified the treaty he proposed. The days of Mr. Deer passed happily thenceforward to their close, and his daughter became the wife of Captain William Stanhope. Restored to affluence and comfort, she was the same gentle, unassuming, affectionate, being she had ever been; and—though the good people of the little town where she continued to live called her, with great reverence, Mrs. Captain Stanhope — to her husband and her family, she never changed her name, but remained *Annie dear* to the last day of her life.

THE BLACKBIRD.

Those who live in the country, and who are apt to awake early on spring-*mornings*, when all around is still, and the lark himself is yet on the ground, must often have been charmed with the solitary song of the Blackbird, a brief stave of six or seven notes only, followed by an interlude of silence, during which the ear listens eagerly for a repetition. His broad and homely strain, different from that of every other minstrel of the woods, and chiming in at intervals with the universal chorus of wild throats, is likewise known from infancy to those who have been accustomed to walk abroad on spring *evenings*. The yellow bill and glossy-black plumage of the same conspicuous bird are equally familiar to the eye of such, when he flits from hedge to tree, or across a meadow; nor less so to their ear is the chuckling call with which he bolts out of a bush before the startled passenger, who has unconsciously disturbed him on his perch.

MORNING.

Golden Bill! golden Bill!
  Lo! the peep of day;
All the air is cool and still,
From the elm-tree on the hill,
  Chant away;
While the moon drops down the west,
Like thy mate upon her nest,
And the stars before the sun
Melt, like snow-flakes, one-by one,

Let thy loud and welcome lay
Pour along,
Few notes, but strong.

EVENING.

Jet-bright Wing! jet-bright Wing!
Flit across the sunset glade;
Lying there in wait to sing,
Listen, with thine head awry,
Keeping time with twinkling eye,
While, from all the woodland shade,
Birds of every plume and note
Strain the throat,
Till both hill and valley ring,
And the warbled minstrelsy,
Ebbing, flowing, like the sea,
Claims brief interludes from thee:
Then, with simple swell and fall,
Breaking beautiful through all,
Let thy Pan-like pipe repeat
Few notes, but sweet.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Sheffield, 1835.

J F Lewis. pinx.t Pub.d by Ackermann & C.o 96 Strand C. Rolls. sculp.t

TAJO DE RONDA.

TAJO DE RONDA.

Few countries in Europe are so highly favoured by nature as Spain. Every sort of climate is there found within the parallels of thirty-six and forty-three degrees north latitude. Towns and whole provinces rising to the elevation of six thousand feet, which would be uninhabitable in a higher zone; mountains, from ten to twelve thousand feet high, covered with a thick mantle of everlasting snow; vast plains, where irrigation supplies the evaporated moisture of a most fertile soil; an atmosphere so generally free from clouds as to render the word *clear* the most common in meteorological tables, and *serene* the watchman's cry: all these fortunate circumstances must necessarily procure for its inhabitants an ample portion of the gifts of bounteous Nature, and present to the view of the traveller an endless moving panorama of striking scenery.

The northern provinces, sheltered by that gigantic rampart, the Pyrennees, the lofty and numberless pinnacles of which defend its extensive southern slope from the chill northern blasts; and the southern provinces, where the almost perpendicular rays of the vernal sun are tempered by many extensive lofty ridges, have been known from the time of the enterprizing Phœnicians. Modern tourists have lately found grati-

fication in several parts of the Peninsula, and favoured the public with drawings the more interesting as they are of a peculiar character, dissimilar from those of any other country.

There is, moreover, another characteristic feature in Spain as a country: a diversity of costume, a variety of dialects, a difference of physiognomy, which constitute the inhabitants of each province, nay, of each district of a province, a peculiar sort of people; so that Spain appears to be a country colonized by different races. Religion, morality, sobriety, and familiarity, of what sort soever these qualities may be, are the only points of resemblance among Spaniards; in every other respect the people of Hesperia are a multifarious nation. There is but one class of persons, and that is rapidly passing away, which is alike all over the Peninsula, namely, the friars. A Spanish friar is identically the same, both in appearance and in habits, or, as the Spaniards express it, *en cuerpo y alma*, in that kingdom, as in Portugal or Italy. The difference among the peasantry, as it generally happens in other countries, is more marked in the inhabitants of mountainous districts, such as that of Ronda, the subject of this article.

Ronda is perhaps the most picturesque district in the Peninsula, surpassing in this respect even Grenada. Under the latitude of thirty-six degrees, an extensive groupe of mountains, from six to eight thousand feet high, with the corresponding valleys, forms that district where the Rondanos enjoy in profusion the fruits

and vegetables of the northern as well as of the southern regions of Europe. The olive, the grape, and the orange, are found in great perfection in the more open valleys to the south; while the plum, the pear, and the apple, in the less warm dales, are superior to those of any other country; the latter, known by the name of *peros*, are of such exquisite flavour that they are carried in great quantities to all the markets of Spain, and form a regular article of cultivation.

Of the mineral productions, the amianthus or asbestos is the most abundant; in those mountains large rocks are entirely composed of it. It was from Ronda that the Phœnicians first obtained this fossil, of which they made cloth; and Pliny informs us that he had napkins and table-cloths of this singular substance. Charles V. had a complete service of linen made of the asbestos of Ronda, and amused his courtiers by throwing some pieces of it into the fire, saying that he washed his own linen; but, this production being only an article of curiosity, its manufacture has long been abandoned as useless.

The situation of the town of Ronda is very singular, not only for its elevation, six thousand feet above the level of the sea, but for the stupendous fissures of the rock on which it is built; on three sides this rock is perpendicularly cut, and at the bottom runs a mighty torrent of limpid water, as if endeavouring, by leaping from block to block, to escape the rugged confinement of its course. Switzerland presents to the view of the

traveller more stupendous gorges, more fearful objects; Ronda has not mountains equal to the gigantic Mont Blanc, but it has the *Cresta del Gallo*, the Cock's Comb, eight thousand feet high, covered with eternal snow, seen by sailors at the distance of eighty miles, and forming a landmark for vessels bound to Cadiz. It has not the terrible glaciers of the Saint Bernard, but a uniform and firm mass of snow surrounds the town and the adjacent villages; neither are there those horrid abysses which few have nerve enough to look upon without shuddering; but it has a Tajo, or fissure, five hundred feet deep in a perpendicular line, as regular as if it was cut with chisels by a colony of Titans. Over this fissure two bridges have been built, each of a single arch, of one hundred and ten feet span; the one not less than one hundred and twenty feet above the water, the other of the surprising height of two hundred and eighty feet, supported by two solid pillars of masonry, fifteen feet in diameter, abutting on each side of the fissure, and rising from the bottom of the river; so that a tall steeple might be placed beneath this extraordinary bridge, and covered with its arch, as a time-piece or ornament under a shade glass. Nor can the celebrated Saxon Switzerland near Dresden be compared with Ronda: the Bastey is there cut in all directions in horrid forms, huge rounded masses apparently falling from the summits, and blocks being jammed in between the walls; but the Tajo is regular and every where grand; there nothing appears in

disorder. In Switzerland, nothing but gloomy forest-trees are to be seen in winter; in Saxony, nothing but naked precipices; while at Ronda the valleys in January are variegated with the evergreen laurel, the yellow lemon, and the golden orange, productions pleasing to the eye and useful to man.

Ronda, like all other mountainous countries, is inhabited by a hardy race of people, of a fair complexion, and with Andalusian eyes. The vicinity to Gibraltar has induced the Rondanos for many generations to engage in the contraband trade. Tobacco, the great government monopoly, has supplied many of them with a most lucrative business in the transport of great quantities of this favourite herb from the coast to the interior; whilst the almost prohibitory system in regard to English manufactured cottons has given occupation to others. There is, however, a difference between these two kinds of illicit pursuits: the people who follow the latter are generally mild and of somewhat decent appearance; while the former are an athletic race of men, always armed, excellent marksmen, and possessing the hardihood and spirit of enterprize required in their profession. They never use hats, but a sort of cap of silk velvet or fine cloth, with two short flaps, easily extended or folded as occasion may require, and known by the name of *montera*. The Spanish smugglers so commonly adorning the tobacconist's shops, or the windows of figure manufacturers in London, are exact images of the *contra-*

bandistas of Ronda. The women are remarkably beautiful, more modest in appearance, and more virtuous in reality, than the rest of their countrywomen.

In the vicinity of Ronda, and near the highest pinnacle of the Cresta del Gallo, there is a small church, called Nuestra Señora de las Nieves, "Our Lady of the Snow," at the surprising height of six thousand six hundred and ten feet, about double the elevation of Snowdon, the highest of the Cambrian mountains. Thither the people of the town resort once a year in May; it is a gay excursion for the Rondanos; but, as it is a religious festival, visiters are expected to appear wrapped in the mantle of devotion. No guitar, no castanets, neither bolero nor ballads, but rosaries and nosegays; it is not a pilgrimage of barefooted penitents, but a joyful visit to a sanctuary where no penance is enforced, no other church ceremonies performed than low masses, for which purpose many friars are in attendance, who are paid on condition of remembering at a certain part of the sacrifice the person who gives the stipend.

As no beast of burden can make its way in those mountains except mules, many little troops of these sure-footed quadrupeds are employed to convey the visitants to the church. It was in the company of one of these parties that we approached the sacred edifice. It consisted of a happy couple just married, who had been so closely united by the nuptial band used in the Catholic ceremony, that they thought

proper to ride both on one and the same mule, fearing lest riding separately might be a sad presage of future separation. There was, besides a monk, engaged by the bridegroom to say a mass and to pray to God in the offering to grant him and his spouse uninterrupted happiness. They are already half way to happiness who wish and try to attain it; and, as a just and sincere prayer is always graciously heard by the Almighty, we must suppose the bride and bridegroom of Ronda to be still mutually happy. The reverend monk, who was riding his mule as gently and content as the prophet Balaam rode his ass, was not a cunning diviner, but he was certainly a more provident anchorite than those stern solitaries of Thebais; for the good-sized and full-stocked wallets on the croup of his mule were sufficient to supply his wants, as far as regarded bread, meat, and wine, for a fortnight.

The arriero was a stout fellow, who had been an old guerilla-man at the time of the French invasion, and, on being discharged at the peace, he applied himself to smuggling, resolved not to abandon his musket, with which he had contracted an alliance offensive and defensive. Having many a time escaped the excisemen, and made a little fortune, he bought a troop of mules and became an arriero. He wore a sort of white frock, coloured stockings, and a loose, striped waistcoat; he had abandoned both the guerilla dress and the more *bizarre* costume of the contrabandista for a plain one, but he still kept up his attachment to his rifle;

the gun was indeed an amulet to him, the preventive virtue of which he had experienced on many critical occasions. Lastly, the muleteer, or servant, brought up the rear.

As our party was proceeding along the road to the church of Las Nieves, amidst the splendour of the rising sun, the monk who, by chance, was a liberal and communicative man, and who had very often seen the magnificent scenery of Ronda, did not like a silence of which he was so weary in his convent. The bride and bridegroom endeavoured to keep aloof from the troop, not because they were unsociable, but because a young man and a young woman in the first week of their marriage have so much to talk of by themselves, that every one must be an intruder to them. This may be the reason why married couples in England hurry by themselves from the altar to the country, leaving behind all their relations, anxious to put in practice that command: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and cleave unto his wife." The monk, determined to enter into conversation with somebody, spoke to his mule with the spur, and the animal, taking this for a signal to advance, carried him forward abreast of the arriero. The latter was a shrewd fellow — one of those who, though they read little, reflect on what they have read, as it was evident from the dialogue which ensued with the monk on the subject of guerilla warfare, and the discipline of the regular army. During the French invasion he had joined a guerilla party,

and the sarcastic warmth with which he defended this species of military force against the monk, who espoused the cause of the regulars, became at length so offensive to the friar that he desired him to remember to whom he was talking.

"I know, father," replied the arriero, "that you are a minister of God, particularly when you are at the altar, or in the pulpit; but, travelling and conversing on the road, I will have my jokes as you have your's. It is true, you are a priest and I am an arriero; but your father, perhaps, was not a whit better than mine. . . "

"Here! here!" cried the young bride, "*Tio* Antonio, (this was the name of the arriero, which we had not heard till then,) I see my sister coming to me; help me down."

Tio Antonio went quickly to assist the young fair bride to alight, apparently much pleased with the opportunity of putting an end to the warm discussion on military discipline.

We were by this time near the church, and the damsel, who had seen her happy sister approaching, ran to meet her in the road. The country-people of Ronda seem to be more industrious than even those of Saxony and Bavaria: the ladies of Dresden and of Munich carry their thread and needles to the parks and the theatres to knit stockings; but the lasses of Ronda carry the distaff to spin flax even to the places of divine worship. With a black veil flowing on one side, and the spindle revolving by the motion of her

supple fingers, the girl came to salute and to kiss her sister. The family then proceeded to the sanctuary; the monk to the vestry to prepare for the mass; and the arriero, with his inseparable companion, the rifle, in his hand, went to the stable behind the building, to see his mules comfortably provided for.

It remains for us to describe that rural church; and briefly it must be, because it is an indifferent building in itself, visited only for a few months in summer, without any merit but its situation, or other interest than the devotional visits of the peasants. One side of the church abuts against the rock, which, rising for a thousand feet more, protects the place from the north and east winds; and under this shelter many beautiful trees escape the inclemency of the winter, at an elevation of six or seven thousand feet. To the west and south opens a magnificent prospect, not of mountains above mountains, but of mountains beyond mountains, until the scenery is lost in an immensely distant horizon. The building is of rude stones, strongly cemented; the interior of the church is poor in ornaments, but rich in fantastical emblems of the miraculous power of the Madonna de las Nieves. The walls are studded with small figures, chiefly of wax, representing the limbs of the human body, and for cornices were rows of crutches of persons who once had need of them. There may be seen numberless pairs of eyes in the form of opaque spectacles, large ears, fingers and toes, hands and feet, arms and legs, and even tokens of persons who once

were blind or deaf, frozen, lame, or afflicted with cancer; and all miraculously restored to health. One thing only we could not see in that typical hospital of supernatural cures—there were no teeth; which made us suspect, strange as it may appear, that the power of the Madonna of Ronda does not extend to the cure of tooth-ache.

It is the practice of peasants in the Peninsula to commend themselves to the Virgin Mary in every bodily disease, at the same time that they send for the surgeon or physician; a practice which the doctors are far from approving, because they never have the merit of the cure, but often have the death of the patient laid at their door. If a child has the scarlet or other malignant fever, while the physician is prescribing, the mother promises some saint to make the child, if it recovers, wear the frock of some religious order, for one or two years; and it is very common to see mothers or nurses leading by the hand, or carrying in their arms, the little embryo friars, two or three years old, and a girl dressed as a nun walking before. What justly mortifies the doctors is, that the miracle is related every day to strangers, whilst the name of the professional man who effected the cure is never mentioned.

We have been assured that the faculty once joined in a complaint against this unfair trial of their talents; but they were soon aware of their danger, when it occurred to them that, in opposing the intercession of saints, the Inquisition would become the arena for the

contest. This rational apprehension inclined them to enter into negociations with their devout patients; and, the conference having been cleverly conducted, all differences were finally and satisfactorily settled by the following clause, viz.; that the doctor should receive the fees; the wax miracles and crutches should be given to the saints; and the recovered patient should be at liberty to wear the frock or not.

After we had examined the sanctuary, the bells began to ring for mass; the people repaired to the church; we lost sight of our party, and, the service being ended, we returned to Ronda with another arriero, who had not been a guerilla man; and all the way we went he talked to his mules, calling one Pearl, another Gentleness, Elegance, and other pretty names; often singing to them, and not unfrequently scolding them; but never did I see an arriero strike any of his mules.

MOMENTS FLED.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Oh, ye moments fled,
  Never to return,
Like sweet roses, shed
  Round some ruin'd urn:
Still my bosom grieves
  For those friends, so fair,
Pass'd like Autumn leaves,
  None may tell us — where!

Other leaves may come,
  Nature's breast to cheer;
Other roses bloom:
  When will *they* appear?
Oh, ye moments gone,
  In my soul renew
Voices once your own,
  Friends, beloved and true!

Still ye answer not!
  Still no sigh, no tear —
Have ye then forgot
  Those who loved you dear?
Is 't oblivion keeps
  The record of their woes?
Then, ah! that Nature weeps
  More for a perish'd rose!

Alas! that Nature seems
  To mourn o'er leaves and flowers
To bid the wintry streams
  Wail through deserted bowers;
Whilst human flowers that gave
  Her best and sweetest fame
Go darkly to the grave,
  And she smiles on the same!

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

BY THE REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

Too fond for me the melting heart,
  That deems me above others dear,
Romantic ardours would impart,
  Too sensitive to be sincere.

But undissembling all the race
  Of man — in blessing others blest —
If Friendship with delight embrace,
  How pure it glows in such a breast!

The bosom, if it beat not so,
  Trembles but for itself alone;
Alive to social joy or woe,
  It feels the world and self as one.

Congenial Love, to Nature true,
  Brightens in every flower that blows;
While Friendship is the evening dew,
  To steal fresh incense from the Rose.

But where, with renovating ray,
  Those kind affections Heaven illumes,
Opening to everlasting day,
  'Tis there the Rose of Sharon blooms.

AN ALCHEMIST'S FORTUNES.

BY MISS LAWRANCE,

AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME," &c.

So, tho' the Chemist his great secret miss,
For neither it in art or Nature is,
Yet doth his labor well repay
By good unsought discoveries by the way.

COWLEY.

FROM that remote period of society, when the benefit and importance of a "circulating medium" was first discovered, even to the present day, with what sincere devotion have all mankind bowed down to those tempting idols, gold and silver! No wonder was it, therefore, that, during the middle ages, an art which professed to transmute the baser metals into the precious should have been so highly esteemed by all classes, and so eagerly pursued; and no wonder, too, that, while the student in natural philosophy not infrequently anticipated an unwelcome elevation on the gallows-tree for enlarging the boundaries of knowledge, and the discoverer of new but inconvenient truths feared to make them public, lest, being hailed as an intellectual torch, he might perchance by aid of faggot and tar-barrel be converted into a *bonâ fide* one; the alchemist alone was welcomed in the council-chamber, greeted in the palace, and received with warm and

admiring homage, even in the hallowed limits of the cloister itself.

It would, however, be doing injustice to the votaries of this delusive science, did not we admit that, by many of them, the power of transmuting lead and tin into gold, (that ultimatum of the popular faith) was considered as a low and contemptible acquisition, compared with the loftier objects which the "secret of secrets" offered to its discoverer. Power over all diseases, an insight into all knowledge, the gift of unfading deathless youth: these were the gorgeous phantoms that gilded with their delusive brightness the lone cell of the alchemist, for the true philosopher's stone was a key to unlock the mysteries of universal nature. No wonder was it, therefore, that the true "philosofer" turned haughtily aside from the paths of wealth and ambition, and, forsaking the substance for the shadow, the willing dupe of his golden dream, wandered scripless and purseless, amid an admiring world, that deemed his real poverty but a mere masque, assumed, like the threadbare dress of the miser, to conceal the wealth that he dared not openly display.

Nor had alchemy, although unremittingly pursued for thirty years, done more for poor Gervase Forrester. In the sinister sense, it had certainly done much, for it had reduced him from a comfortable estate at Edmonton, which enabled him to keep hawk, and hound, and footcloth-horse, and serving-man, to a mean house by the road-side, about two miles from London, where,

a distant relation having taken his son abroad with him, himself and his daughter, by the exercise of the most rigorous economy, barely contrived to live. Still, with all the wild and desperate enthusiasm of the genuine adept, who, in all his disappointments and losses, beholds but so many trials of his faith and motives to additional perseverance, Gervase Forrester's attachment to the cause of his ruin grew in intensity from each repeated failure, and, darker as the clouds of sorrow gathered around, the delusive meteor of Alchemy beamed with more witching brightness.

If aught could have afforded poor Gervase Forrester's friends consolation, it would have been the remembrance that his unremitting pursuit of this delusive science had probably secured him from many dangers. During the whole disastrous period when England saw her sons set in battle-array against each other for the Red and the White Rose, he, closely locked in his garret, and poring over the crucible, scarcely ever inquired, scarcely ever thought of, that bitter civil contest, save to offer a fervent prayer that Christian men might dwell in peace and unity together. And, throughout the unsettled reign of Edward the Fourth, and throughout the plots and intrigues of Richard's short royalty, still Gervase Forrester held on his quiet studious course, too retired to become an object of suspicion, too poor to be a mark for envy: but the time was near at hand when, notwithstanding his guileless simplicity, notwithstanding his sad poverty, danger and sorrow were to visit his humble dwelling.

At the period when our tale commences, England, which, for two short years, had enjoyed the first fruits of that peace which bound on the brow of Henry Tudor the forfeit crown of York, was again upon the brink of civil war. The pretended Earl of Warwick had just appeared in Ireland, and the partizans of the blighted White Rose had begun exultingly to prophecy her revival. Emissaries were abroad, plots were in agitation, and people began once more to eye each other with distrust: little did our poor alchemist heed these things; alas! better for him if he had!

One clear evening in May, as Gervase Forrester sat in his meanly furnished room, mournfully watching the white and long fingers of his daughter Alice, as she plied the distaff, and thinking that perhaps, but for his dream of alchemy, those slender fingers might have been making sweet melody on the lute, a young man, meanly clad, but whose ample cowl showed him to be an ecclesiastic, knocked at the door, and, after the customary "*Pax vobiscum,*" entreated shelter for the night.

"Alas! good sir priest, I have little to offer you," said Gervase Forrester, "for it hath not yet pleased Heaven to vouchsafe success to my labours."

"Nor hath Heaven yet granted success to mine," returned the stranger, "although I studied three years under the famous Dr. Norton of St. Swithin's Priory—but I have a letter to brother Austin, of the convent of Westminster, whither I am now bound, from whom, if

Heaven vouchsafe, I may derive much wondrous knowledge."

"Then, come in, my brother," cried the guileless alchemist, "though I would that I had better fare to offer ye; but, the best that I have is at your service, for all students in holy alchemy should indeed live together as brethren."

To this doctrine the young priest, as it may be supposed, most heartily assented; he entered the ill-furnished room, placed himself on the rude settle, and, ere half an hour had fled, Gervase Forrester and he were in the deepest discussion of the "Ordinalle of Alchemye," Dr. Norton's most celebrated work, and endeavouring to decipher the hidden meaning of that strange farrago of nonsense, "The huntynge of the Lyon Grene," which the reader may see, (and, if he chuses, endeavour to understand), in Elias Ashmole's curious "Theatrum Chemicum."

"Blessed be the saints who have sent this learned adept hither!" said Gervase Forrester, as he drew out the last flask of Malvoisie from its mouldy recess, and called his daughter to bring him the silver standing cup, the only remaining witness of his former superior station, "and blessed be Heaven for the instruction he hath given me! Ay, ere long the meanest part of the work will be completed, and we will go back to Edmonton and repurchase the estate, and Simon Cotterel shall have no reason to say that his son should never marry the daughter of a beggarly gold-maker."

There was that in this delighted speech that caused poor Alice both a blush and a smile; but the smile was a mournful one, for she remembered how many a time Gervase Forrester's hopes had been raised to the highest, only to be cast down as low on the morrow.

Midnight arrived ere the adepts separated; and with the earliest dawn our poor alchemist arose and sought his daughter, to acquaint her with the joyful news that the young priest, in gratitude for his kind entertainment, had actually offered to take him to Westminster, and introduce him to the learned brother Austin. It was in vain that poor Alice gave utterance to her fears; it was in vain that she urged upon the blinded alchemist the importance of knowing somewhat more of his companion ere he set out with him: for the keener observation of the daughter had already detected a lurking smile about the lips of the young priest, while her father, with all his heart and soul, had been expatiating on the high mysteries of his golden dream. All was vain; and, earnestly beseeching his daughter to look well to the "beechen fire," which had burned unceasingly for almost six years,* with

* Among the many fanciful methods by which alchemists sought to discover "the great secret," one of the most common at this period was by keeping a liquid composed of many ingredients constantly boiling for *seven years*. The almost impracticable nature of this recipe was probably the cause of its general adoption, because, from the great difficulty of proving its fallibility, each adept trusted that it would produce the desired effect, if the boiling could only be kept up the given time. For this purpose a fire of *beech wood* was used, a beechen fire being considered to supply a more equal degree of heat, and to require less constant attention, than a fire made of any other material.

spirit as unsubdued, and with hopes as high, as when thirty years before he first watched the crucible, Gervase Forrester set out on his eventful journey with his young companion.

Pleasantly did the two disciples of alchemy beguile the way with learned converse; and, when the distant towers of Westminster at length arose to view, as they stood on the road leading to Tyburn, Gervase Forrester again returned thanks to Heaven for having directed the footsteps of the young priest to his door.

"Alas! I dare not enter yonder holy enclosure," said the young priest, with well dissembled sorrow; "would that I might! but bitter enemies, who envy my poor skill, dwell there, and my life perchance might be forfeit."

"St. Mary forefend!" cried his guileless companion; "but, said you not that one brother Austin dwelt there?"

"He doth," replied the young priest, "and I have a letter addressed by brother Cyril, of St. Alban's Abbey, which I fain would convey to him. Go you, therefore, to the postern-gate, inquire of the porter for brother Austin, and say, when he comes, 'Good news for Lammas-tide,' to which, if he reply, 'Better news at Martinmas,' give him the letter, and wait his answer. Alas! that students in this holy science should be enforced to use signs and countersigns to protect them from ill!"

"I will do your bidding right warily," said the unsuspecting alchemist; "for well do I know the envy

and hatred which ofttimes subsist among those who should be fellow-workers with each other." And, taking the letter, he set forward on his mission, gazing with intensest feelings of delight upon that noble abbey, where, for centuries, as tradition related, the black-robed brethren had pursued their fruitless but witching study, and where, even now, many an adept dwelt, encouraged in his toilsome inquiries by the smiles of their abbot Islip. He soon reached the gate, inquired for brother Austin, and when the monk who answered to that name appeared and gave the countersign, he placed the letter in his hand, and eagerly awaited a reply. The monk carefully opened the letter. "It is well," said he; "come to-morrow," and immediately withdrew.

With less buoyant step did the poor alchemist return to the spot where he had left his companion, and relate to him what had passed.

"We must wait until to-morrow," said the young priest; "nor will your waiting be in vain; but happy are you who can go hither and thither without fear or danger: for myself, scarcely any place is safe. The Abbey of Westminster I dare not enter, lest false brethren should seek my life; nor in London itself am I more secure, for within its walls dwells even a deadlier enemy, who, because of the love Dr. Norton bore toward me, hath for ten years incessantly sought to slay me."

Very plausible did this story appear to poor Gervase

Forrester, for the records of science, during the middle ages, furnished similar instances of bitter rivalship; he, therefore, without a question, followed his companion to a mean lodging near St. Giles's hospital, and on the following morning again set forth to Westminster.

Again brother Austin appeared at his summons, again he bade the poor alchemist defer his hopes until the morrow, and again the young priest soothed his vexation by promising discoveries well worth the waiting for. But to-morrow and to-morrow came and passed away, and still saw the patient alchemist bending his daily footsteps to Westminster, and returning each day more cast down. "Good sir priest," said he, at length, "wherefore do ye thus deceive me? Did I not quit my home at your bidding, and my beechen fire, and my precious liquid, even when it was showing signs of approaching transmutation? And yet brother Austin hath never once spoken."

"Nay, blame me not, brother," replied the wily priest, "we must wait and be patient. Did not Raymond Lully watch the crucible even five times seven years ere he discovered the grand magistery?—and did not King Alfonso the wise send *seven* embassies to the Arabian sage, ere he condescended to come?"

Satisfied with two such unanswerable examples, and well trained by his thirty years' unsuccessful toil to habits of patient waiting, Gervase Forrester for the eighth time proceeded to the Abbey of Westminster, and found his spirits cheered, and his nopes revived,

when the still silent brother Austin placed a carefully sealed letter in his hand. "My waiting hath not been in vain," said he, as he joyfully placed, in turn, the letter in the young priest's hand, and then stood breathless with eager anticipation of some most wondrous direction, some unintelligible character of high import, which that letter would certainly disclose. But again was he doomed to disappointment.

"My brother," said the priest, "there is nought in this letter, save an earnest request that I would endeavour to meet my learned brother Austin; this I dare not do; but do you again go, and I doubt not but he will at length break his long silence."

"Alas! sir priest, you have in truth ill-treated me," said the at length distrusting alchemist. "My fire ere now hath gone out, the liquid ceased boiling, and I may have another seven years' labour to begin anew."

Little did the young priest heed these reproaches; he seemed engaged in some close and busy occupation, and his thoughts were dwelling on far other things than the delusive visions of alchemy. Early on the morrow's morning, he summoned poor Gervase Forrester, put into his hands another sealed pacquet, and again requested him to proceed to Westminster, assuring him that this should indeed be his last errand. Away our poor alchemist went, for the last time; again he presented himself at the postern-gate, and again he waited in the inner cloister until brother Austin should come. The usual door opened, but, instead of brother

Austin, several men-at-arms seized him, took from him the pacquet, and rudely dragged him across the inner court to the presence-chamber of the abbot. "For what am I brought hither?" said he, turning a bewildered look on the bystanders.

"Not for gold-making, my good master," said one of the men, "though your guerdon, methinks, will be greater."

"This is a fearful business," said the abbot, eyeing the prisoner sternly, "and surely you cannot be ignorant that the papers you have brought are what no good man would seek to meddle with; your only chance, therefore, is to confess all."

"Holy father," cried Gervase Forrester, "what can I confess? I left my home with a young priest, who promised that I should learn much from one brother Austin, a profound student in 'holy alchemy.'"

"Brother Austin was no student in that art," replied the abbot; "would that his pursuits had been as innocent!"

"Holy saints!" cried the astonished alchemist, "have I then left my house and my beechen fire in vain? Are all my hopes of thirty years, just when about to be realized, again to be blighted?"

The abbot cast a pitying look on the earnest enthusiast, for Simon Islip himself was a student in that visionary art. "Alas, poor man!" said he, "you have been the dupe of a deeply laid plot. That learned young priest, who employed you, is, I fear me, a prime mover

in all these disturbances, and brother Austin hath been receiving from him intelligence which he hath in his turn given to the confederate nobles. But last evening was his fraud discovered, and he hath been sent for examination to the king, at Baynard's Castle, whither you also must go, and God grant you a safe deliverance!"

Too overwhelmed to reply, even fully to comprehend the words addressed to him, Gervase Forrester stood motionless while the men-at-arms placed fetters on his feet and bound his hands. "Poor man!" said Abbot Islip to an attendant monk, "he hath been but an unwitting instrument in the hands of those wicked traitors; follow him, therefore, to Baynard's Castle, and see what may be done."

Surrounded by a gaping crowd, poor Gervase Forrester was hurried down to the river's side, placed in a boat, and, ere long, the lordly towers of Baynard's Castle appeared in view, where the broad royal banner, floating above the standard of the city, which displayed its tutelar St. Paul, showed that the monarch himself held court there. He was lifted from the boat, led swiftly across the court-yard, and, after passing through apartments filled with warlike stores and men-at-arms, among whom were mingled the yeomen of the guard, in the Tudor livery of white and green, he was conducted into the council-chamber of Henry the Seventh, and found, almost ere he was aware, those small, keen, searching, basilisk eyes fixed intently upon him. But the poor alchemist did not quail beneath their

glance, nor did his voice falter when questioned and cross-questioned by one of the keenest and most suspicious of all the monarchs of Europe. Conscious of his innocence, he felt no hesitation in declaring all he knew; while, almost broken-hearted at the deception practised upon his too easy faith, he scarcely heeded what farther trouble might bring to him.

"He answers well, and plausibly enow," said Tudor, turning to the lords of the council, "and yet, can we believe that an aged man would be the dupe of a mere stranger, and go so far and do so much for a vain golden dream?"

"A *golden* dream hath power to lead men far, my liege," said Lord Stanley.

"Ay, of visible, tangible, gold," replied Tudor, with his cold, supercilious smile; "but now I bethink me, these gold-makers seldom keep choice company;—in the petition for the suppression of the sanctuary of St. Martin's, the alchemists are placed among the coiners, and counterfeiters, and makers of false gold chains—a rascaille company."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the sincere enthusiast, "for how can the mysteries of holy alchemy be vouchsafed to such? Was it not 'taught to Adam, in Paradise, and to Moses, and to divers holy saints?' and is it not, by reason of the great devotion and pure-heartedness with which it should be pursued, called also the 'art angelical?'"

"The 'art angelical,' then, hath been the means of

sending you to the Tower," said Tudor sternly: "what say you to this?"

The danger in which he stood now flashed upon the mind of the poor alchemist. "It is God's will," said he, "that same will which hath denied that great secret to my toils of thirty years—it is *His* will!" and he bent his head.

"Take him away," said Tudor. "Keep him in close custody, until our pleasure be further known."

"Be not cast down, my son," said the monk, who, at the request of Abbot Islip, had followed him from Westminster; "believe only that *that* Will can never be wrong, and all shall indeed be well."

Withoutside the great gateway of Baynard's Castle a large crowd were pressing round; none dared cross the threshold, for not merely were men-at-arms, well furnished with weapons, drawn up in double line below, and crossbow men, with quarrel ready placed, and crossbow wound up, ready to shoot above, but on each side of the gate were placed two small falcons, (brass cannon of a very rude construction), the mere sight of which would have been sufficient to have overawed a much larger multitude—for Tudor well knew how slight was his hereditary claim to the crown, and how little he dwelt in the affections of the people. But, unawed by this display of warlike preparation, probably almost unconscious of it, a young woman, plainly attired, whose graceful bearing, and the gold clasp which fastened the well worn girdle, proved that she

had once occupied a higher station, pressed forward, anxious to catch a glimpse of the prisoner, who, popular gossip had told her, was a gold-maker, although it could not discover his name. Too soon were her worst fears realized—for in the unhappy prisoner, rudely dragged along by a company of men-at-arms, Alice Forrester recognized her father.

A mournful meeting was this between father and daughter; each had little consolation to give the other, and both had little hope for the future. Still, anxious, if possible, to afford a gleam of consolation to the heart-broken alchemist, Alice whispered that the "beechen fire" still remained alight, and that the precious liquid had not ceased boiling. A faint smile passed over the countenance of the adept at this intelligence; he thanked his daughter, and he thanked Heaven. "Farewell, Alice," said he; "who knows but I may return again!"

"As much hope of that as of his making gold," said an old man beside her, as the poor alchemist was hurried away; "few folk who see the inside of the Tower ever see the outside again."

Overwhelmed with grief, Alice leant against the gateway, and her deep sorrow attracted the notice of a young man who had just before joined the crowd. "And is that the poor alchemist's daughter?" said he; "alas! poor girl, I may well pity her."

"Poor girl!" cried a countryman, "and so would a heathen Saracen, for she was well born and bred, and

a fairer young damsel ye might not see through a long summer's day than Alice Forrester."

"Forrester!" cried the young man eagerly.

"Ay, my good sir, the daughter of Gervase Forrester, the alchemist of Edmonton."

"Sweet lady!" gasped the young man, clasping his hands, "my father!" He rushed to Alice, and seized her hand. "Dear, dear Alice, be not cast down," said he, "your brother is returned to you; but what is this about my poor father, and how came he to be taken up? Speak, dear Alice."

The astonished girl looked up bewildered, for the tall and dark-complexioned young man of four-and-twenty bore little resemblance to the pale slight youth of sixteen, who, eight years before, had set forth from her father's dwelling to seek for gold beyond the seas. "Speak, dear Alice," said he, looking fondly in her face, for little change had passed over her features.

"Methinks yonder is one of the crew of gold-finders," said the old man, who still stood watching poor Alice, "and you see he is pretending to be some relative, though the poor soul, we may well see, knows him not. Ay, a loving set are these alchemists; we are brothers, say they, and most brotherly are their doings. Now I should not marvel if that man yonder is one of those that the proclamation is out against."

A stout, heavy man, to whom these remarks were addressed, now started up. "Ay, ay, Master Winslowe, ye 're right;—by my halidome, 'tis the one that

fifty marks are promised for!—ay, swart complexion, long face, and a scar just below the left ear. St. Mary be praised! for this Godsend is all through the candle I gave to her altar in yonder church of St. Andrew. Well, please the saints, an' I get the reward, she shall have one of five pounds' weight, and my wife a new scarlet kirtle, and you and I a good tankard of Malvoisie together." Thus saying, he quickly bustled forward, and laid no gentle hand on the shoulder of the young man.

"What do you want with me?" said he, angrily.

"Nay, ye may as well walk away quietly, my good master," said his captor, no other than the chief constable of the ward, "for the King's highness, ye well know, hath sent for ye."

"That cannot be," said the young man, endeavouring to disengage himself, "for I came up the river in the 'Lyon of London' but this very morning."

"Ay, ay, likely enow," cried the determined constable; "when did ye ever know a gold-maker who had not a bushel of lies on his tongue? So come on with me to Alderman Fraunceys; why, fifty marks are set on your head, my good master, and 't will go hard if they do not find their way into my purse."

The hapless son of a hapless father was dragged, amid the abuse of the populace, to the house of the alderman of the ward, while Alice Forrester, completely bewildered by the events of the morning, almost hoping, yet fearing, whether the young stranger were

indeed her brother, gladly availed herself of the aid of the countryman to return to her humble dwelling. Meanwhile the chief constable led his prisoner into the presence of the alderman of his ward; an old, cautious, reserved man, who, among the populace, had the character of being very miserly, but who, among the higher classes, had the name of being a very wealthy, prudent, and devout man. Commending the diligence and valour of the constable, and promising him the reward, he dismissed him, taking, in the superabundance of his loyalty, the charge of the prisoner upon himself, whom he carefully locked up in one of his upper rooms, intending, as he said, to send him for examination before the King's Council on the morrow. As the houses of aldermen were frequently, at this period, used as temporary prisons for culprits of higher rank than his prisoner, this determination excited no surprise, except that Alderman Fraunceys, who hated every thing belonging to his office, and who certainly would never have filled it, could he have helped it, should on a sudden become so alive to the duties of that office, and so eager to fulfil them. Interested in this case indeed he certainly was, for, in the afternoon, instead of attending service, as was his wont, in the chapel of the Whitefriars, he proceeded to the prisoner's room, and, placing two constables outside to watch, he entered.

"And what is this which I have heard?" said he; "are you indeed Master Gervase Forrester's son?"

"The holy saints are my witnesses," said young Forrester, earnestly; "besides, if ye only inquire of the master and crew of the 'Lyon of London,' ye will find that I am no impostor. Alas! after eight years' absence from my country, it is hard to be imprisoned thus wrongfully."

"It is, good Master Forrester," said the Alderman kindly; "and truly I have much sorrow for your father, whom I would gladly aid; for I have for years past heard of the fame of the learned alchemist of Edmonton — and how far hath he advanced in the great work?"

"I know not," replied young Forrester hastily, almost scornfully.

"Nay, good young man," resumed the Alderman, drawing nearer his prisoner, and whispering, lest the constables withoutside should hear him, "fear not *me*, for *I* am also a student in holy alchemy, and would any day within the last ten years have paid down twenty rose-nobles, for the benefit of one hour's conversation with your learned father. 'Tis said he hath a curious furnace of quite a new construction, and that the liquid hath already boiled more than five years. Sweet lady! with my utmost care, *I* never could keep my crucible boiling above eight months at the farthest: and *you* have, doubtless, learnt much in foreign lands? for in Spain there are, 'tis said, many right learned professors."

"In sooth, I have not," said the young man.

"Nay, say not so; for the son of an alchemist could not have been brought up with his father, and failed to learn many a wonderful thing; and the son of Gervase Forrester, I am certain, could not," persisted the Alderman. "And now I would right willingly have aid of you in these wondrous studies, and for that end will gladly take measures to set you at liberty to-morrow, and also do what I may to aid your father, who hath been committed on suspicion of treason: if you could only tell me how I might get admission into your father's house, and tell me how he manages to keep up his beechen fire; for, say as you will, I well know that you understand these things."

A ray of hope flashed on the young man's mind, as he listened to this unexpected proposal. "Truly, worshipful sir," said he, "whatever I may do for you I will."

"Well, then, good Master Forrester, I should greatly like to see the inside of your learned father's laboratory, and to look at that curious furnace, if ye think there would be no danger of the spirits that keep watch there; for ye well know that the laboratory of Geber was guarded by seven angels, each in his turn, and that Dr. Norton, when he went out, was accustomed to say three words, which closed the door so fast, that not even a sledge-hammer could open it. Soothly, I should greatly like to see that room, and I could well go thither under colour of searching for papers; but then, doubtless, your father hath closed it

up. Now, only give me some little information about it, and ye may even ask what ye please; for my studies by day, and my dreams by night, and my prayers to the saints, are all of alchemy."

Little do we know what kind of knowledge may not at some time prove serviceable. Young Forrester now inwardly rejoiced that some portion of that mystic jargon, which had been the disgust of his childhood, had remained indelibly impressed on his mind; and he commenced so learned a discourse on "calcination," "sublimation," and "vivification," that the worthy Alderman was lost in wonder and gratitude. "If you, worthy sir, would but go with me," said he, "and be the first to enter (for I am sure you can command the spirits) I would follow after; and my best thanks, and my most earnest efforts for the liberation of your learned father, would be at your service."

Well pleased with this proposal, young Forrester expressed his ready acquiescence; and, at nightfall, Alderman Fraunceys and his prisoner, accompanied by five or six well armed and trusty servants, set out. It had been arranged that, on entering the house, the Alderman was to explain the pretended nature of his visit to poor Alice, and to conduct her to a neighbour's house; and, then, leaving the armed company below to keep watch, he and the young alchemist would proceed up stairs. They arrived at the house, but all was silent; the crazy door soon yielded to the vigorous arm of young Forrester, and the Alderman and his men,

not without a slight feeling of awe, crossed the threshold. There was a sound of footsteps above, and a low murmur, which the quick ear of young Forrester discovered to be voices of some persons engaged in earnest conversation. Motioning with his hand to his companions, who, indeed, at that moment had little inclination for talking, he stole softly up stairs, stopped withoutside the door of the laboratory, and, peeping through a well-remembered hole, through which in his boyish days he had often watched and wondered at his father, he perceived two persons busily engaged in depositing something beneath the hearth, the hearthstone of which had been raised, while the still glowing embers of the beechen fire, the crucible, and the retorts, lay scattered around.

"There cannot be a safer place," said one of the men, "for, after the fright which the girl and her friends have had, the house will certainly get an ill name for goblins; and, as for *gold*, it will be far safer here than in our possession, for no one would think of searching for *it* in the house of an *alchemist*."

"No, truly," replied the other; "if the White Rose is victor, we shall little need money or papers; if it be not, we have but to return hither, and provide for our journey beyond seas."

"Ay, truly," said the first; "and little did poor Forrester believe, when I enticed him to London, that his guerdon would be the extinguishing of his beechen fire and imprisonment for himself."

The scoff implied in the last words aroused the fury of the young man. He burst into the laboratory, seized the speaker, and loudly called for assistance. His call was vain, for, doubting not but that the struggle above stairs was with no being "of mortal mould," the men, setting open the door to afford free egress for the spirits of darkness, began in all haste to say their night-spells; while the Alderman, in the height of his fear and his devotion, promised "our ladye," his especial patroness, wax-tapers enough to burn from Lady-day to Candlemas, a vow which, when his fright was over, he very prudently altered to "from Candlemas to Lady-day." Unaided by his companions, young Forrester struggled long and manfully, but in vain; the strangers gained the entrance, and, extinguishing the light, rushed down stairs, and vanished through the most conveniently opened door, exhibiting, as three of the men declared by the bones of St. Thomas à Becket (a favourite saint with the Londoners, because a fellow-citizen) most undoubted marks of their infernal origin, in their saucer eyes and delectably curled horns.

"O! that ye had but seized them!" said young Forrester; and the Alderman sate aghast in wonder and admiration at a man who had fought with two demons, and made them flee away.

To hasten up stairs and secure the papers, which he felt well assured were most valuable, was young Forrester's next task — a task which he was enabled to perform without fear of interruption from his still af-

frighted companions below. "Many thanks, good sirs," said he, as, taking up the carefully sealed packet, he replaced the weighty bag of gold beneath the hearth-stone; "for, if ye have been the means of sending my father to prison, ye have left us the means also of his liberation, and store of gold to pay his charges."

Faithful to his promise, he now summoned the sorely affrighted Alderman up stairs, assuring him that there was no danger; but, while the wondering student in "holy alchemy" took up with reverend caution the retorts and crucibles that lay scattered around, and looked with marvelling eyes on the strange characters which, to aid him in the great work, Gervase Forrester had engraven on the walls, his bitter lamentations burst forth over the scattered embers of the now extinguished "beechen fire." "Ay," said he, "and thus is it that evil spirits wage constant war with the learned adept; the liquor was on the point of transmutation, but Saturn was in the ascendant; and, therefore, did they come hither, and destroy the labour of almost seven years."

Although young Forrester could not sympathize in the worthy Alderman's lamentations, he very prudently held his peace. He returned with him to town; and, the next morning, no longer a suspected traitor and a prisoner, but the discoverer of most important intelligence, which he claimed to deliver into the king's hands alone, he stood before the council at Baynard's Castle. The papers were, indeed, most important. An

instant order was sent for the liberation of Gervase Forrester; a right royal reward was assigned to the young man, whose courage and promptitude had secured such important documents: and the evening of that same day saw the liberated alchemist welcoming his long absent son, and congratulating his daughter on this sudden and most unexpected change in their fortunes. It was even said that, not until three hours after his return, did he inquire after the "beechen fire." This assertion, however, Alderman Fraunceys always contradicted, declaring that, as he was returning from the Tower, he inquired about it; but that he received the news with marvellous composure, merely saying, "Well, we must try again."

Never did the two strangers return to claim their hidden treasure — the one lost his life on the field of Stoke; and the second, no other than Symonds, the priest, the prime agent in the plot, soon after closed his days on the gibbet at Tyburn. Ere a week had elapsed, our fortunate alchemist again took possession of his family mansion at Edmonton; and, at the feast which signalized the house-warming, Alderman Fraunceys and the Sub-prior of Westminster honoured with their presence the table of the learned Gervase Forrester, while rich Simon Cotterel, no longer scorning an alliance with "a beggarly alchemist," took his place among the friends of the family, and expressed his earnest wishes for the marriage of his son with the fair Alice.

And long and prosperous were the days of Gervase Forrester. In his greatest need he had put his simple trust in Heaven, and large had been his reward. His son rose to high eminence as a Turkey merchant, he became owner of the vessel which had conveyed him to England; and old Master Hakluyt, and the "Annals of Commerce," will inform the inquiring reader how many a rich cargo was brought by the "Lyon of London." But Gervase Forrester, though he rejoiced in the good fortunes of his son, still would not wholly give up his pleasant dream of alchemy; again was the "beechen fire" lighted, and Alderman Fraunceys stood beside him as an humble pupil, while he was pointed out by both neighbours and strangers as the only alchemist who ever obtained wealth. Whether he, indeed, ever found the great secret was a question very warmly debated among the adepts, both during his life and after his death, and it was finally agreed upon that he had. And when, at length, his comely effigy in branched damask gown, and his head supported by three books, adorned the table-tomb on the north side of the church, many a student, down to the days of the indefatigable Elias Ashmole, went a pleasant pilgrimage to Edmonton, to discover, if possible, among the fanciful emblems that decked the crumbling stone, some hint at least of that mighty secret which undoubtedly lay buried below.

S. Prout. del.t Pub.d by Ackermann & Co. 1 Janr. 1820. J. Carter. sculp.t

GIANTS STAIRCASE, DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE

THE DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE.

BY J. B. PAPWORTH, ESQ.

THE splendid city of Venice, built on a site rescued from the bosom of the Adriatic and created by a forlorn and almost destitute people, seeking refuge from the scourge of conquering enemies, rises from the sea, a constellation of exquisite beauty. Several centuries of her existence passed, after many struggles in arriving at and maintaining her immense wealth, her maritime power, and her elevated rank amongst contemporaries, stimulated to exertion by her example. The splendid and palace-like demonstrations of this prosperity, spreading luxuriously around, cannot be viewed without a deep sense of the perseverance of her founders and the acuteness of her statesmen, however the feeling of respect may be alloyed by contemplating the means by which her eminence was acquired — means foreign to justice and repugnant to humanity.

Of the pictorial beauty of Venice perhaps no view excites greater admiration than the groupe formed by the Ducal Palace and the Piazzetta di San Marco: great and simple in character, surmounted as it is by the lofty campanile, it gives assurance that there is to be found the grave and directing power of the state. How splendid, how beautiful, when viewed from the sea, between the palace and S. Giorgio Maggiore, il-

luminated by the mid-day sun, giving force of shadow to its masses and splendour to the exquisite embellishments of the façade!

The annexed engraving is a portion of the Ducal Palace, taken from a situation which embraces the approach to the celebrated Scala, or Giants' Stairs. These are a flight of stairs, surmounted by two gigantic figures at the ends of the topmost step, leading to a platform, and considerably in advance of the piazza of the principal or state floor, being altogether in the middle of an uncovered court of the palace.

There exists an anecdote relating to this palace which accurately fixes the date of its erection. About the end of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century, the former Ducal Palace was much injured and in part destroyed by fire. The nobles, adverse to the splendid state assumed by their chief magistrate, decreed the penalty of a heavy fine on any one who should dare to propose the restoration of the building. In 1413, the then Doge Moncenigo, scorning the motives that swayed the Senate in that decree, boldly commenced before them an eloquent appeal, demanding the re-building of the palace; and, by paying down the fine of one thousand ducats, he purchased his right to propose the restoration, and shamed the opposers by his liberality. The great work was thence begun, and it speedily became an example of magnificence, that was emulated by others, and added to the splendour of this unique and extraordinary city.

ENGLAND.

BY RICHARD JOHNS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ASCENSION," A POEM.

England, dear England! I have reached thy shore;
  Misfortune's refuge and the stranger's home!
And I will dream my wearied wanderings o'er,
  Nor think of toil and travel yet to come.
Once more I hail thee! Still the ocean queen,
  Thy "wooden walls" keep court around thy throne;
The crowded harbour and the busy scene
  Of gainful Commerce, these are yet thine own;
And healthful peasants reap the ripened field
  Of golden harvests, and the spade, and plough,
And sounding flail, find sturdy hands to wield
  And guide to usefulness; and thou art now
Verdant as ever, and thy caverns hold
Metallic treasure, as they bore of old.

'Tis pleasant thus to view thee, noble isle!
  But ah! the tendril vine and purple grape,
Making earth glad and beautiful, will smile
  O'er slumbering combustion; soon may gape
The crater's womb, and swift destruction hail
  In fiery ruin. Even thus, dear land,
Thou who hast boldly dared the world assail
  Thy proud position, though no stranger hand

Be raised against thee, may behold the fire
  Of ruin spring from thine own energies.
Done by thyself to death, thy funeral pyre
  May beacon future realms and dynasties,
While ancient chronicles may sagely tell
How Britain flourished and by faction feel.

SONG.

FROM "TITIAN," AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

As the stream glideth on to the depths of the ocean,
  Now dancing in sunshine, now lost in the earth,
So glideth for ever that tide of devotion
  Which springs in this heart for thy beauty and worth.
With a measureless speed forward bounds the glad river,
  To sink in the swell of the on-dashing wave,
While the tide of my love rolls its current for ever,
  Sad, hopeless, and dark—for its bound is the grave!

Bright shineth yon star in the heaven before thee,
  A beautiful gem on the brow of the night!
And so, in my heart, which but throbs to adore thee,
  Thine image aye sheds o'er its darkness a light.
But, oh! like yon planet thus beaming above thee,
  Too distant and cold all thy brilliances are;
Yet still, though I feel it is madness to love thee,
  Let me gaze on thy smiles, and adore thee afar!

THE CAPTURE OF LINLITHGOW CASTLE,

IN 1313.

Of all the palaces so fair
  Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare
  Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
  How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild buck *bells* from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake—
The saddest heart might pleasure take
  To see a scene so gay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE primitive and romantic town of Linlithgow yields in antiquity to none of the royal burghs of Scotland, of which it is almost the last remaining entire specimen. Situated on the south border of a beautiful lake, which lies cradled in a delightful valley watered by the pastoral stream of the Avon, it is surrounded on all sides by wood-covered hills and smiling plains. To the far north the eye loses itself among the peaks of the lofty Ochills, whilst on the south it is bounded by the Pentland range. Between lies the picturesque and varied scenery through which the Forth, the national

stream of Scotland, collects her numerous tributaries, and, in a thousand graceful links, sweeps past

> Edina, Scotia's darling seat,

to meet the embrace of the German Ocean. Rich in the beauties of liberal nature, Linlithgow is not less rich in historic associations. Here much that is memorable, both in the natural and preternatural of Scottish story, has a 'local habitation'—more, alas! has but a 'name.' Here it was, upon the eve of the fatal field of Flodden, in St. Catherine's Aisle, in which he had constructed a throne for himself, and twelve stalls for the knightly companions of the Order of the Thistle, that to *James the Dauntless*

> A messenger from Heaven
> In vain had earnest counsel given
> Against the English war;—

here that Mary Stuart, the fairest and most unfortunate daughter ever born to Scotland, first saw the light; —here that the Regent Murray met with the retribution which his unnatural conduct to his sister and want of fidelity to his Queen deserved;—here that, on the night of the 31st of January, 1746, English fire destroyed what, four centuries and a half before, English perfidy founded—that majestic pile, whose ruins yet proclaim what were the power and the splendour of Scotland, when loyalty had a shrine in every Scottish breast, and the 'shout of a king' was heard among us!

Every Scotchman is well acquainted with the wonderful energy displayed by our forefathers on the field

of Bannockburn; where, by means the most disproportionate, the strong chain which southern tyranny and deceit had cast over the liberties of our country was snapped for ever, and Scotland restored to independence and happiness. Few, however, except the burghers of Linlithgow, amongst whom tradition preserves the knowledge, are acquainted with the *secret* spring that set in motion those feelings which, at a moment of the deepest despondency, roused the crushed but indomitable valour of our ancestors. Some have contented themselves with supposing that it was the mere effect of that physical force which, it is allowed, nerves the 'thews and sinews' of our countrymen with a bravery subdueless in the heat of conflict, aided and excited by the intense hatred which years of bloodshed, oppression, and cruelty, had produced. Others, in the true spirit of national partiality, and overlooking the fearful disparity of numbers and condition, consider it as nothing more than a natural consequence of the superior courage which the Highland freeman hereditarily possesses over the Lowland serf. Whilst a third party, with equal truth, and somewhat more of grace, assigns the glory to where it is most due, by resolving it into the sanction of that retributive law, which, even under the most inauspicious circumstances, we have seen amply verified, viz. that

> —— Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is *ever* won!

But however these causes, separately or combined, may

have conspired to forward the result, there was another and peculiar circumstance, which, in a chief degree, tended to relume the almost extinct spark of patriotism that led the prostrate Caledonian nobles to crowd once more to the standard of their lawful king, and lighted up in the hearts of the entire peasantry of Scotland that quenchless flame of devoted loyalty which repelled with disgrace the invader's legions, and firmly seated upon the throne of his ancestors Robert Bruce, the best and bravest monarch of his race.

This was no less a circumstance than the capture of Linlithgow Castle, the chief seat of Edward's power in Scotland, by William Binnock, deacon of the Hammermen, and its being universally looked upon by his countrymen as an omen of the return of prosperous fortune and ultimate success.

The Castle of Linlithgow was the only stronghold in Scotland which was ever founded by English hands. Edward I., long after the defeat and death of his miserable dupe Baliol, and when he had quenched, as he supposed, the last embers of freedom in Scotland with the blood of Wallace, began to look around him for a spot to celebrate what he vainly presumed to call his conquest of Scotland, by the erection of an edifice suitable to commemorate the splendour of the event, and to be the residence of the majesty of England when he should be amongst his northern subjects. Various circumstances conspired to the choice of the royal burgh of St. Michael's for this purpose. A place of great an-

tiquity even at the remote period of which we write, it was also one of the principal towns of the kingdom; whilst its central position made it one of the keys of Scotland. Nor did it weigh lightly with the wily politician, that a creature of his own, in whose subserviency he had implicit confidence, was the liege-lord of the soil. Here, therefore, upon a lofty promontory, rising between the majestic and now venerable pile of the first David and the deep waters of the lake, by which on three sides it was embraced, Edward raised those impregnable towers, from which, during the disastrous period of his sojourn in Scotland, he issued mandates that placed deputies over her various districts, peopled her garrisons with English soldiers, and compelled but too many Scotchmen of all ranks and occupations to bend in submission to his yoke.

The erection of this fortress seemed to complete the subjection of Scotland. The nobles and gentry, dispirited and broken down by the successive failures of their numerous enterprises, began to imagine that Fate had decreed the transfer of the Scottish crown from the house of Huntingdon to that of Plantagenet. Their fairest hopes had been blasted on the fatal field of Methven, when the pride of their warriors had been trodden under foot, and their newly-crowned leader had fled, almost unaccompanied and despairing, to the Western Highlands. Since then misfortune after misfortune, in gloomy series, had dogged his footsteps. Two of his valiant brothers, and many of his best and

bravest knights, had perished either on the scaffold or on the field. The strongholds of the country, one after another, had fallen into the hands of the enemy; and even Kildrummy, the last and strongest that remained, was taken also; and its gallant defenders, Sir Neil Bruce and the Earl of Athol, led off prisoners to share the fate to which the ruthless Edward doomed all who resisted his tyranny. Under such accumulated reverses, but too many of the barons tendered their oaths of fealty to the King of England; whilst others hesitated whether they should any longer continue to expose their lives and fortunes in defence of a cause which appeared to be hopeless.

At this juncture, a confused rumour was circulated that Bruce, having escaped the perils of his wanderings through the Western Highlands, and overcome innumerable dangers and difficulties, had reached with a few followers the Isle of Arran; and that there he was about to unfurl his standard, and once more summon to his side all the faithful and brave who loved the independence of their country, or honoured his cause. By a few, to whom these tidings were like the breath of heaven, they were received as authentic with secret joy, and a determination to act in accordance; but the incredulous many looked upon the intelligence as a snare of the enemy, propagated for the purpose of discovering who were the disaffected. For a time, therefore, the call of the Bruce was wholly unresponded to; foreigners and usurpers everywhere maintained uncon-

trolled dominion through the land; and the English power appeared in all quarters to be not only paramount, but also permanent.

Amongst the nobles who had shaken off their fidelity to Scotland, and had become attached to the southern yoke, both from interest and inclination, was Malise, Earl of Linlithgow and Polmont. This baron, when Bruce erected the standard of Annandale and Galloway, had been the first to join his cause. But, upon the reverses of his fortune, he had also been the first to forsake him, and to make his peace with the English powers. The better to secure this object, he married a niece of Aylmer de Valence, the English viceroy; and thenceforth had acted in such a manner as to show that he considered his fortunes entirely bound up in the preservation of his new kinsman's authority. With a view to propitiate the burghers of Linlithgow and the surrounding neighbourhood, the wily Edward, whose whole policy in regard to Scotland was one system of treachery and deceit, gave to the Earl the ostensible appointment of governor of the new castle, though the real power was vested in Sir Reginald Neville, as the commander of the strong body of troops which formed the garrison. The Earl, however, was not to be judged from his conduct; for, however appearances were preserved, he cared not in reality for any party, any interest, further than he conceived that his vast landed possessions were concerned. Suiting himself, therefore, to circumstances,

it was his policy, for the present, to keep up towards the English authorities a fawning and subservient attention; whilst, on the other, he endeavoured to gild the fetters of his native liegemen, by making his rule as gracious as he possibly could. The aim of his conduct was to win over the burghers of St. Michael's to the cordial support of the English cause, or else, in case a day of retribution should arrive, to ground upon his leniency to them a claim to the favour and forgiveness of the Bruce. In this attempt to gain over his liegemen he, however, utterly failed. Though, in a great measure, relieved from those petty acts of stouthreff and violence which daily oppressed the inhabitants under the jurisdiction of the neighbouring *keepers of the peace*, and for which they had cause to be grateful, the proud and loyal burghers of Linlithgow thought it foul scorn that their ancient town should have been chosen for the residence of an English sovereign. And their curses were not loud, but deep, against the man who could barter away his country's interests to preserve his own. Externally, however, they preserved towards him a show of respect and obedience; for they were awed into a state of passive submission by the powerful body of English who fenced his person; and they also well knew the vindictive cruelty of his disposition, if they should give him cause of offence. They put a mask, therefore, upon their feelings, and, in the hope that a day of reckoning would yet come, they resolved patiently to "bide their time."

Such is the account furnished by historians, of Earl Malise of Linlithgow, or, as he was more commonly styled, "*the fause yerl,*" keeper for Edward I. of the castle which he built for his personal residence in Scotland. If any further confirmation be deemed necessary, it is to be found in the simple fact that his name is omitted in the roll of the "*Gude Buik*" of King Fergus II., but is to be found in the ominous pages of the "*Black Volume.*"

Meanwhile, the enterprise of Bruce in the West, which at first was considered as deserving only of ridicule and contempt, assumed a more serious aspect. Though few noblemen of any distinction had as yet joined him, the peasants and yeomen of Ayrshire and Lanark were every where in a state of excitement. Tidings also were privately conveyed to De Valence, which convinced him that the power of the Plantagenets in Scotland was upon the eve of being violently shaken. Instigated by a combination of these and other circumstances, known through the system of espionage then in use, the viceroy, attended by a powerful body of retainers, unexpectedly arrived at Linlithgow Castle, and held a long private council with the Earl and the other chief officers of the garrison.

It was on the evening of the same day on which the event just noticed took place, and before what had transpired at the council was publicly known, that William Binnock, deacon of the Hammermen, in the ancient burgh of Linlithgow, washed off the marks of

a busy day's toil, donned his holyday apparel, and, buckling round his waist his broadsword, without which, in these troubled times, no one ever stirred abroad, set forth at a round pace into the country. William was the first-born of seven brothers, the stalwart sons of old Stephen Binnock, long the under-seneschal of the first Earl of Linlithgow, but now, in his declining years, the farmer of a considerable tract of land, which he held in lease of the present Earl, his son. Stephen, still a stout carle, had in his youth carried belt and brand under the elder Bruce, whose conduct and exploits, during the contest for the crown, were subjects with him of never-failing interest and panegyric. William, his eldest child, had thus been brought up from his cradle in the school of patriotism. With his mother's milk he had drawn in copious draughts of love and veneration for the illustrious name of the Bruce; whilst the daring exploits in which his father had been engaged, during the long civil wars of the rival competitors, filled him with resolution to follow his example, whenever the time should arrive in which he could do so effectually. With this secret purpose cherished in his heart, he had early resigned the peaceful occupation of the plough to his younger brothers, and, with Walter and John, the two next in years to himself, whose feelings followed the bent of his own, he adopted the occupation of an armourer, which, in those times, partook in no small degree both of the spirit and honour of chivalry. Having served his

apprenticeship with the celebrated Wat Tinto, royal armourer at Stirling, he commenced business with his brothers in the gude town of Linlithgow. There, whilst they forged their implements of war, their stithy became the resort of all the fiery youth of the place, and their back-court the tilting-yard in which were practised all sorts of passages of arms. In consequence, young Binnock soon became a great favourite amongst the different trades of the burgh, and by degrees acquired an ascendency which raised him, at an early age, to the creditable post of deacon of the Hammermen; an office which not only gave him respect in the eyes of his townsfolk, but also a considerable share in the civil jurisdiction of the burgh. To his liege-lord, Earl Malise, he had thus rendered himself an object of distrust and suspicion; and upon various occasions his minions had endeavoured to fasten a quarrel on him. William, however, was too prudent to appear to take their provocations amiss. He knew that he was too feeble a subject to show resentment against a proud and mighty baron, whose word, at any moment, could command five hundred blades from their scabbards. He looked forward, however, with impatient but with resolute anxiety, to the time when the Earl should call upon the burghers of Linlithgow to take an avowed part against the cause of the Bruce, determined that he would then cast in his lot with those who should make up their mind either to do or die for their lawful king and their oppressed country.

The floating rumour that Bruce was again making head on the western coast, and the sudden and unlooked-for arrival of the English viceroy at Linlithgow Castle, conspired to impress William with the belief that this long wished-for hour was not far distant. In the uncertain state of mind of a man about to plunge into some undefined and perhaps desperate enterprise, he made his way, as privily as he could, out of the town; and, pursuing a course along the eastern margin of the lake, walked briskly forward. It is seldom that we are so unshackled by other affections as to be able, if willing, to stake life and limb on a single cast; and William had coiled around his heart the regards of one whose happiness was nearer and dearer to him than any which arose from considerations purely personal. It was this subject that now engaged him. The last rays of an April sun were thrown over the broad and burnished waters, which reflected the stately pile that he had now for miles left behind him; when, diverging to the right from the beaten track, he ascended a winding path which led to a wooded eminence, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding plains. Here, seated in a rustic bower, which his own hands had assisted to frame, he found the fair object—his betrothed bride—to meet whom was the purpose of his walk. "Ellen! dearest Ellen!" said he, as he pressed her with pride to his bosom, "little envy I the love of that man who has purchased it at the price of his country's freedom! The Earl of Lin-

lithgow may clasp his southern wife to his breast—and she is well worthy of a nobler heart than his—but the hour that unites me to thee will make the hills and dales, the valleys and glens, of our native Scotland more precious to my affections." He then seated himself by her side, and the youthful lovers soon became absorbed in earnest conversation upon the aspect of events and the subject of their marriage.

Ellen was the only daughter of a widowed mother, who, in her youth, had been one of the favourite attendants of the Lady Agnes de Annand, who gave her fair hand and her broad baronies to the elder Bruce. She had married the bold and gallant Herbert Simpson, henchman to the Earl, and Ellen was the pledge of their short-lived union, for he died, sword in hand, in his master's cause, upon the well fought field of Rutherglen, ere yet the first twelvemonth of his wedded state was complete. Stephen Binnock had been his friend and companion in arms, and, when he fell by his side, with dying breath he commended to his protection his wife and his child. Stephen wrung the relaxed hand of the dying soldier, as he bade him depart in peace, assuring him that the loved objects of his solicitude should never be separated from his regards and protection. Accordingly, soon afterwards, when the shields were hung up for a season in the halls, Stephen removed his charge from the flowery bank of their native Annan to that of the Avon. There, under the shelter of his own liege-lord, the first Earl of Linlith-

gow, they resided in a sweet cottage upon the farm of Binnock, which the liberality of the good old Countess of Annandale enabled them to build and furnish. Nor had Herbert himself left them unprovided for, even had his death in the Bruce's cause been less than a legacy. The widow lived, therefore, in comfort and seclusion, unmolested by the evils of the times; whilst her daughter, the child of many affections, grew up in her own loveliness, the pride and solace of her parent's heart. With the family of Binnock they were on terms of the most intimate friendship; and William and Ellen, from their first acquaintance, had been set down by their fond parents as man and wife. As the children grew in years, their affection for each other grew also; and the time had at length arrived when they were to be united. It was to fix the marriage day that William sought this meeting: and he urged that an early one might be named, as he had his misgivings that matters would not long continue as they then were. But the maiden was, like himself, a soldier's daughter, and, with a spirit worthy of his own, she repelled all his intreaties upon this point, saying as they rose, whilst twilight yet served to show them to her mother's cottage, "Nay, William, urge me no more upon this at present. Behold," added she, pointing whilst she spoke, "the dark towers which the haughty Edward has built for the seat of his power and glory, whilst our rightful king wanders, an outcast, without home or shelter wherein to rest his honoured

head. William, my children shall never be reared under the shadow of a usurper's banner, nor call the serf of a foreign liege-lord father! No, it is no time for brave men and true, with such tidings as you have told me afloat," and she glanced her dark eye loftily yet fondly over him, a smile and a tear contending for the mastery, "it is no time for bold men and true to dally by their maidens' side, when stout arms and determined hearts are needed by our sovereign. Go," said she, offering her hand as she spoke, "go; and when the Lion of Scotland floats in its native breeze from yonder keep, in place of the Dragon of England, come back and claim this for your reward." There was a pause of some seconds, ere William, who felt the dignity of her appeal, could find words to reply to her. At length, taking her proffered hand, which to him was more precious than any reward which his king could have offered to secure his services, with a tinge of that chivalry which even the lowliest sons of Scotland once owned, and, kissing it with profound respect, he vowed that he would urge his plea no more, till such time as he could come as a free-born Scotchman to claim it in the terms of her engagement.

Night had spread her mantle over the landscape, before William, having committed his future mother-in-law and his bride to the protection of Heaven, and bidden them a sorrowful adieu, turned his footsteps towards his dwelling at Linlithgow. The delightful prospect in which he had indulged of an almost im-

mediate union with the object of his affection appeared to be removed indefinitely, if not for ever. As the darkness of the oppressor's stronghold rose in faint outline to his view, his heart almost sank within him. Yet did he not utterly despair: but, pondering in his mind by what means the garrison might be surprised, he hastened onward; when suddenly his reveries were interrupted by a stranger inquiring the way to Stephen Binnock's habitation.

"And who seeks the way to Stephen Binnock's, at this hour of the night, if I may ask the question?"

"A pedlar," was the reply, "fatigued with a long day's wandering, and much in need of rest and refreshment."

"A pedlar! and ignorant of your way! nay, friend, tell your tale to the next fool you meet: your ignorance of the neighbourhood belies your trade."

"Nay, indeed, I tell you truly; but I have been long in the West, and the darkness of the night makes me doubtful."

"In the West! then belike thou canst give me tidings;—what hearest thou of the Bruce and his motions?"

"Of Bruce the report went that he was scattered and fled. But I have brave news for such as relish them. Earl Malise is this evening proclaimed Major General of Scotland, with authority and instructions to arm forthwith in his master's cause a strong body of his liege-men of Linlithgow."

"False hound!" exclaimed William, "and callest thou this news for which thou deservest aught better than the dirk or the halter? Proceed, and hide thy recreant limbs under the next bush thou meetest with; for never shall my honoured father's roof harbour one who is false to his country!"

"Ha! thy father's roof!" said the pretended pedlar in his natural voice; "then pardon me, my young friend: the son of Stephen Binnock is worthy of my confidence. Know, then, that you are right in supposing me no pedlar; wrong in fancying me one of those who account the tidings which I have told you brave ones. Alas! blame not me, but the evil times, that a Scot cannot speak his free mind in his native air, even to a brother Scot, till he knows whether or not he is worthy of confidence. Come, lend me your arm, and conduct me to your father; I bear the signet-ring and the message of the Bruce."

William joyfully gave his arm to the worn-out traveller, and relieved him of his assumed pack. They then directed their steps towards the farm-house of Wallyford, the elder Binnock's habitation. As they proceeded, the stranger told him in confidence of the landing of Bruce, with his brave little band of devoted followers, upon the Carrick coast; of the miraculous fire which lighted their way; and all the romantic particulars of that memorable event: next, of Bruce having driven out the Percy, and captured his own fortress of Turnbery; the stratagem by which

Earl James *the good* regained his strong castle of Douglas; and how the faithful Dickson stormed the Church of St. Bride's on Palm Sunday, and offered up hundreds of the oppressors to the manes of his countrymen. He next related that the people were flocking to the Bruce's standard, and that the king intended shortly to march towards his faithful town of Stirling, where he hoped to be joined by the northern barons, with forces sufficient to enable him to take the field against Edward in person. "Across the Forth," continued he, "the Grahams and the Lindesays are about openly to declare for his cause. The fiery cross will shortly summon the Highland chiefs to the field. Sir Ralph le Broun is preparing to raise the standard of East Lothian and the Merse; and Herbert de Maccuswell will lead up the border clans. In short, the country is every where arming, and a blow will yet be struck for our King and crown. To hasten the wished-for hour, I was despatched to sound Earl Malise, and, by promises and bribes, to win him over, if possible, to the secret espousal of our cause. At the present juncture, the possession of that strong fortress, which the crafty Edward has built as a monument of his perfidy towards Scotland, would be of the utmost importance to us, not only as commanding the district of country which will form the scene of military operations, but as encouraging the hearts of the peasantry, who superstitiously regard it as the sign and seal of their country's subjection. I am sorry, however, to

find that the English viceroy is upon the alert. This very evening, as I approached the town, I beheld his train move off on their return to Edinburgh; and the first object that greeted my sight on entering the market-place was a proclamation declaring the Earl Major-General of the kingdom; and placing at his disposal the services of the burgesses of Linlithgow, upon pain of imprisonment and escheat. To-morrow these orders will be enforced; nothing, therefore, can be gained by fair means with the Earl; and my ignorance of the temper and disposition of the townspeople leaves me uncertain whether any thing may be done by foul. Knowing the fidelity of your father's household, and his own personal devotion to his king, when I found nothing was to be gained by an interview with the Earl, I assumed this disguise, and directed my steps towards Wallyford to see what can be devised. I consider the circumstance of having fallen in with you as ominous of good. In happier times I knew this vicinity well; but years of turbulence and change have since passed, and it is not every door that would now be opened to me in welcome. In your father, however, I shall meet an old companion in arms, true as was the blade which he once wielded under my command. For the news which I bring, should nought else result, I shall receive from him, in exchange, the information which I want—how this neighbourhood is affected towards the cause in which it is my glory to play an humble but a faithful part."

Their conversation was here interrupted by the loud barking of several shepherd-dogs, which came running out to greet their arrival; and a few steps brought them to the door of the snug dwelling of the elder Binnock. Upon entering, the stalwart old man rose from the great arm-chair by his fire-side, where he was seated, surrounded by his younger sons, and received William with a cordial welcome, which, in the hospitable character of those undegenerate times, was warmly given to the stranger also. At first, however, no signs of recognition passed between them. But, when the wretched trappings of the disguised friend were thrown off, and the weather-beaten but martial bearing of a well-tried soldier of fifty was presented to the company, the old man suddenly started up, dashed away an unbidden tear, seized the proffered hand, which he pressed with fervour, and exclaiming, "Cuthbert! friend of the Bruce and of this stricken land, to what fortunate circumstance do I owe the grace of seeing you beneath my humble roof-tree?" led and seated him in the place of honour. Then, having directed his wife to heap the fire, to spread the board with her best, and to bring forth the wine-cup, he plied his guest with numerous questions as to his health and safety, and that of their lord and master. The various events in which he had been engaged, with the trusty adherents who fled with the king from the field of Methven, formed the subject of Binnock's separate inquiries. Cuthbert fully narrated the various wander-

ings of the Bruce; the toils, dangers, and privations which he had undergone; the escapes which he had made; the later successes which he had achieved; his present position, hopes, and prospects. "And now," said the elder Binnock, having drained a goblet to the health of his guest, and again expressed his joy at seeing him at his own board, "what is the special object which has brought you to this quarter?"

"A bootless errand," was the reply, "to gain over to our cause the Earl Malise, with a view to our possessing ourselves of the strong fortress of Linlithgow."

"My friend," answered Binnock, "the first is indeed a hopeless undertaking, but not equally so the second. Suppose not the craven spirit of our feudal chief to be that either of his vassals or of the burghers of Linlithgow. If five hundred swords will suffice for the capture of the place, they shall be at your command by to-morrow morning, and even I myself, if but for the purpose of seeing how my boys can fight, will once more don my buff jerkin."

"On an open field, with half five hundred men, we would essay this achievement," was Cuthbert's reply; "but, alas! the walls of Linlithgow Castle are high and strong, and five hundred can make them good against five thousand. I walked out and reconnoitered the place to-night, and to make the attempt would be utter folly. A powerful array of men and implements would scarcely, if we had them, allow us to hope for success. *Virtute et Dolo* was Douglas's motto when

his strong castle of Clydesdale was wrested from Lord Clifford. Bethink you, is there no stratagem by which we might effect an entrance into Edward's stronghold?"

"*Virtute et Dolo!*" exclaimed William Binnock, springing from his seat after a silence of some minutes, "that shall be our motto! Dearest Ellen, before day breaks, I will accomplish my vow, or perish in the attempt! Brave stranger—dear father, I have it!"

The old men looked at him anxiously, and begged him to proceed.

"Listen then," said William, "and judge whether I am not right. I perceive in the yard two wains loaded with hay, which I presume my father is about to convey, as usual, to the garrison of Linlithgow."

Old Binnock nodded assent, and added that he was ordered to deliver it not later than five o'clock the following morning.

"Well, then, my plan is this; let the two wains contain as many armed men as it is possible to conceal, and let you, father, and Cuthbert, be the drivers. The drawbridge will be lowered without suspicion, and the massy iron gates will be thrown open. Let the first wain with its burden pass on; but for the second one, when under the portcullis cut the traces, and leave it standing. Then give a signal, and I will bring up a party of Linlithgow youth, who will follow me as merrily to this quarrel as to a marriage feast, and we shall then have the fair field we seek, and we want no other favour."

The old warriors clasped the young man by the hand, and said that it should be as he suggested. The preliminaries of the enterprise were then hastily arranged, and William, commending his father and his guest to a few hours' sleep, proceeded at a rapid pace toward Linlithgow.

The clock of the venerable church of St. Michael's—which in our own day is one of the finest and most entire specimens of Gothic architecture in Scotland, and a monument of the high state of perfection to which the arts had attained amongst our ancestors before the second period of barbarism which followed the unhappy contests for the crown—pealed eleven as our hero approached Linlithgow. The town, though properly speaking never fortified, was on all sides, where not defended by the lake, enclosed by strong mud ramparts, called the Dykes, traces of which are still discernible, and by corresponding fosses. In time of war, all that was necessary was to let in the waters of the lake, to make the town completely an island, and, as such, impregnable. At this period, however, the *peace of the sword*—that moral stillness which both follows and precedes the hurricane of war — had brooded over Scotland ever since the disastrous battle of Methven; and it was the policy, as we have said, of the first Keeper of the fortress of Edward to conciliate, as much as possible, the lieges of his burgh. There was an absence, therefore, of *surveillance*, or rather a degree of liberty was enjoyed by the inhabi-

tants of Linlithgow, totally unknown in the vicinity of any of the other English garrisons. Hence William had no difficulty in making his way into the town, but, passing on his right the convent of the Carmelites, he proceeded through the tall, dark, old-fashioned houses which lined the main street, direct to the market-place. Here, surrounding the Cross in front of the Town Hall, he found a groupe of the trades-youth waiting his arrival, and engaged in moody conversation discussing the news which had transpired during his absence.

"Long looked-for come at last," said Brixton, the carpenter, as the party made way for their deacon to approach a paper pasted upon the Cross, surmounted by the arms of England and Scotland.

All preserved deep silence, whilst the younger Binnock read aloud the proclamation, the purport of which had been communicated to him by Cuthbert. There was a strong murmur of disapprobation among the hearers as William concluded, and after a pause of a few seconds he spoke as follows:—

"My masters, companions of my youth, and friends in whose trust I can depend," tearing down at the same time the proclamation from the pillar, "are we become so base and heartless as to permit so insulting a document as this to be stuck up on the very walls of our ancient burgh as a testimony against us? No: rather let us perish bodily. To Earl Malise, the Scottish baron, we owed respect and liege-service, but, to

Malise, the English major-general, we owe nothing but scorn and defiance. Thus I trample upon his assumed authority, and tear in pieces the record of his disgrace. You, my fellow-craftsmen, who approve my conduct, and dare to share the consequences, meet me in the morning in St. Catherine's Aisle; I have news to tell, and a plan to unfold, that will rouse the Scottish lion in your blood. Come singly, come silently, and with minds resolved for no common achievement. Have each a dirk in your pouch, and a broadsword by your side, and let every one enlist as many of his neighbours for this work as he can confidently rely on. Scotland once more demands of us a service; and before sunrise the opportunity shall be furnished. Four o'clock is the hour of meeting. Till then let each man prepare himself for the encounter as he best may."

So saying, he waved adieu; and, accompanied by one or two of his more intimate friends, walked off amidst the suppressed cheers of his auditory, who quickly each took his separate way to obey his orders. At the appointed hour, William found himself surrounded by upwards of two hundred of his fellow townsfolk. To these he showed the signet-ring which the Bruce's envoy had lent to him for the purpose; briefly rehearsed the object of his mission, and the information received relative to the affairs of their rightful sovereign; the important consequences to his cause which would flow from the capture of Edward's fortress; and the plan agreed upon for its surprise: he then concluded by asking

if he could depend upon their assistance. They replied by laying their hands on the altar, swearing to follow him in this cause to the death, and imploring the protection of Heaven in an enterprize which concerned the religion, liberty, and independence of their country.

The grey mist of morning yet hung deep upon the mountain sides, when, hearing the distant noise of his father's wheels, William and twenty picked companions stole separately out to line the sides of the lane which led up to the entrance of the castle. Brixton and his younger brothers headed the main body of reserve, who were not to leave the church until they heard the signal-cry. With breathless anxiety, the little trusty band heard the nearer and nearer approach of Stephen Binnock's waggons. At length they passed them! Then followed the cracking of thongs, and the loud voices of the stout old farmer and his second son, encouraging and directing the horses up the ascent. Then the deep-toned challenge of the warder, "Who comes there?" woke the echoes of the lake. "A liege-man of the noble Earl of Linlithgow's, bringing provender, as ordered, for the Castle," was the response. Next was heard the grating of the hinges of the huge folding-doors, as they were thrown open to admit the waggons, the hauling up of the portcullis, and the lowering of the drawbridge. Again the sound of the wheels rattling over the wooden bridge announced the advance of the party; again silence ensued, during which the old man and his attendants

accomplished their purpose of cutting the traces of the last wain, leaving it with its load under the gateway. During this moment of anxious suspense, William and his band drew their swords, and stood ready to spring forth at the first summons. At last the clang of weapons was heard, and the loud slogan of old Binnock, "*Call all! Call all!*" came thundering upon their ears. The warder's bugle, at the same instant, summoned the garrison to arms; and the portcullis was let fall: but, impeded in its descent by the loaded wain, it admitted William and his followers, in time sufficient to enable his father and Cuthbert and his brothers to drive back the guard and take possession of the turrets that flanked the entrance. In the mean time, Brixton had joined them with his reserve; and, before the sleeping garrison had time to muster strong enough to present an efficient front, the whole quadrangle of the castle was filled by the assailants.

A furious and promiscuous onset now took place, the one party calling out, "For Bruce, and St. Michael be our speed!" the other, "St. George, and merry England!" and blood had flowed on both sides, when a trumpet sounded a parley, and the Earl himself, preceded by an officer bearing a white napkin on the point of a sword, rushed into the balcony of the great hall, and loudly demanded a conference. The combatants on both sides dropped their weapons, and the Earl hastily inquired the cause of this rash and traitorous outrage.

The reply of William Binnock was equally concise. "The loyal burghers of Linlithgow come to repossess themselves of the castle of their lord and master, the King of Scotland."

"Mine honest friend, Deacon Binnock," said the Earl, "and you, my liege-men of Linlithgow, we misunderstand one another, and you have come on a bootless errand, seeing that I now hold the castle in the name of the King of Scotland—of Edward, King of Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales."

"My lord," said Binnock coolly, "this evasion will not serve your purpose: we demand the keys of the castle, in the name of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland!"

"How now, traitor!" said Linlithgow, "wouldst thou attempt to rekindle long appeased animosities, and again disturb the repose of the country on behalf of an outlawed and forsaken adventurer?"

"My lord," retorted Binnock, "traitor is a name applicable to those who draw the sword against, not for, their native prince, and the liberties of their country. As for being an adventurer and forsaken, the Bruce at this instant is at the head of a gallant band, sufficient to reseat him on his throne; and we, his faithful subjects, are here to add this castle to the number which he has captured, or die in the attempt. Yield possession, then, or stand by the consequences."

"Base churl," said the Earl, "thy fate and those of the knaves thy companions be on your own heads;

and now, my merry men, fight on for Edward and victory."

So saying, he snatched a spear from the hand of one of his attendants, and launched it with vigour at the breast of the deacon. But it glanced off his well tempered coat and struck down one of his trusty followers. The burghers raised a shout of vengeance, and the assault now commenced with the utmost fury.

The assailants quickly divided themselves into three parties. Cuthbert led the first to attack Sir Reginald Neville, who, with a strong body of archers, held the northern fortalice of the castle. Stephen Binnock and his younger sons, with the main body, held the quadrangle against the men at arms, and maintained a desperate and uncertain struggle; whilst William Binnock headed a third party, who, upon the fall of their townsman, called out, "*To the fause Yerl! To the fause Yerl!*" This latter, making a rush towards the entrance of the great hall, encountered a party of the Keeper's body guard. But, the narrowness of the passage not permitting the free use of the sword, the assailants closed upon them with their dirks, stabbing those who stood their ground, and driving in the remainder. The hall of the castle now became the scene of a contest scarcely paralleled in history. The athletic deacon, brandishing an immense battle-axe, dealt death and destruction on every side, whilst he was gallantly supported by the picked swordsmen of his party. These were opposed again by the flower of the English guard.

Whilst the combatants, both in the hall and court, thus kept up a doubtful, but most determined, encounter, Brixton arrived from the burgh with a numerous body at his back, armed with axes, scythes, crow-bars, &c., in time to sustain the drooping courage of their townsmen, and balance the strength of the parties. The conflict, which had flagged a little, was vigorously renewed, and the long scythes of the Scots proved more than a match for the English pikes.

In the mean time, the party under Cuthbert had made themselves masters of the northern turret, and began to hurl down stones from the battlement upon the heads of the English in the quadrangle beneath. At that sight, the Earl, who up to that time had remained in the balcony directing and encouraging his men, and striking down occasionally with a cross-bow the more prominent of the insurgents, called aloud to his men to remember that they were dealing only with faint-hearted burghers, and, drawing his sword, he rushed into the hall, now slippery with the blood of the dead and the wounded. The first person whom he encountered was Brixton, the carpenter. For a moment the sword of the powerful baron flashed in the beams of the rising sun, and then descending like a whirlwind, the head of Brixton rolled upon the ground. William Binnock seized the crow-bar from the hand of his fallen friend, and had just time to stand on the defensive, when the Earl, foaming with anger, thus addressed him:—"Boy! you have richly earned your

reward, and you shall have it to the uttermost!" The sword, however, that was intended for the insurgent leader's heart flew in shivers upon the deacon's guard-stroke, and the Earl was left for a moment at the mercy of his opponent. This was but for an instant; in less than half the time we take to describe it, the Earl had snatched a battle-axe from the side of one of his slain soldiers, and the combat was renewed with great fury.

The vaulted hall of the strong Castle of Linlithgow was now the witness of as singular a combat as is recorded in the chronicles of Scotland. On the one hand was the proud chieftain of the ancient family of Linlithgow and Polmont, on the other the deacon of the Hammermen; whilst the scale of victory was so equally poised, that it was impossible to foresee the issue.

The interest of this scene occasioned a total suspension of arms among the combatants in the hall, who stood waiting the result with intense anxiety. In the mean time, however, Fortune seemed in the quadrangle to smile upon the side of the assailants. Sir Reginald Neville, ejected from his first position, had rallied the remainder of his troops around him, and was about to make a last and desperate sally. At this crisis the younger Binnock appeared in the balcony, displaying on his sword the bleeding head of the Earl. At this sight the burghers raised an appalling shout, and again furiously charged their opponents. The English, broken and dismayed, fled in all directions. Complete victory crowned the hazardous exploit of the insur-

gents, and, the English Dragon being pulled down from the lofty keep, William Binnock with his own hand planted in its stead the Scottish Lion, amidst the joyous acclamations of his brave attendants.

The first object of Binnock's care, upon finding himself master of the fortress, was to surround the town with the waters of the lake, and to put every thing into a posture of defence. Next Cuthbert, with five attendants, mounted upon the steeds of the late Earl, bore the intelligence of the capture of the castle to the Bruce. The care of the wounded, and the burial of the dead, whose number on both sides was very considerable, having claimed the first attention, the victors assembled in the great hall, where William had the satisfaction to embrace his old father, and to receive the congratulations of the party upon the successful issue of their enterprize, which, as it may be conceived, was full even to overflowing.

As soon as the capture of Linlithgow Castle was rumoured abroad, risings in the north, east, and south, immediately followed. The Earls of Mar, Ruthven, Badenoch, and various other barons and chiefs, also collected their retainers, and declared for the cause of the Bruce. The flame of resistance soon spread to Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, and other towns; and the resolution to expel the Southerns entirely from Scotland became both strong and universal.

Alarmed at such increasing symptoms of disaffection, and discomfited at the loss which had been sustained

at Linlithgow, the English viceroy, De Valence, despatched successive messengers to London, strongly remonstrating with the king on his tardiness to take the field in person. At length, the vacillating Edward II., at the head of a hundred and thirty thousand men, put himself in motion towards Scotland. De Valence assembled at Edinburgh twenty thousand men, and there waited his arrival.

In the mean time, King Robert Bruce met and defeated Sir Henry de Monthermer, and a strong body of forces under his command, at Lanark; and was continuing his progress towards Stirling, when Cuthbert joined him with the welcome intelligence of the capture of Linlithgow. He consequently changed his course, and immediately marched for that stronghold.

It was on the evening of the third day after the flag of Scotland had floated from the towers of Linlithgow, that William Binnock lowered the drawbridge to a gallant company; and had the inexpressible satisfaction of kissing his sovereign's hand, and presenting him with the keys of the captured fortress.

A week had not elapsed from this time, before the impatient William Binnock found an opportunity of reminding the fair Ellen Simpson that the Dragon of England no longer surmounted the battlements of Linlithgow, and that he had now a right to claim the fulfilment of her promise, and the reward of his long and faithful courtship. The warm-hearted maiden, delighted with the intrepid conduct of her gallant lover,

no longer refused to name an early day. The preparations had been going on for some time past, and the second day of the following week was, therefore, fixed upon. At length the morning rose in beauty, on which the bravest youth and the fairest maid of the banks of the Avon were to be united. An event so important to the bold yeoman, whose skill and bravery had restored to Scotland the important fortress which held the sacred person of her king, was soon bruited far and near over the neighbourhood, and crowds from all quarters came unbidden to do honour to the occasion. The approach to the bride's habitation, where the ceremony was to take place, was from an early hour crowded with gay groupes of young and old, bearing flowers and garlands, and many of them more substantial presents. The bridegroom and his party had not yet arrived, but the company was courteously received by Stephen Binnock upon the lawn in front of the cottage. At length the train of the deacon appeared slowly marching on in procession. First, in proud array, came the Hammermen, bearing an enormous flag, on which was rudely blazoned the memorable stratagem by which admission was gained into Linlithgow Castle. Next, file after file, came the six other incorporated trades of the burgh, each bearing its appropriate device; whilst the town-band, decked out in fantastic apparel, kept up the jolly roundelay of—

Linlithgow's trades are bauld and free;
In love and war they pleasure take, &c.

As the party advanced, the company assembled in front of the cottage rose and greeted them with three hearty cheers. William felt his heart swell, as he glanced over the throng that had met to do him honour, and, saluting them, said, "My friends, I feel your kindness — deeply, sincerely, I feel it. Your welcome presence has made this, the happiest day of my life, the proudest one also! As I cannot invite you into Ellen's cottage, which would contain only a handful of the party, I will invite her to come to you. This little plot shall be our nuptial chamber, the azure vault of heaven our canopy, and the green earth, for which so lately most of us fought, and not a few of us bled, our *presence of dais*. Here, within sight of Linlithgow's towers, we will ask you to pledge the cup to her who made the substitution of the Lion for the Dragon in yonder keep the condition of the thrice happy event which has assembled us together."

So saying he entered the cottage, and shortly afterwards made his appearance, leading by the hand his young and blooming bride, attended by a numerous party of maids and matrons. Meanwhile the young men hastily erected an altar of turf, which was strewn with wild flowers, and with their sweethearts formed a circle around it. Old Binnock, as master of the ceremonies, now conducted to his place the Lord Abbot of Kilwinning, who had arrived at Linlithgow in the king's train, and who unexpectedly came to perform the ceremony in place of Father Ambrose, who had

been engaged for the purpose. The bridal party took their stand in front of the rude altar, and the service was just about to commence, when the loud peal of a trumpet, accompanied by the rapid clatter of horses' feet, interrupted the proceedings. For a moment the alarm was general that this was a sudden foray of the enemy to retaliate upon Binnock for the part he had played in the taking of Linlithgow Castle. This apprehension, however, was speedily dissipated as a gallant band of horsemen, bearing the well-known pennant of Scotland, galloped up the ascent, and shouts of "The king!—the king!" arose from the crowd, as the royal hero alighted from his steed, and advanced into the centre of the circle, amidst a flourish of arms. "Come I in time, Binnock," said the king, "to give away the bride, or only to add my blessing to that of the holy Father Abbot?"

"Nay, sire," replied the abbot, "we have obeyed command, and have waited your arrival."

"Then, Ellen," said the king, taking the blushing and delighted maiden by the hand, and leading her forward, "I will be your bride-father in place of him who, in your infancy, died for Scotland and our cause."

The ceremony then commenced, and proceeded till the part where the bride is to be given away, when the king, motioning with his hand to the abbot to pause, spoke as follows:—"William Binnock, as a reward for your good services and true, and as an earnest to my brave and faithful subjects that gallant actions

shall ever obtain, befitting recompense — kneel down, and arise, by the touch of our blade, Sir William Binnock. And now, Sir Knight, receive from our charge the fair Ellen Simpson, heiress of the broad barony of Wallyford."

He joined their hands as he finished speaking, and the priest pronounced the nuptial benediction. From the crowd arose a hearty "Amen!" which passed into a loud, wild burst of irrepressible congratulation.

Next, according to the ancient custom of the country, the king, as bride's-father, kissed the young gudewife, and bade God bless her and her roof-tree. The example was followed by the nearest of her relations, whilst the general company limited their respects to good wishes and a shake of her hand.

At the feast that followed on the lawn, the king himself presided. As the wine-cup passed, mirth and joke passed likewise; and the Bruce, to whom the vicissitudes of his eventful fortunes had made all conditions of life familiar, shook off for the evening the cares of royalty, and, surrounded by hearts that could appreciate his condescension, gave way to nature and the humour of the hour, and entered with glee and merriment into all its harmless amusements. The song and the dance had both their course; and it was not until the throwing of the stocking time arrived that, calling for a parting cup, he invited the company as their last toast to pledge him in a bumper, "to the health and happiness of the newly wedded pair; and

may Sir William, like his worthy sire, be the father of seven buirdly chiels, and Lady Binnock be blessed with as mony blooming lasses."

The king's wish was not entirely granted; but, Sir William and his fair lady lived long and happily, and had a numerous family of both sons and daughters, who transmitted their race during several centuries, and the name was distinguished through them all for deeds worthy of the stock whence they sprang. In our own times, however, the family has ended in an heiress; and the "wain *proper* loaded with hay, upon a bend *argent*, propping up the portcullis of a fortress," the well-known cognizance of their house, is now borne on an escutcheon under a coronet gemmed with as many balls as that which graces the achievement of the noble yeoman-sprung family of Hay.

It remains only to add, on the one hand, that, in consequence of the loyalty displayed by the burghers of Linlithgow, the Bruce made it his favourite residence, and such it continued with all who succeeded to his sceptre, till that sceptre was extended over those noble dominions which now form the mightiest empire in the world. On the other hand, and in more immediate connexion with our narrative, the tidings of the rewards and title conferred upon Binnock for his bold exploit, and of the urbanity and condescension of the king at his marriage, flew like wildfire through the length and breadth of Scotland, and every where kindled the fire of loyalty in the yeoman's breast. The result was most

important, for just at this juncture Edward crossed the Tweed at the head of his overwhelming army. Instead, however, of being dismayed, the broad-sword was every where buckled to the side, and thousands from all quarters flocked to the royal standard which floated upon the battlements of Linlithgow, resolved to emulate the example that had been there set them. How well they accomplished their patriotic purpose, no column on their native shore is required to testify; for the glorious field of Bannockburn is its imperishable record. There, by his monarch's side, Binnock proved himself well worthy of the knightly spurs which he wore; and Bruce himself added the last wreath to those immortal laurels, which will ever encircle the memory of Scotland's best deserving and most revered king. R. B.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
  Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
  Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
  For every want of our's;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
  And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
  Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
  To make the river flow.

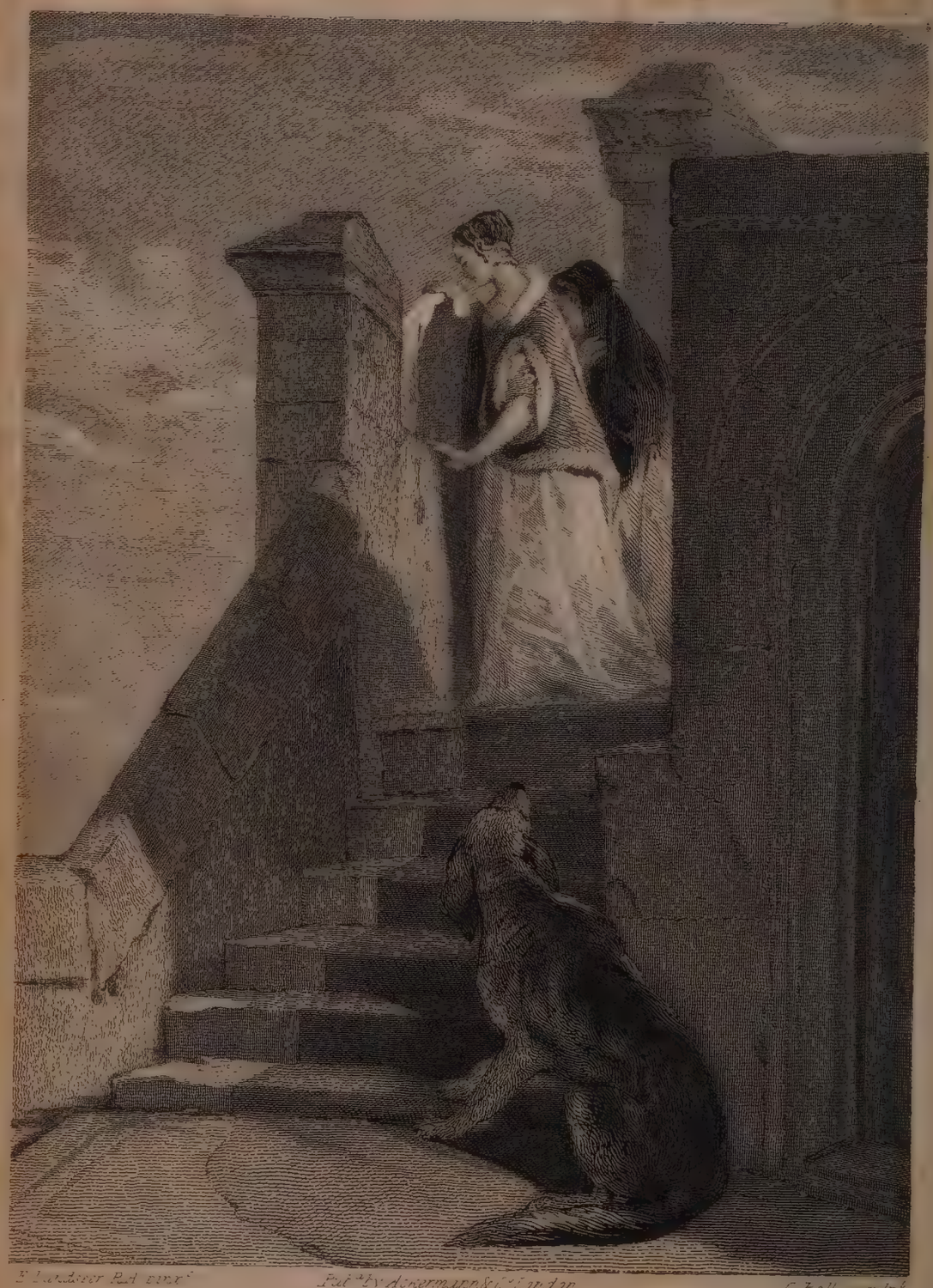
The clouds might give abundant rain,
  The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
  Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
  All dyed with rainbow-light;
All fashioned with supremest grace,
  Upspringing day and night:

Springing in valleys green and low,
  And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
  Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not —
  Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
  To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
  Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
  Will much more care for him!



E. Landseer R.A. pinxt. Pubd by Ackermann & Co. London. C. Rolls. sculp.

FAITHFUL CARLO.

FAITHFUL CARLO.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY, ESQ.

KEEP watch, my faithful Carlo,
Keep steady watch below,
Thou'lt be the first to hear him,
And welcome him, I know:
To me thou wert his first gift,
And now from thee I learn
To wait, as thou wert wont to do,
And watch for his return.

I own that men have felt my scorn,
And scornful I have proved;
They blamed my pride, and proud I've been,
But *then* I never loved:
Oh! love can conquer pride and scorn,
And patiently I wait,
Like thee, my dog, to hear his step,
And meet him at the gate.

Oh! none I think would know me,
Who knew me long ago;
A smile on one who wooed me
I deign'd not to bestow.
I heard of love-lorn maidens,
The story was my jest;

If swains were broken-hearted,
Unbroken was my rest.

The love-lorn maiden's story
I *now* delight to hear!
The broken-hearted lover
Beguiles me of a tear!
And to the mountain pathway
My weary eyes I lift;
And prize thee, faithful Carlo,
Because thou wert his gift.

My summer boat is idle,
I sail not on the lake,
My garden is neglected,
No garlands now I make.
I sit not with my sister,
To weave the golden thread;
A dog is my companion,
The dog I used to dread.

Yes, Carlo, once I fear'd thee,
Nor fear'd thy master less;
His eyes were ever on me,
Their meaning could I guess?
His voice could make me tremble,
Although so sweet its tone;
I sigh'd when he was near me,
And wept when he was gone.

But now I know him better—
Nay, 'tis my heart I know;
I watch the mountain pathway,
Still pacing to and fro.
And when my sister seeks me,
My sullen mood to chide,
She finds me on the rampart,
With Carlo by my side.

But, Carlo, I am weary,
I watch the path in vain;
Down, Carlo, down!—he comes not—
Go to thy rest again:
Why dost thou look so wistful,
Why leap with wild delight?
Why dost thou bark? he comes not,
He will not come to-night.

But, dearest sister, I was wrong,
His bugle's note I hear;
I see him on the mountain path,
My love indeed is near!
Oh what a weary day I've spent!
My fond heart fear'd the worst;
And yet, my faithful dog, I'll own
'Twas Carlo traced him first.

THE PRINCE OF THE STORM.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

I was born in a cloud of sulphureous hue—
  Darkness my mother, and Flame my sire;
The earth shook in terror, as forth to its view
  I sprang from my throne like a monarch of fire!
My brother, bold Thunder, hurraed as I sped!
  My subjects laugh'd wild, till the rain from their eyes
Roll'd fast, as though torrents were dash'd over-head,
  Or an ocean had burst through the bounds of the skies!
  I am Prince of the Storm—of the Cloud—of the Air—
    I strike the firm oak that doth ages defy;
  And lo! in an instant 'tis shatter'd and bare!—
    For the Lanceman of Death, the red Lightning am I!

Hurrah! what a whirling and rush o'er the land;
  Like the cannon of battle the dark mountains roar;
Whilst around, with my lances of fire in my hand,
  I scatter wild havoc behind and before!—
Hurrah for the forest! with sounds like an ocean,
  The boughs heave in billows and groan in the blast!
Then, silent as death, not a branch seen in motion,
  They breathless look up when the tempest hath pass'd.
  Oh, I'm Prince of the Storm—of the Air—of the Cloud,
    I strike the tall rock that doth ages defy,
  And lo! in an instant 'tis shiver'd and bowed—
    For the Lanceman of Death, the red Lightning am I!

THE NICE DOCTOR.

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

"WELL, well, Monsieur Albert, I don't want to repeat what you can't like to hear. It's of no use to say the same thing over and over again, as we have been doing for the last hour. As for your never being happy without my daughter—bah! I know better, and so will you before long. She's a good girl, to be sure, but there are plenty more, plenty—enough for every body to find one. So, good luck to you!"

Thus said old Jouffray, a flourishing silk-manufacturer of Lyons, to young Albert Cluneau, a lieutenant on half-pay, at the end of a conversation, the purport of which no reader can be at a loss to guess. An unpleasant interview was that for both parties, inasmuch as the old gentleman's doors had always been open to young Albert, from his youth upward; and somehow he had latterly become an especial favourite, notwithstanding his father's death, which left him with little more than his sword and his commission.

"I feel my presumption, monsieur," sighed the doleful lover; "I have been rash. Certainly an obscure *demi-solde* ought not to aspire to one placed so

far above him in fortune as Ma'mselle Cesarine. But, it was not yesterday, monsieur, that I first———"

"Bah! bah!" exclaimed Monsieur Jouffray, interrupting him, "don't take it into your head that I am rich. We never know what we are worth in trade. Up and down go the markets. The workmen become riotous. Goods go out of fashion. Bad debts, &c. &c. &c. No use talking to you about such matters. Wish you'd been brought up to mercantile pursuits, though. Some chance of getting a few hundred thousand francs together then; but, *now*——" and he concluded with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

"Hundreds of thousands of francs!" groaned Albert, with an expression of mingled astonishment and despair.

"Ay, ay," said the merchant, wishing to get away from further importunities. "Must look to the future. Don't suppose, though, that I'd sell my child for money, against her will. Not made of that sort of stuff. Only must have something for the *ménage*. So, to show you I've no ill-will or bad opinion of you, I tell you plainly that, if you had but one hundred thousand francs, and Cesarine liked you as well as you say you like her, I would make no farther objections. However, as matters are, you had better look out for somebody else. Bah! Don't look so dismal. Never fear! People don't die for love in France. But I am wanted in the counting-house."

The interview then terminated, somewhat abruptly, by a shake of the hand and a "Bon jour;" and, from

that day, the lieutenant never could contrive to call when his old friends were "at home."

Now Cesarine, the subject of the above conversation and very many more which followed between her father and mother, was altogether an exceedingly pleasant young lady to look at. Nature seemed to have intended her for a remarkably pretty brunette; but, somehow, though her hair and eyes were dark, nothing could be more delicately clear and white than her complexion. Perhaps the superabundant care that her parents took of their only child, operating in unison with the atmosphere of a large city, might have tended thus to blanch a flower, which purer air and the blessed sunbeams would have caused to blow with more brilliant and dazzling beauty. This supposition, indeed, always seemed more probable, after she had enjoyed a ride or walk along the banks of the Saone, or upon the higher grounds which separate that river from the rapid Rhone. Then the glow of health would thrill and linger for a while upon her cheek, adding an evanescent charm to features otherwise too delicately resembling the finest efforts of unrivalled sculpture.

Romantically beautiful are the immediate environs of Lyons. Steep hills and beetling fantastic rocks, broad vine-clad declivities, reaching to the water's edge, and narrow woody glens, are there: but, more than all, the gently curving small "vallons," sweeping away from the river's banks, and here and there darkened by luxuriant vegetation, where the trembling

aspen, the lofty acacia, and the solemn gloom of the linden grove, form a striking contrast with the barren rocks above. These, particularly the latter, continue to be the chosen resorts of lovers and others, who are fond of solitude; and, though his name is often on their lips, would doubtless have been used for the same purpose, had they never been the favourite walks of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

As Monsieur Jouffray was constantly engaged in his business, and Madame Jouffray completely occupied during the day with her household affairs, and Mademoiselle Cesarine had a lively *bonne amie* for her confidante, and Lieutenant Cluneau had no sort of duty to perform, save that of watching their movements, it would have been somewhat extraordinary if he had not contrived to catch a glimpse of his mistress elsewhere, since he never could find her "at home." Whether such an idea, or the generous desire of serving his young friend, were uppermost in the merchant's thoughts, matters little; but, some weeks after the lover's declaration, he had the honour of a farewell visit from a general officer, about to depart to assume the command of a distant province. A formal "P.P.C." accorded not with Monsieur Jouffray's ideas of hospitality; so the ceremonious call became an unceremonious, but by no means unsubstantial, dinner.

The general and his staff accepted the invitation, *sans façon*, and did exceeding honour to their host's good fare and excellent wines, particularly the latter.

Thus it came to pass that, when the hour for saying adieu arrived, the gallant guest expressed himself infinitely obliged for all the polite attentions that he had received during his sojourn in Lyons, and finished by declaring that nothing would afford him more pleasure than an opportunity of serving his worthy host.

"Never fear applying to me, monsieur," said he. "If what you wish lie in my power, it shall be done. I am *au desespoir* at the idea of quitting such amiable friends; but, we soldiers—" and he concluded, after a significant shrug, "I wish monsieur had a son in the army. He should not be forgotten, rely upon it."

Upon this hint, our worthy manufacturer ventured to speak a few words in behalf of Albert Cluneau, whom he described as a young man of excellent principles and abilities, but withal of a warm imagination and ardent temperament—qualities which rendered an indolent life in a large city peculiarly dangerous to him.

"Well, monsieur," observed the general gaily, "I have no doubt we shall be able to find room for him: but tell me candidly—for I always like to know something of the foibles as well as the good qualities of my officers—tell me candidly what sort of temptation, in this your great city, you imagine most dangerous to your young friend. Is it gaming, extravagance, billiards? I shall post him accordingly."

"Nothing of the kind, Monsieur le General," replied the merchant. "The fact is —— ahem!—that is, I

have reason to fear that, for want of something better to do, he is getting entangled in a love affair, which cannot lead him into any good, but, on the contrary, may——"

"We'll soon arrange all that," exclaimed the general. "Belles are every where; but the one present is always worth all the rest. *Soyez tranquille, mon ami.*"

The result of this leave-taking was an official announcement to Albert Cluneau, in consequence of which he left Lyons, with a heavy heart, to join a regiment then at Grenoble, whence it was to march he knew not whither.

Some months had elapsed, and autumn was on the wane, when Dr. Lestrange, the family physician, was closeted with Madame Jouffray, to whom he discoursed at considerable length of nerves, and lungs, and pulmonary processes, and the effects of a smoky atmosphere and confinement, &c. &c.

"We have always lived here and been very well," observed the unsophisticated dame. "Indeed, I think our air is particularly wholesome; so, what can ail our dear child I can't think."

"As I have had the honour of explaining to you, madam," resumed the Doctor, "our atmosphere, besides being deprived by extraneous causes of a considerable portion of oxygen, is become a buoyant medium, impregnated with fuliginous particles, which imperceptibly disunite almost to atomical minutiæ, so that in the process of inhalation——."

"Well, my dear sir," groaned madame, interrupting him, "I must refer you to my husband: but, I really don't think he can manage to leave his business."

"If Mademoiselle does not spend the winter at Nice, I will not answer for the consequences," observed the doctor, authoritatively.

If any one should inquire when a physician was ever made answerable for "consequences," be it observed, that Lyons was included in the old kingdom of Burgundy, wherein lived in the olden time two *médécins*, named Nicholas and Donat, of great celebrity, no doubt, as they were called in to attend upon the queen. Her majesty, (Queen Austrégilde), however, got worse and worse, and at last died; but not till she had requested her husband (Gontran), to bury her two *médécins* with her. The king promised, and her wish was literally complied with.

Doubtless this and other persecutions which our space admits not of relating were known to Dr. Lestrange, and probably may have originated the professional disclamatory phrase now so general. But, to our tale.

Monsieur Jouffray listened patiently enough, while the doctor talked in scientific terms beyond his comprehension; but, when the subject of purer and milder air was introduced, he could not refrain from observing, somewhat brusquely: "Eh! what? go away from Lyons for pure and mild air? You cannot be serious. There is no spot in France, and of course no where else

in the universe, to be compared to it. I have lived here all my life, and never knew what illness was—bah! However, I don't mind taking a country-house, if you think that will do Cesarine any good; but, as for leaving my business and going over the mountains, and nobody knows where — bah! it 's ridiculous."

The doctor, however, stuck to his point with a tenacity which surprised the worthy couple exceedingly, inasmuch as such was not his wonted habit, and, moreover, his advice appeared contrary to his interest. This last consideration wrought powerfully upon Monsieur Jouffray when he began to cogitate upon the subject; so he took a map of the southern coast, and, finding that Nice lay on the border of Italy, it struck him that the expensive and hitherto deemed useless journey might be converted into a profitable mercantile speculation.

"Humph!" said he, running his fore-finger along the outline of the bay, "it seems but a step to Genoa, and then across to Turin. Bah! it 's no distance. Nothing like dealing on the spot. My stock of silk is getting low; I can buy largely and pay ready money, too. That 's something, I know, in Piedmont. I see plainly I shall make a good thing of it. When I have once settled the ladies in a good house, they won't want me till it 's time to return home."

Having thus resolved, few preparations were needful; and, on the third day, the little family-party embarked on board a commodious, though somewhat clumsy-

looking, vessel. But its apparent strength gave a feeling of security to the inexperienced voyagers, and pleasant, inexpressibly pleasant, was it to one on board to feel herself borne rapidly along upon the glorious Rhone. As tower, and hill, and village-spire, seemed to fly past, she felt as though wafted by wings towards Italy; and, if she had any wish, it was that they could be as the wings of the eagle, to pursue the setting sun.

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed Monsieur Jouffray, on their arrival at Arles, "it 's very extraordinary! The child seems to be better already. I suppose there must be something in the change of air, for I 'm sure it 's not better here than at Lyons. I hope she will be able to bear the over-land journey as well. I will take care to have an easy carriage, and not make the days' journeys too long."

All this was very kind of Papa Jouffray; but, to say the truth, no one seemed so much fatigued at the end of each subsequent day's journey as the good man himself; and, on their arrival at Marseilles, he proposed a halt, in order, as he said, "to see the lions." But, in reality, he grudged the time spent without doing business, and hoped to occupy a few hours profitably among his correspondents in that city. Right glad was he, therefore, to meet at his hotel the general with whom he had parted on such friendly terms: more particularly when that officer and his staff volunteered to take the ladies under their protection, and "show them every thing."

So the brief time of their sojourning was extremely agreeable and refreshing to all till the eve of their departure, when the general took an opportunity of privately condoling with Monsieur Jouffray upon the alteration in his daughter's health and appearance.

"*Ma foi!* Monsieur le General!" exclaimed the father, "what can you mean? She was never better. Can bear travelling as well as you or I can. Should have turned back home again, if it had n't been for some little affairs of my own at Genoa."

"Don't deceive yourself, my dear sir," observed the general, gravely. "You are in the habit of seeing her daily, and therefore do not perceive the change; but," (here he shook his head), "but, my friend, that pain in the side, that flush upon the cheek! I am sorry to speak thus to you. It is best to be prepared. You certainly cannot do better than take her to Nice, and it is because you are going thither that I have ventured to introduce this painful subject. Here is a letter to a very old friend of mine high in the medical department, who intends to pass the winter there. If any man can cure your daughter, he is the man: but, I must warn you that he is very eccentric, and likes better to attend the poor than the rich. I have also heard strange tales of his exorbitant charges to the latter, when they would call him in against his inclination. Circumstances have occurred between us, which I may confidently say will give my introduction no common weight; and, if time allowed, I could relate

instances of his skill that seem absolutely miraculous."

Monsieur Jouffray returned thanks, took the letter, shrugged his shoulders, declared that it was all a mistake, and that Cesarine was going on admirably and so forth; but the general nevertheless shook his head incredulously, and finally took leave of the somewhat more anxious father with a sigh and a most deploring, compassionate, rueful, countenance.

Monsieur Jouffray very considerately forbore from mentioning this conversation to his spouse; but could not avoid watching his daughter's looks and conduct more closely during the remainder of their journey.

The consequence was a degree of alarm respecting her, which he had never before experienced. Ever and anon, when the carriage was jolted violently, she would place her hand upon her side, while an expression of anguish came over her countenance. Moreover, a languor, which he had not previously noticed, now appeared almost always to be upon her, and she would sit silent sometimes for hours. Even when her lively and particular friend and companion, Fanchette Dubois, roused and excited her to smile, the impulse lasted but a few minutes, and then she would shake her head, put her hand to her side, and relapse into her former lethargy. In this state, matters continued when they crossed the river Var and arrived at Nice, just as the golden gleams of the setting sun were fading away from the face of the broad blue sea.

"Bah!" exclaimed Monsieur Jouffray, when joining his family at breakfast, after taking his morning walk as usual; "bah! compare this place with Lyons! It's one of the most *triste* towns I ever saw. They've a promenade, it's true: but where do you think it is? You'll never guess. No shade to it—not a bit, though the sun is already as fierce as if it was summer. Why, it's along the top of a row of houses! Bah! One theatre, and that Italian. Bah! no commerce that I can see. Didn't meet a single laden charrette. Another mutton cutlet, if you please, Cesarine. Holla, garçon! what wine do you call this?"

"Ordinaire," replied the waiter; "but, if monsieur would prefer any other—" and he handed a tolerably long *carte* wherefrom to choose.

But monsieur replied, "Presently, perhaps," and, when the "garçon" went out, continued, "Ordinaire! Diâble!"

Here be it observed that, when a Frenchman finds anything unexpectedly good, he exclaims, "Diâble!" but if, on the contrary, it be execrably bad, he ejaculates "Mon Dieu!" How such habits can have arisen it is not our affair to inquire, but we can vouch for the fact.

In the present instance, Monsieur Jouffray had taken a very different sort of appetizing walk from that which was his usual custom along the quay of the Rhone, where, with his hands behind him, he would move to and fro, at a sentinel's pace, gravely chatting with

some mercantile friend of his own age. He had now risen early, in order literally to run through *(parcourir)* the town. The sea air might have had something to do with the matter; but it is one thing to saunter because one *must* take exercise, and another to be excited into rapid motion by curiosity. So, altogether, the worthy merchant's dejeunér à la fourchette seemed unto him most excellent, and he could not avoid discharging another "Diâble!" over a dish of anchovies, which had not been an hour out of their native element.

His next task was to find lodgings, and in that pursuit his temper was sorely tried by what he deemed the exorbitant demands of the natives. At last, he fixed upon part of a house, in the suburb called La Croix de Marbre, commanding a fine view of the bay, and having a garden and outlet to the sea-shore upon the English Walk. Upon hearing this latter name, he could not help remarking that he wished the English would walk off altogether, for their coming served only to double the price of everything.

The first week was spent by our family-party in little excursions and promenades to explore the neighbourhood. They went to Villa Franca, visited the Roman amphitheatre at Cimiers, and walked up the old castle rock, now standing in the centre of Nice, the base of which forms a triangle, with one of its sides upon the sea-shore. The blue sky was without a cloud; the land was evergreen with innumerable and ancient olive-trees; and the air fragrant with the odour of the

orange gardens. Flowers too were abundant, and yet it was the commonly called "gloomy" month of November.

"*Ma foi!*" said monsieur one night to madame, "there is some difference in climate after all; though this eternal sunshine does not exactly suit my eyes. I often wish to be in the counting-house instead. I hope, however, it will do Cesarine good. She seems better already than when we first arrived."

"I fear not," replied the mother; "she was complaining to me this afternoon of that pain in her side, though, to look at her only, I should be of your opinion."

Thus commenced between the parents a very long conversation, the result of which was that Monsieur Jouffray resolved to deliver the general's letter to his friend the doctor on the following morning.

He was received with ease and politeness by the medical gentleman, who exhibited no symptoms of eccentricity until he had perused the epistle. Then, with an odd sardonic grin, he muttered, "Bah! He thinks I can cure anybody of anything! That was always the way in service. Send 'em to Proteau! Send 'em to Proteau! And so I had always the worst cases. Well—those are not always the worst for practice. So I have had plenty of experience. However, monsieur," he continued, turning to his visiter, "I'm tired of the profession now, and came here for a little peace and quiet. What's the matter with your son?"

"I beg your pardon, monsieur le docteur," said Monsieur Jouffray, "you are under an error. It is my daughter."

Doctor Proteau referred to the letter, and then observed carelessly, "Oh, ah! I see—so it is. Well. You've done quite right in bringing her here. Delightful climate, eh? She'll do very well, I dare say. Plenty of mules and donkeys here. They're the best doctors. Don't let 'em poison her with physic. Faugh! What did you say was the matter with her?"

Monsieur Jouffray stated that it was some internal complaint, of what nature he could not say, but he wished for the doctor's opinion and advice. In reply, the doctor said that he would much rather not have anything to do with the matter, as he wished to be entirely without patients for a time, in order to finish a medical work that he had in hand. However, after much entreaty, he agreed, with great apparent reluctance, to have an interview with mademoiselle, stipulating that no one else should be present. "As I have not the honour of knowing your good lady," said he, "I cannot mean any personal disrespect to her: but I never wish to hear any but a patient describe her own feelings. A third person that *will* talk bothers one. And as for keeping a mother quiet on such occasions, bah! madame and I can chat the matter over afterwards."

On his return home, Monsieur Jouffray had some difficulty in obtaining madame's ratification of this

agreement; nor did she consent till, after speaking much of what the general said of Dr. Proteau's extraordinary talents, he added that the latter was by no means a good-looking man, and, *certainly*, fifty years of age.

So the doctor came and had a long private interview with Cesarine, who came forth therefrom with glistening eyes, and declared that he was a most wonderful man, that he had described every symptom of her complaint, and that she felt the most entire confidence in his judgment.

With the parents, however, the doctor was very laconic. "It's of no use," said he, bluntly, "to talk to you in professional terms. You wouldn't understand me. The simple fact is, that Mademoiselle Cesarine has been very injudiciously treated by those who ought to have known better. They have allowed her disorder to attain a dangerous height, and then treated it lightly. It has been gradually increasing for years."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Monsieur Jouffray.

"My poor child!" exclaimed madame; "I never thought that that foolish Dr. Lestrange knew anything about her complaint. I wish we had never seen him, with his jabbering hard words about pulminations and such gibberish! All to hide his own ignorance."

"What's to be done, my dear sir?" cried the father, imploringly. "I'd give anything to have her restored to health. I would spare no expense—none. For she is our only child."

"Well, then," said the Doctor, calmly, "you need not be uneasy about her, for I can cure her. So you have only to give me a hundred thousand francs, and consider the business as settled."

Both Monsieur and Madame were literally struck speechless at this abrupt and most extraordinary proposition, and gazed and gaped at each other, as though questioning whether they were not in the presence of a lunatic. The awkward pause was broken by Dr. Proteau, who coolly observed, "If you do not happen to have so much by you, your note of hand will do just as well. From my friend the general's letter, I am perfectly aware with whom I have the honour of speaking."

"*Nom de Dieu!*" shrieked Monsieur Jouffray, "who and what do you take me for, that you speak of such a sum as though it were a mere bagatelle?"

"Precisely so," observed the imperturbable doctor, "I do consider it a mere bagatelle. What is such a trifle, when compared with the life of an only child?"

"You must be joking, monsieur," said madame, with an arch, coaxing smile.

"Not at all," replied the doctor; "I am perfectly serious, and never allow myself to chaffer or be chaffered with. There are other medical men in Nice; consult them, if you think proper. However, mademoiselle shall not suffer from delay; I will send her something to take this morning, which I shall just have time to mix up before I take a ride with a friend to Mont Calvo. Therefore, excuse my abrupt departure.

Consider my present visit and what I shall send to mademoiselle merely as an evidence of my respect for monsieur le general and his friends: but, for the last time, remember that, if you wish for my attendance professionally, I never did, and never will, deviate from terms which I have once specified, unless indeed I were to fail in performing a perfect cure; and, in that case, I should scorn to pocket a single sous."

As he uttered the last words he rose, and politely took leave of the bewildered couple, who, after a very brief consultation, resolved to seek medical advice at a less exorbitant rate elsewhere; and, with that intent, they walked into town, whence they did not return till the hour of dinner.

In the mean time, Cesarine had received the bottle promised by the doctor, and had taken one small glass from it. The effects did, indeed, appear miraculous. She declared that every thing she ate or drank seemed to have acquired a more delicious flavour, that the pain in her side was entirely gone, and she described her feelings as being altogether changed.

All this ought to have been exceedingly gratifying to her parents, and assuredly was so to a certain extent; nevertheless, both, and particularly the father, appeared occasionally to be lost in a reverie, and the latter looked altogether as though it were a doubtful case whether good or evil had happened unto him. That night, of course, another consultation took place between the worthy couple, and terminated in a deci-

sion to call in another physician, since it appeared to them exceedingly ridiculous to suppose that Dr. Proteau was so infinitely superior to all others of the profession as to entitle him to a little fortune for curing a single patient.

The gentleman to whom they now had recourse was a venerable practitioner. No man could listen more patiently to the details of a case. First, he was closeted with the mother, then with the daughter, and afterward with both; but he declined giving his opinion to either, and requested a private audience of the father, to whom he said, "It is best to speak plainly. Had it been my good fortune to have been introduced to your interesting child when her complaint was in its infancy, I should have known how to treat her; but now"—here he shook his head mournfully—"I cannot, I dare not, undertake the case. The fact is, that the internal symptoms are become so complicated as completely to baffle my skill; and my name and medical reputation stand so high at this moment, that it would be a kind of suicidal act for me to undertake a case, the termination of which would materially injure both. Do not despise me for this honest confession. There is a limit to all human knowledge and skill. A sense of my own incapacity alone prevents me from acting, but I am happy to add that I will not leave you without hope. Most fortunate is it that you have brought mademoiselle into this delightful climate at this particular season, for we have now a visiter, a most extraordinary

character, come to pass the winter here. I have studied much, monsieur, and had long and extensive practice; and, though I say it, much success; but this gentleman is—*pardi!* if the days of magic were not gone by, I should really think that this Dr. Proteau had supernatural agents at his command!" He then launched out into an enthusiastic panegyric upon the said doctor, concluding with instances of his eccentricity, all of which, however ridiculous they might appear, had always some good end in view.

Monsieur Jouffray attempted to persuade the venerable man that he was too diffident of his own abilities, but all was in vain; and, at last, the doctor ended their conversation by a sufficiently startling observation. "No," said he, "I'll have nothing to do with it. The funeral of a young patient would deprive me of my rich nervous English patients."

Never before had poor Monsieur Jouffray felt so perplexed. He cogitated, and cogitated, and sighed, and uttered divers unseemly ejaculations, as Dr. Proteau's extortionate demand ever and anon crossed his mind. Madame behaved more philosophically, and, after a few natural tears, reminded him that the eccentric physician had affirmed that he would not receive anything unless the cure were perfect.

"Where is Cesarine? I'll talk to her myself," exclaimed the father, starting from a long reverie.

On inquiry, it was discovered that she had been gone out more than two hours walking with her friend.

Two more hours elapsed, and the good couple were beginning to fear some disaster, when the said Cesarine rushed into the room, in a right merry mood, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, declaring that she had walked at least three leagues, and felt as if she could walk as many more.

"It's all that wonderful Dr. Proteau," observed Mademoiselle Dubois. "Poor Cesarine has been taking physic for months and months, and always getting worse; and now only a single phial, and that not half empty! I positively wish I was ill myself, in order to have such a doctor."

"But, my dear child," said Monsieur Jouffray, "how is this? I understand that you had described your symptoms of illness only this morning to the physician, and he said——"

"Oh, no, papa!" exclaimed Cesarine, laughing, "I only told him how I had felt before I got this charming medicine. I'm quite well now.—Allons, Fanchette! it's time to dress for dinner, and I've *such* an appetite!—I'm glad we dine by ourselves, or I really should be quite ashamed.—Oh! I forgot; there is to be a ball at the governor's on Tuesday: you *must* take us, papa! Nay, don't look so serious! I'm quite well now, I assure you; so do take us!" and, playfully throwing her arms round his neck, she snatched a kiss, and then went dancing out of the room.

"Oh, that dear, dear doctor!" exclaimed Fanchette, following her; "he's worth his weight in gold!"

"Humph!" grunted Monsieur Jouffray, more testily than beseemed the occasion, "he *means* to be worth it, I suppose; but—pish! bah!—a hundred thousand francs! Peste!" and forthwith he paced the room after the fashion of a wild beast caught in a trap.

A journal of each day's proceedings would be somewhat tedious; briefly, then, Cesarine was all health and spirits till the wonderful phial was empty; and from that time she began to decline and droop, and the pain in her side, lassitude, and other alarming symptoms returned, to the great dismay of her parents. Monsieur Jouffray held out stoutly for some time against submitting to what he was pleased to term "gross imposition and unfeeling avarice;" but, at length, his good lady put the question seriously to him whether, if their daughter were in her grave, he would not give more than a hundred thousand francs to bring her to life.

So, with a heavy heart and doleful countenance, he betook himself to the residence of Dr. Proteau, and began to *marchander* with him; but he had scarcely commenced, when the doctor interrupted him by saying, "Do not let us waste time, monsieur. I am told that a merchant considers his word as binding as his bond: am I right? Do you always consider yourself bound in honour to perform whatever you say you will do, provided the conditions stipulated be fulfilled?"

"Certainly!" replied Monsieur Jouffray, warmly; "I never did forfeit my word, and I never will."

"No more will I," said the doctor. "So all that you have to do is to give me your bill for the amount named, to be paid when your daughter is perfectly cured; but, in case of failure on my part, to be nothing more than waste paper."

"I cannot afford such a sum," said Monsieur Jouffray; "you think me rich, but——"

"That alters the case," exclaimed Dr. Proteau; "let it be inserted in the agreement, or bill, that, if you can prove yourself to be not worth more than five times the amount, I will then abandon the whole claim."

Monsieur Jouffray here stammered a little; but, at length, said something about the apparent inhumanity of allowing a fellow-creature to sink into the grave, unless a specific enormous amount were raised.

"That is a question for her parent, *who has the means*, to consider," observed the doctor, calmly.

More conversation followed to little effect, and it was not till a fortnight afterwards that Monsieur Jouffray, worried, as he declared, by his spouse and Mademoiselle Dubois, and tormented by apprehensions for his daughter, agreed to sign the document in question. It has, indeed, been said since that his decision was somewhat accelerated by a letter from Lyons, informing him of the arrival of large orders from America, in consequence of which silk was likely to advance. Be that as it may, no sooner had he signed the bill than he took himself off for Genoa and Piedmont,

comforted by the doctor's assurance that he would find Cesarine perfectly recovered before his return.

So the good man went his way at a most fortunate moment for his speculations, and made large purchases of silk, which was scarcely in his possession when the rise in the market more than compensated him for the eccentric doctor's fee. Then he returned to Nice, where he found smiling faces and a warm welcome, but for some cause Cesarine blushed deeply when he congratulated her upon her improved looks. There was something odd, too, he thought, in the manners of his wife and Mademoiselle Dubois; but he saw that they were all happy; so he kissed them all round, and shortly afterwards in came Dr. Proteau, with whom he shook hands warmly, for his heart was right glad within him at what he saw, and moreover he was flushed with success. "If I had not come to Nice," said he, "I never should have gone to Piedmont, and so I suppose I must not grumble: but you must confess *now*, Doctor, that your terms were sadly too high."

"The remedy which I have applied is worth considerably more," replied the doctor. "Here it is in the next room, and I recommend you never to let Mademoiselle Cesarine part from it any more."

"Well," said Monsieur Jouffray, "that is doing more than you promised. Where's the bill? I'll give you an order on demand on my bankers. That's the way we merchants do business. I told you I never did and never will forfeit my word. Where's the bill?"

"Here it is, monsieur," said a clear but tremulous voice, very different from that of Dr. Proteau.

"Eh! what! Albert Cluneau!" exclaimed Monsieur Jouffray.

"Yes, monsieur," said the young man, bowing respectfully, "I take the liberty of presenting *my* bill, and reminding you of our last conversation, in which you told me that if I could contrive to get but one hundred thousand francs——"

"Bah, bah!" exclaimed Monsieur Jouffray, "you must have misunderstood. But *your* bill! How?"

"I have transferred the bill to Captain Cluneau," said the Doctor.

"Captain Cluneau!" cried Monsieur Jouffray.

"Yes, Captain Cluneau!" shouted a loud voice from behind the door, which Albert had left open, and forthwith in marched the worthy general, saying, "Captain he is, and I've come to thank you, my dear friend, for recommending to me a most excellent officer. I hope some day to see him a general. It would have been a sad thing to have left him idling his time at Lyons. Ten to one but he had got into some scrape or entanglement."

"Hem, ahem!" coughed Monsieur Jouffray. "But how came he here?"

"I posted him at St. Laurent," replied the general, "and it is but a step from that to this place, over the hills and along the vallons, and pleasant walking under the shade of the olive trees."

"And I," said Dr. Proteau, "I recommended air and exercise to mademoiselle, and so it *happened*—"

"Bah, bah! Don't say any more!" cried Monsieur Jouffray; "I see it all now. A regular conspiracy. You've outmanœuvred me, general. Isn't that the word? come the old soldier over me, eh, Albert? Well, well, I believe I was wrong, for you're a good lad, and I knew your father, and so I won't be worse than my word, and if Cesarine——"

"*En avant,* Cluneau!" shouted the general; and, even as though her name had been a word of command, it had scarcely passed her father's lips before Cesarine found herself locked in the embrace of her lover.

"What a charming doctor!" exclaimed Fanchette Dubois.

THE YOUNG COTTAGERS.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

When yellow leaves were falling
From every trembling spray,
I met three cottage children,
One bleak autumnal day.

They'd all day long been roaming
Among the purple heath;
And plaited many a ferny crown,
And many a harebell wreath.

They'd sung to every merry bird
That gaily flitted by;
And chased, upon his lonely flight,
The year's last butterfly.

They'd drunk the crystal waters
Of many a gushing spring;
And blithely traced, with jocund feet,
The fairies' emerald ring.

To them the bramble yielded
Refreshment by the way,
When they cull'd its luscious treasure,
And the hawthorn's coral spray.

And, often as they rested
On rustic stile or rail,
They artlessly recounted
Some pretty, childish, tale.

'Twas pleasant, in my lonely walks,
To meet that loving train;
But now, at morn or eventide,
I look for them in vain.

Stern Want has rudely forced them,
With exiled bands, to roam;
To seek, in distant lands, the bread
They could not find at home.

And soon their native England,
And Suffolk's verdant vales,
Will seem like dreamy memories,
Or scenes in fairy tales.

But brighter hopes shall greet them,
Amidst the pathless wild,
Than e'er, on Britain's cultured soil,
For British peasants smiled.

The hands that wove the useless flowers
Are call'd the sheaves to bind;
While golden harvests of their own
The sons of Labour find.

The children's faces brighten
Around the evening blaze,
While Industry forgets the toils
Of busy, well-spent, days.

And when, these toils rewarding,
Broad lands at length they'll claim,
They'll call the new possession
By some familiar name—

The name, beyond all others,
Endeared in grief or mirth,
Of that far distant village
Which gave the exiles birth.

Miss Setchel del.t Pubd by Ackermann & Co. London I. Stocks sculpt.

ANNABEL'S DREAM.

ANNABEL'S BRIDAL,

A LEGEND OF A DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONTI."

PART I. THE DREAM.

THE sisters had sat for more than an hour in a thoughtful and unbroken silence. The afternoon was dark and sultry; and, from a huge mass of cloud, which lay heavily upon the horizon, came forth low, muttering sounds of thunder, and sharp, hissing breezes, which died as immediately as they were awakened.

"Do you know, sister," at length said Annabel, with an effort, "they talk of night as lonely and full of fear; but I would rather be left alone at the darkest hour of midnight in the most solitary place, than now, in this sweet, familiar chamber. I could look at that cloud, till the changing shapes into which it writhes itself make me positively terrified. See, it is now like a hearse, with its crown of dark plumes and tall mantled charioteer: and, look yonder—do you not see that skull—for it is a skull—peeping between those two huge folds of drapery? Heaven grant Herbert may reach us safe and sound!"

"Why now, my little Annabel, what a fool has this love made of you!—a positive fool, and you the boldest

girl I ever knew only a twelvemonth ago! But every thing shall now pass free; and I will make him laugh with me at all our omens and portents to-morrow! A hearse indeed! Now *I* see a charming nodding grove of golden palm-trees; and your skull has turned itself into the very figure of the flying Cupid, whose image you admire so much. Rouse yourself, or you will have poor pale cheeks and heavy eyes to greet him withal when he does come. In five hours," and she turned as she spoke to an antique time-piece, "in five hours precisely from this time, he will be in this chamber, in this chair, and you the happiest of the happy."

As Ida spoke, a sudden and blinding tongue of lightning leaped from that portentous cloud, with a peal of thunder which shook the old mansion to its foundation. Both the girls turned deadly pale; for they cared more than is now esteemed discreet for omens, and fortune-tellings, and visions; and Sir Guy Courtenay, their father—unkind Fate had, in their infancy, deprived them of a mother's care—was himself accused in whispers of troubling himself too much about alchemy and magic and other dark sciences, such as are shunned by simple and pious men.

"Some woe is hanging over us, I am sure," said Annabel, sinking to the floor in the terror of the moment, and leaning, half kneeling, against the knee of her fairer sister; "my dream last night, and this sudden answer to your hopeful words of comfort . . . . . I will go and pray, for my heart is oppressed, and very heavy."

"But you did not tell me before of this dream, Annabel. What was it, I pray you? Not that I fear or care or be— . . . . . But strange things have come to pass, and who may be sure that good and evil spirits do not come and whisper in our ears what is about to happen when we lie asleep?"

"I did not tell you, my Ida, because I was sure you would laugh at me; but now it seems as if I *must*, whether I would or not. Santa Maria! how the sky darkens! and did you not see in yonder corner, there—there . . . . . !"

She stretched forth her arm almost convulsively as she spoke, and her eye fixed itself as firmly upon the dusky void of the part of the chamber towards which she pointed, as if, indeed, it had been visited by some fearful or unexpected object. Ida looked, once, twice, herself infected by the fears which possessed her sister; but it was all in vain—there was nothing.

"Well, I am foolish, I know," began Annabel, after a pause, during which her form relaxed from that strained attitude, and her eye from its wondering distension, "but it is all owing to my dream; and now, when I would tell it, I know not why, a chain seems on my tongue, and the wind—there again! how like a sigh it was that said 'Forbear!' but you *shall* hear it."

And she arose from her knees, and locked her sister's fine hand in her own, and continued thus:

"I was dreaming of my wedding night, Ida—I sup-

pose, because I sometimes fancy it can never come; and I thought *I* saw myself robed as a bride, (for I was *out of myself*) with that long veil which Herbert says makes me look so like a Spaniard—the veil I stole from you, Ida, because he admired it, and the Lady Ursula's jewels on my forehead and in my ears. What could possess me to fancy I should wear *them?* I shudder so whenever I remember her great wickedness and hideous fate; and I cannot bear to pass her picture after nightfall, though it be veiled; I always fancy I hear the curtain rustle! Well, and my veil was down, and a bright ring was on every finger, and jewelled shoes on my feet. Herbert, too, looked just as he is, with that glorious, buoyant smile—O, Ida! think you he will continue to love one so homely and brown as I am? You were not there, nor could I see any bridesmaids, nor the priest, nor my father. Herbert and myself were alone in the chapel. I, with my veil down, for I—I mean *my spirit*—stood aside, and saw it! And all the tapers and sconces were lighted, and the six great candles on the altar wreathed with flowers; and we advanced close to the altar, and I saw him press my hand, and stoop and whisper in my ear, with that fresh, perfumed breath of his! When, behold, a chasm opened in the pavement, just where stood the Lady Ursula's tomb, and a Voice spoke from the chasm; and when I looked again, there was nothing, neither bride nor bridegroom, only a few bones, and a handful of jewels, and a rosary, green

with the mould of many years: and when the chasm closed, I heard something laugh beneath the pavement, and the tread of heavy feet far down below. But what is still stranger, wherever I have cast my eyes to-day, I have fancied I saw those poor bleached remains, those accursed ornaments:—our father, you know, will not use them, even in his experiments, though he has lacked jewels badly of late;—and I have heard the laugh, and that dull stepping of feet, as of those who carry a bier. Heaven shield my Herbert! for did you ever see such rain? He will not, cannot, come to-night! If I only ever look on him again!"

Ida was silent for a moment; then she looked in her sister's face, with a pale and wistful smile. "Your fancy is strangely distempered, dear Annabel; I shall call our father, or Nurse Marion, and they shall prescribe for you. This poor pulse, how it leaps, and throbs, and flutters! But only see—yonder, glancing among the trees—I know the horse: and ah, love is swifter than his promise! Gently, gently, sweet! or you will die of your rapture, before he has crossed half the park. I warrant you find that they were never before so slow in opening the gates!"

PART II.—THE DISCLOSURE.

My tale hath now reached the Christmas time, and we are alone with Ida in her chamber; that maiden being seated, fixedly gazing (if her eyes received forms and colours) upon the huge mass of burning wood that

filled the hearth, whence the fire flickered and burned up, casting quaint lights upon the pictures on the wall, or leaving them to deep shadow, fantastic and solemn in its suddenness.

Never had Ida, before that night, looked so transcendently beautiful. Her pearly white skin, and the clear carnation blush that rose and fell upon her cheek, and her long golden hair floating round her, all unbound, were touched with a pleasant glow by that fitful firelight. But who shall tell the glance it revealed—the troubled eye—the quivering lip, divided between rapture and remorse?—who describe the perplexity of her clasped hands?—A breviary was on her knee, but she knew it not; nor did the entrance of Annabel, for some minutes, arouse her from her thick-crowding contemplations. And, in truth, that maiden came in with a step as firm and noiseless as his who creeps through the dark to do a murder.

"We are waiting for you," said Annabel, in her quietest voice, laying her hand upon her sister's shoulder—but, O, with what meaning in its pressure!—"come, we are waiting for you." And the maiden rose without a word—her brilliant colour coming and going, like moonshine on a stormy night—and the two went together in silence towards the saloon. Annabel opened the door with the same quiet deliberation. Ida cast round her a hasty but eager look of inquiry—for a strange groupe was there assembled.

By a table, in the midst of the chamber, which was

dimly lighted by a single lamp, stood old Sir Guy Courtenay; but it might be seen that, though his body was present, his thoughts were in his chambers of toil and study. A nobleman, yet older, was by his side; but he was as wholly of this world as the maiden's father belonged to the world unseen and visionary. He had a saffron-coloured wrinkled cheek; and a small, dead, greedy eye; and lips which would not close over the firm white teeth (not his own) with which his mouth was set; and the love-locks which streamed over his shoulders were thick and scented; and upon his long writhen hand, which rattled from its very leanness, were costly rings; and his doublet was of Genoa velvet, with a rare gem in every clasp, and on every button; and he stood propped upon a staff, curiously wrought—the spoil, it was said, of some rare sea-monster, which the discoverers had brought home and sold at a mighty price. By the side of Lord Orde stood a scribe, with pens and an inkhorn at his girdle, and a wide white parchment was spread upon the table before them.

With a quick and resolved glance, a hasty step, and yet a firm one, Annabel drew her sister to the table. She dipped a pen in the massy silver standish, and whispered in her ear, "Sign, Ida, and quickly: you should not keep these gentlemen waiting. Sign! Sign!"

And Ida obeyed, and wrote her name in the blank space pointed out to her by her sister's outstretched finger. Then Annabel took the pen, and, clearing her

brow with her hand, after the pause of another moment, traced her name also. "What pains you take with your writing, my love!" said the old Lord Orde, with his sickly smile, and his voice most discordant when he most essayed to be tender!—It was done, and the clerk sealed up the parchment, and with his employer left the chamber. Sir Guy Courtenay had not spoken: he left the chamber also.

"Now, sister!" exclaimed Annabel, when the door had closed—a strange and vengeful triumph leaping into her eyes—"Now . . . . . but I forget!" (sinking her voice to a strange and scornful whisper)—"you may have a love-tale to tell me—a confession to make . . Shall I speak or listen?—I am quite ready for either!"

The words of Annabel seemed to awaken her sister as from a trance: but it was to plunge her from a dead calm into a passionate transport of grief. Tears burst from her eyes, like the rain of a thunder-shower, and she would have thrown herself upon Annabel's neck to weep; but the latter forbade, with a frown and a smile, Ida knew not which of the two was the most terrible.—"O listen to me, Annabel!—I am a poor, wicked, distracted creature: listen to me, and I will confess all—every thing!"

"Confess!—you may spare yourself the labour, Ida: as you might have spared yourself the dissimulation . . We are sisters—why should you not have made confidence to me at once?—Why not have said, 'I can-

not bear the sight of your happiness—the thought of your future grandeur—I am fairer than you, and I can beguile him from you, or at least I will try.' It would have been a strange speech, methinks; but I should have then known how to answer it in kind—and you, not I, would have been spared a surprise more poignant, I deem, than pleasant. For think you I was fooled?—that I had not the heart and the wit to avenge myself?—*You* (and she laughed as she spoke) "you yourself have, but a moment ago, set the seal of witness to my vengeance."

"Forgive—forgive me!" murmured her feebler and fairer sister, trembling before this vehemence, and unable to raise her eyes.

"And it was no passion that urged you thus to wreck my happiness—none of that deep-seated, heart-wearing affection, which . . . . That I can talk of love to *you!* I should have spoken of an ancient name, and broad lands, and proud palaces, rather.—Well, these shall all be mine—mine in spite of your plotting and cajolery. And as for bridegrooms—as for the distance between seventy-two and twenty-seven—what matter!"—and she again laughed fearfully. "You forgot, it seems, when you made so sure of the son, that there was yet a father alive . . . . You could not conceive that, if you could plot, your sister could counterplot . . . . You did not imagine, when you there wrote your name, that you were signing a contract of marriage between myself and Lord Orde; and that

my dowry was to be his son's disinheritance! Go and tell him so—go: he awaits you in the south walk, under the cedar trees—he has waited for me there before now. Tell him that the same day that graces him with a bride will shine on his father's wedding too!——I *have* moved you, I see!" continued she, with increasing wildness, as her sister crouched before her, struck dumb with shame and wonder—"to-night, then, begins my triumph!"

PART III. THE END OF THE LEGEND.

And now the Spring had come:—as fair—as young—as delicate—as if there were no crime on the earth which she clad in beauty;—no fire of evil burning within bosoms to which her blooms were pressed. Hatred, and remorse, and vengeance, had entered one house, where but a twelvemonth before had dwelt peace and confidence. From that hour forth, when Annabel had disclosed her resolve to her sister, the two looked on each other's faces no more: the elder maiden, it was said, dwelt chiefly within the solitude of her own chamber, retired and penitential; for the lover, whose heart she had stolen away, came but sparingly. It may be that he who had been once fickle was now even less likely to prove constant, when his last fancy had cost him the lands and the wealth of his forefathers.

Daily were tales brought to Annabel—how that her sister pined to be forgiven—how prayed that she would

not, to inflict a less revenge, make herself the greater sacrifice; but Annabel dismissed rumours and entreaties as though her heart had become stone; and, gathering all that was luxurious, and pleasurable, and precious, round her, awaited, in stern content, the hour which was to consign her to the arms of dotage and disease. Once, and once only, had she been seen to waver, when Lord Orde's faithless son had sought an interview with her. She trembled violently, as she cried, "And *he*, too, seeks me!—Let him—his time is not yet!"

But who can wonder that Annabel shrunk and sickened at heart, when the day appointed for her ratification of the fearful compact began to approach? One of her maidens subtilely remarked that, when her nights were most troubled, she was in the morning most peremptory in contriving some new pomps and splendours, which should gild the fate she was about to embrace. Thrice had she chosen her wedding clothes, thrice cast them aside with contempt—the last suit was of cloth of silver and diamonds. "Dear lady," said the maiden, of whom we have spoken, as she displayed these gorgeous garments to her silent and astray mistress, "you will hardly wear these robes twice, they are so heavy in their exceeding richness!"

"And why should I wear them twice, fool!" was the hasty answer. "Thinkest thou I look forward to a second wedding-day?" and she sighed, and sunk for a moment into thought. The maiden, emboldened

by the appearance of this gentler mood, ventured to murmur, "The Lady Ida's page was here, but a moment ago, in tears, for he says ....."

"Be silent," broke in Annabel, in a tone which brooked not remonstrance. "I hear my Lord Orde's foot;—should the boy come again, I will have him driven from my door with the lash!"

"Alas! what a fearful change is here! of sorcery, I should judge it;" murmured the scared maiden, making the sign of the cross, while her haughty mistress nerved herself to receive the distasteful caresses of her betrothed—"and the poor Lady Ida, they say, dying! Saints above! but she has a ruthless heart!"

* * * * * *

It was the wedding morning; the fairest day of the fairest May: and the bride went forth in such state as had never before been seen at Courtenay Hall, albeit kings and queens had made progresses therefrom. But she went forth alone; for Sir Guy Courtenay, always strange, that day left not his chamber: and Ida, it was whispered by the maidens who bore Annabel's jewelled train, had faded of some inward decline, till she was now unable to raise herself upon her feet, and Herbert could hardly be expected to grace the triumph of one whom he had so falsely wronged. The bride went forth, and till then the fulness of her beauty had never been understood, though there was a glance, and a colour, and a step, which made beholders sigh and draw back, as she was coming. The procession was

noble; the way to the church strewed with flowers ankle-deep; gold was thrown in handfuls to the poor, who flocked round, to stare upon the pageantry but not to bless its queen; and trumpets, and dulcimers, and recorders went before her. But, in spite of all this glitter and magnificence—in spite of the merry sunshine and the gracious airs of spring—men felt that the gaiety of show was a hollow mockery: and the Lady Annabel's bridal train passed onward to the church in silence.

For a moment, indeed, the line of march was broken by a poor, wasted boy, pale with night-watching, and clad in a faded suit, who besought them to delay the ceremony but one hour, for his mistress's sake; but a man-at-arms, at Annabel's command, thrust him violently back, and he was left behind, crushed and bleeding, upon the flowers over which the remorseless one had swept. They reached the church — they reached the altar, beside which stood the sallow, palsied, Lord Orde, apparelled in the gay colours which befit only youth and beauty. It was afterwards said by some that Annabel closed her eyes, as if to shut out some hideous spectacle, when she approached the shrine; others noticed, that when she placed herself before the priest, in readiness for the ceremony, she stood upon the tomb of the wicked Lady Ursula; and the credulous have whispered of a low sound under ground, heard at that moment, of a strange shuddering, as though an earthquake was at hand. But the

maiden noted not these portents; she made the responses with a cool cheek, and a steady eye, and an unfaltering lip. She submitted to the embrace of her skeleton bridegroom, with a grace which was well enough put on to deceive all save one—that one herself. There was a pause when the knot was irrevocably tied; for the ablest of parasites among the wedding guests recoiled from the sight of so ill-matched a pair, and could utter no congratulations. At that moment, the poor bleeding page tottered up the aisle, and, making his way through the crowd with a resolution that would not be gainsayed, stood close to the Lady Orde's ear. "Joy to you, fair lady!" cried he passionately with his last strength—"joy to your gay wedding! The Lady Ida is dead, and here comes a messenger who will confirm my tale."

And, ghastly as a corpse, Sir Herbert stood before the newly-wedded pair. Annabel's eyes wandered over his figure, as though she were trying to trace the course of the air. Some thought that in her pride she would not recognize him; by others she was deemed really to have forgotten him in the hurry of the agitating moment. At length her frame began to waver, for her heart was broken in the struggle; she only exclaimed, "Had I but waited!"—the tone of misery rang in the ears of her attendants to their dying day—and then sunk upon the pavement, half buried in the rich velvet of her train, and the diamonds upon her brow, which decked, it was thought, a corpse. It

was long ere she stirred, or spoke, or breathed—long ere they could raise her from the floor, no longer the haughty-hearted Annabel, but a frowning, timorous idiot!

The grass now grows thick on the floor of Courtenay Hall.

LIGHT.

BY DELTA.

LIGHT is the emblem of the star
  Of life, which burns within for aye;
Darkness and Death twin-sisters are
  To dumb Oblivion and Decay.

Thus, when the beauty and the bloom
  Of being are by death defaced,
To say "Resurgam!" o'er the tomb,
  The hieroglyphic torch is placed.

Shall, then, that spark, no more renewed,
  Even in its earthly ashes die?
No! with eternal warmth imbued,
  It gilds and glows in yonder sky!

"Let there be light!" this was the first
  Command which God to matter gave;
And, in a moment, radiance burst
  From o'er the chaos-darkened wave!

"Let there be light!"—when heathen gloom
Mantled the world's bewildered mind,
The Saviour, yielding to the tomb,
Shed thence a daylight on the blind.

Oh! heavenly Father! hear the prayer
Which asks of thee to guide aright
Our steps, to where all things are fair,
And angels walk with thee in light!

ON A RUIN,

WHICH HAD BEEN OCCUPIED, AT DIFFERENT PERIODS, AS A NUNNERY AND A BARONIAL CASTLE.

BY C. J. DAVIDS, ESQ.

Proud pile! no more within thy hoary walls
The pale recluse will keep her vigils long;
No more, with thrilling note, the trumpet calls
Thy stalwart heir to join the knightly throng.
The owlet screams thy mouldering tow'rs among,
When o'er the roof the yellow moonlight falls.
In bygone days, within those banner'd halls,
Where Troubadours have poured the flood of song,
Decay has triumph'd—from the cloister'd glooms
Ascends no vesper-hymn with solemn tone;
But on the aisles, that echoed back the swell
Of choral harmony, the wallflower blooms;
As if to show that beauty best may dwell
Where pomp is fled, and gloomy grandeur gone!

MY NATIVE PLACE.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

O what a joy it was to me
To go unto my native place;
Where many were most dear to see,
To see and to embrace;

The kind old mother, she who long
Would anxiously my coming wait,
With patience and affection strong,
Beside the garden gate;

My father, with that aspect bland,
Where less appeared of loving zeal;
Yet in whose cordial grasp of hand
Was felt how he could feel;

And brothers, sisters, not a few,
Who hailed me, half-way ushered in,
The elder with a tender view,
The youngsters with a merry din.

And then through those old fields to pass,
Where in our childhood we had played;

Flowers gathering in the sunny grass,
Or sporting in the shade.

O, then it was a joy to me
To go unto my native place,
Where many were most dear to see,
To see and to embrace.

Now, after many years, I go,
A grave and thoughtful man,
Many to meet, and few to know,
Slow pacing where we ran.

Little I find to love or praise,
In haunts that were most dear;
But wander, in a thoughtful maze,
And nothing see nor hear.

The present is not:—in the past
Labours the mind, as in a dream;
And dimness from the heart is cast
On field, and cot, and stream.

My native home, when it is found,
The stranger in it dwells:
And there is sorrow in the sound
Of those old village bells.

THE CATERER.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.

BY MRS. LEE.

EVERY body abuses custom-houses, and every body is right; and, if all the abuse directed against others were heaped upon the custom-house of Lisbon, that particular one would only meet with its deserts. As we intended to proceed to the island of Madeira from this city, we obtained permission from the powerful friends to whom we were recommended for the principal part of our effects to remain on board the French brig, till, on engaging a passage in another vessel, we should be able to remove without taking them ashore. This measure was suggested by the injury done to our clothes and books when we landed, and by the still worse treatment shown to those of our companions, whose brilliant dresses were trampled under foot, or kicked from one side of the room to the other, and whose offer to unpack and again arrange their property themselves, before the eyes of the officers, was treated with brutal disdain.

Such harpies were likely to make great havoc among bottles of chemical preparations and scientific instruments of the most delicate nature; but we had little reason to congratulate ourselves on the pre-

cautions we had taken to secure them and the privilege we enjoyed. The lower grades of the establishment were deprived by our plan of so many opportunities of extorting fees, that they raised every possible obstacle to our proceedings; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we succeeded in placing our packages on board the Portuguese schooner, in which we took our passage for Madeira. On visiting them two days afterwards, for the purpose of stowing them in safety, to our astonishment we found them guarded by two men from the custom-house, placed there at our expense, and at the rate of twelve shillings a-day. On making personal application to the ministry, we obtained a written order for their removal, but such was the inefficiency of the then existing system that two more days elapsed before the injunction was obeyed.

Nor was this all; some few mornings afterwards, we were roused at four o'clock by the master of the vessel, who begged us to proceed forthwith to the schooner, and save it from being burnt or blown up, if indeed such were not the case before we could reach it, for the smoke was issuing in volumes from two of the cases. Suspecting the cause, we hastened to convince him that his fears were groundless, but our own apprehensions of damage were more than confirmed by inspection. A number of bottles containing acids were broken, and the fumes were escaping through the surrounding mass, which fell to pieces on being touched. The porters, on being requested to move the packages

carefully, had dashed them into the hold with the utmost violence, and of course considerable destruction ensued. We restored the remainder to order, and returned to our lodgings, there to wait till all other arrangements were completed, and a favourable wind should spring up to blow us out of the Tagus.

During some weeks of suspense, we became acquainted with two American gentlemen, one of whom was to have a birth in our cabin as far as Madeira; the other was a merchant residing in Lisbon, in a beautiful house, which he opened to us with the most genuine hospitality. He even offered to accommodate us for months, if we would but wait for a better conveyance. He assured us that the schooner was leaky, and, being laden with tiles and sugar, "the one a dead weight, and the other a shifting cargo, if bad weather should assail us, down we must go to the bottom in a moment." It had been our fate to encounter such risks before with impunity, saving the tiles and sugar; we therefore laughed at the fears of our worthy host, represented to him how snug we should be in our tight little craft, and made him drink to the *bon voyage* of the Conceçao.

At length we received orders to embark, and merrily did we step into the boat which took us to our miniature vessel, for we rejoiced in getting away before the *fête* of San Francisco, opposite to whose convent we lived. The bells of Lisbon, with their eternal masses and vaudevilles, had already wearied us to disgust, and,

in celebrating the day of St. Francis, our neighbours would not have left us a moment's repose. Our trans-atlantic friend accompanied us to the river-side with tears in his eyes, bewailing what he thought would be our inevitable fate, and unable to bid adieu but by wringing his hands in gloomy apprehension.

A gentle breeze wafted us out of the lovely Tagus, and we cleared the land before night. The calmness of the day allowed us to arrange all our affairs, to fix curtains across our births, and, among our various occupations, the provision-baskets were inspected. The most experienced of the party had been chosen to cater for the rest, and a very unthankful office it proved to be. "Well!" said one, "here is enough to last for a month, and at the most we shall only have a passage of five days." "If I," said another, "had undertaken this, I should have spent but half the money: cheese, bread, biscuit, ham, fowls, potatoes, tea, sugar, raisins, chocolate, butter, wine, oil, fruit, marmalade, (but that will keep), and then candles and soap! What a list! one would think we were going to the East Indies at least." In vain did the poor Caterer urge the uncertainty which attended sea-voyages, and remind one of the party of hunger already experienced on a former occasion to a dreadful degree; the solitary voice was overpowered, and the majority agreed that the Caterer had sadly exceeded the bounds of economy.

The evening closed in with a broad sheet of red over the whole sky, excepting in the south-west, where a

mass of violet clouds fringed with gold foreboded the near approach of evil. We remained long on deck, watching the various shapes assumed by these clouds. The breeze died away; not a ripple disturbed the waters; when, at eleven o'clock, the mass began to separate from the horizon, and the first low moanings of the storm were heard, as if the spirits of the deep were unwillingly disturbed from their slumbers. Our captain then begged us to retire, "for," said he, "we none of us know how we may be disturbed before morning."

There were three hands on board besides the master, one of whom officiated as mate, cabin-boy, cook, and valet, but we had with extreme pleasure recognized an English sailor, who was a passenger in the steerage, owing to our monopoly of the cabin; and we rightly judged that in the hour of danger he would be a host to us.

By two o'clock in the morning, a tremendous gale had set in and appeared to increase every hour. It lasted without intermission for three days and nights, and gave us frequent opportunity for recollecting the warnings of our American friend. The waves rose on each side of us higher than the mast-head, and, when one of smaller magnitude broke over our little bark, as if to shiver her to atoms, we listened with breathless expectation till the voices above convinced us that none had been washed overboard. The clear and manly tones of the Englishman occasionally met our ears, and on him did we place our earthly hope.

Unable to bear the stifling sensations caused by the closing of the grating overhead, we had our skylight removed, but the consequence of this was an occasional rush of water into our cabin, which set every thing afloat, forcing even the provision-baskets from their lashings, and causing boxes, writing-desks, vegetables, books, which were left loose for the voyage, fruit, and a number of incongruous articles, to be all swimming together. A mingled look of spite and fun was darted at the unhappy Caterer, as one by one the eatables poured out of the hamper; but each of the little groupe had shortly something else to think of: we were all dreadfully sick, and, when bodily suffering left us an interval, we were silently soliciting that mercy which on the morrow we seemed to have no chance of imploring.

The whole of the first day was thus passed, but on the second we ventured to inquire faintly of each other if any hope were left. We were none of us apt to despair, and we flattered ourselves that, having been preserved during two nights and one day through the storm, we might reasonably calculate on escaping altogether; and, when Joachim entered, saying in broken English, "Come to see how you do, dears," as he held a lantern in each of our faces, we ventured to send our compliments to the Englishman above, and ask his opinion of the weather. Joachim returned with the answer, that "the storm as yet showed no signs of abatement," and added of his own accord, "de Señor shake his head."

"But, what do you think, Joachim?" said a voice from the furthest birth.

"I see much storm," replied Joachim, "and I tink we not shall save."

Notwithstanding all this, hope gained on us every hour, and, when the third morning found us still above water, and the light which came from above appeared to be less gloomy, we felt that we were saved. After addressing thanks where thanks were most due, we occasionally indulged in a soliloquy, and the burthen of the American's reflections appeared to be: "What a fool I am to be tossing about in the Atlantic for pleasure!"

As afternoon approached, hunger came with it, and we fished up some fragments of biscuit from the interior sea, nauseous enough it is true, but swallowed with thankfulness after our long fast. We then amused ourselves by surmising which boxes would gain the corners first, and when Joachim brought us some roasted potatoes we were perfectly merry. A little child on board, only a few months old, and who had never tasted any thing but liquid food in her life, no sooner smelt the potatoes than she screamed and seized on one, hot as it was, devouring it with an avidity which showed her previous exhaustion. Joachim then baled out the water, made "all tings sharming," and we sunk into a slumber which had been denied us during the storm.

The next morning, it was still dark and hard, and there was a heavy swell upon the waters; but the

freshness of the open air was a great treat to us, and on the deck we found our Englishman smoking and whistling alternately, as if we had never been in any danger. We were so thankful to him that we made friends with him immediately; when, taking but little credit to himself for his skill and exertions, he assured us that he had expected every instant that the vessel would founder, but that she had lived when a larger craft would probably have been overwhelmed; and he thought that we might still reach Madeira in safety, though we had no doubt wandered much out of our track.

The Caterer, on hearing this, could not repress a look bordering upon triumph at the grumblers, who immediately changed the subject. The Englishman entered upon his own affairs with that frankness which distinguishes the children of the sea, and told us that he had purchased the uninhabited islands close to Madeira called the Desertas, and was going thither to establish himself, and to shoot gulls, breed rabbits, and gather orchil for his livelihood. He had passed as lieutenant, but, not having been appointed before the peace, he had been thrown on his own resources, procured a place in the Excise, with which he had become dissatisfied, and, resigning it, had started from England with a legacy left him by an aunt, in order to make himself king of the Desertas.

We also made acquaintance with our captain, whom we found to be very superior to the generality of Por-

tuguese commanding small trading vessels; and when we asked him if he had flogged Saint Antonio during the storm, he laughed and replied that "he had left that off, when he served for many years in English merchantmen."

Our stay above was of short duration, for, shipping a sea, we were completely drenched, and glad to resume our births, nor was it till the eighth day that the sun came forth in his accustomed splendour. Taking up our mats and borrowing the tiger-skins which formed the bed of the Englishman, we spread them on deck, determined to spend the whole day in the air.

About noon, as we were lounging and chatting with renovated spirits, we were suddenly checked by the appearance of a large cocked hat, which slowly rose from the steerage: this cocked hat was followed by a yellow and black face, a linen jacket, and grey nether garments, tucked into short boots, all "a world too wide" for the inhabitant thereof. A more wo-begone spectre could hardly have presented itself, and we were not quite sure whether it was of earth or sea, but it seemed friendly enough, judging from the profound salute which it proffered. We were greatly relieved when, as unexpectedly but with much more rapidity, another figure sprang into view from the same abode, clad in such sightly garb, and with so eloquent an expression of youth, health, and vivacity, that we hailed him as a fellow-creature, and took his companion for granted.

None of us knew that a soul was on board besides the crew, the English sailor, and ourselves, owing to the seclusion of our new acquaintances, who had at first anticipated sickness, then feared the storm, and could not be prevailed on to move till the sun appeared. Both, however, were now revivified by his influence, and we found the spectre-man to be a pale student, going home after seven years of law education at the University of Coimbra; the other had been completing his accomplishments by taking the grand tour from Funchal to Lisbon, and Lisbon to Funchal. We none of us spoke Portuguese with sufficient fluency to hold a long conversation, but we unhesitatingly accosted the smart young man with signs. He had never courted grey hairs over a midnight lamp, and with the greatest animation seconded all our endeavours to be in good fellowship with him.

But the careless costume, the sad and sallow hue, of the learned student, precluded such liberties; and, as we were desirous of extracting some information from him respecting Coimbra, we among us mustered English, French, Italian, and Spanish; in spite of all which the matter grew daily more hopeless: one of the party, well acquainted with the continental pronunciation of Latin, addressed him in that language, but this proved even more impracticable, and all the profit we obtained was a sight of his diploma tied with green ribbon, which he pulled out of a tin box and morocco-case, and in which the word "Pulcherrimus" had a

most ludicrous effect, as applied to the L L. D. before us.

Day after day passed on, and we did not recover our track till the grumbling portion of our little party began to think that the Caterer had not been quite so extravagant as at first supposed to be; and there was even a look of pleased surprise when a basket of eggs, which, from their safe stowage behind the said Caterer's pillow, had remained unbroken through the storm, was dragged to light. The American, having boasted of his prowess in the culinary art, was appointed head cook, and his fowl soups and his omelettes were, in truth, first-rate.

We soaked our biscuit in fresh water, and baked it again in the oven of the cabooce; we made puddings in our pillow-cases, and stuffed them full of the raisins which fortunately remained uninjured; we killed a dolphin in order to see its beautiful changes of colour as it died; we shipped two logs of timber which floated by us, and made drawings of the barnacles, crabs, &c., with which they were covered; we abused each other's nations, and insinuated the superior merits of our own with true patriotism; we read the few books we had with us over and over again; and contrived to bear our lengthened voyage with cheerfulness: but we could not conceal from ourselves that the provisions were fast diminishing, and that the merits of the Caterer were daily more conspicuous. Whenever we were hungry we became serious, and the Caterer

would give a sly and provoking glance as the eatables were scantily produced.

At length, on the sixteenth morning, the thick fog by which we had been enveloped cleared off, and showed us the Garajâo * of Madeira right ahead; we steered for the roads of Funchal, and in two hours the anchor of the little Conceçao was dropped in front of the port. On that day we ate our last morsel of biscuit, cooked our last fowl, and the triumph of the Caterer was complete.

THE RESURRECTION.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Morning of the Sabbath-day!
O thou sweetest hour of prime!
Dart a retrospective ray
O'er the eastern hills of time;
Daybreak let my spirit see,
At the foot of Calvary.

Joseph's sepulchre is nigh;
Here the seal upon the stone;
There the sentinel, with eye,
Starlike, fix'd on that alone;
All around is calm and clear,
Life and Death keep Sabbath here.

* A headland, called Garajáo, or Brazenhead.

Bright and brighter, beam on beam,
Now, like new-created light,
From the rock-cleft, gleam by gleam,
Shoots athwart the waning night;
Till the splendour grows intense,
Overpowering mortal sense.

Glory turns with me to gloom;
Sight, pulsation, thought depart,
And the stone, rent from the tomb,
Seems to fall upon my heart:
With that shock the vision flies,
Christ is risen—and I may rise—

Rise, like Him, as from this trance,
When the trumpet calls the Just
To the saints' inheritance,
From their dwellings in the dust—
By thy resurrection's power,
Jesus! save me in that hour!

Sabbath morning! hail to thee;
O thou sweetest hour of prime!
From the foot of Calvary,
Now to Zion's top I climb;
There my risen Lord to meet,
In his temple, at his feet.

Sheffield.

THE WREATH OF FAME.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

He told me of a laurel wreath
  That he would bring ere long:
He told me that young Fame should breathe—
  Should love his name and song:
And there was feeling in his tone,
  And rapture in his eye,
A passion, like an angel's own,
  For things that could not die.

He told me we should dwell with love
  In some most dear retreat;
With Evening's starry smile above,
  And flowers around our feet;
My faithful page his greyhound fleet,
  O'er Nature's beauties free;
Whilst he would have attendants sweet,
  The nightingale and me.

He came: he brought the laurel wreath—
  But dim that altered eye;
And weak the voice that loved to breathe
  Of things that could not die.
Oh, Death entwined his Wreath of Fame,
  Which many a heart bereaves;
For, though there 's glory in its name,
  There's poison in its leaves.

LADY BLANCHE.

BY MISS LAWRANCE,

AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME," &c.

It is scarcely dim twilight, lady,
  Then wherefore lingerest thou,
With thy festive robe, and thy jewels bright,
  And that flower-enwreathed brow?
Mid the falling dews, in the night air chill,
Ere the morn awaketh on yonder hill,
While all fair things their rest are taking,
O, why art thou the fairest waking?

Thou hast left the festive crowd, lady,
  But, wherefore art thou here?
The murky shades thy beauties shroud,
  And around is silence drear.
No eyes are here to gaze on thee,
No voice to whisper pleasantly—
None, but the stars with their paly light,
None, but the breeze of the cold twilight.

There is thought upon that brow, lady,
  And upcast earnestly
Are those full dark eyes, and that breast of snow
  Is heaving anxiously.

Why hast thou left the blazing hall,
And the songs and the mirth of the festival?
Why hast thou left them? O! one can tell,
And wherefore thou watchest *one* knoweth well.

O! 'twas as lovely lady
As e'er clasped jewelled band;
O! 'twas as wayward lady
As e'er bare hawk on hand:
For knights unnumbered of high degree,
The bravest and best of the west countrie,
Have knelt at her feet, one smile to pray,
But to each and to all she answered, Nay.

Yet, alas! that lovely lady
Should have guardian stern and cold,
Who recks not of her happiness,
Who heedeth but her gold:
Right gladly he saw those knights depart;
And then he strove, with cunning art,
To win for his son that fair lady—
Sweet Lady Blanche!—can that ever be?

O, sad through the wood hied that lady,
Like hind from the hunter's bow;
For her guardian hath sworn that lady
To St. Oswyth's cell shall go.
Ay, well may she flee, but she cometh again,
And the rose to her cheek hath returned again,

And she smiles as of yore; whom hath she seen?
None, save the minstrel in Lincoln green.

Now deck thee with jewels, lady—
Though *thou* need'st not their feeble light;
Wreathe thine hair with fair flowers, sweet lady,
For the gallant feast to-night:
She hath gone well pleased at her guardian's call;
Like the springtide sun, she smileth on all;
But twilight cometh—and she hath flown,
Nor, sweet Lady Blanche, hast thou fled alone.

O fair but sad was thy brow, lady,
As thou stood'st in the dim twilight;
O fairest of all art thou, lady,
Now the noontide sun shines bright:
For around are gathered the bridal throng,
From the minster thee leading with gladsome song;
For the forest minstrel who fled with thee
Is heir to the lands of Earl Rivelsbye.

ON THE TOMB OF BLUCHER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Ay, soldier, weep that grave beside,
Ay, fix thy heart's intenser gaze:
There sleeps no son of useless pride,
There speaks no lie of purchased praise.

When Prussia, in her evil hour,
Was crushed, for errors not her own;
When on her rained the iron shower,
That wrapt the cot, and wrapt the throne;

When all was famine, flame, and gore,
When died the noble and the brave;
When courage fled, and hope was o'er,
And man's best refuge was the grave:

Then he who slumbers at thy feet,
Snapped with one sabre blow the chain,
And, like the lightning's fiery sheet,
Unfurled the Prussian's Eagle-vane.

The Prussian trump was at his lips,
It sounded like the trump of doom;
Fled at its blast the land's eclipse,
Burst at its blast the nation's tomb.

Then paled Napoleon's guilty star,
Then, France, thy tiger heart was tame,
Then Europe rose to glorious war,
And Blucher was man's guiding flame.

GERMANICUS.

A GAME AT COQUETRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMER."

"WELL, Fred!"

"Well, Frank!"

These were the first salutations of two intimate friends, yclept Frederick Markham and Francis Lyttleton Winchester.

"Well, and how do?" lisped out the last named gentleman. "How does it fit? — How does the dose smell?—How does your pulse beat?—Have you got a palpitation of the heart?—Does your head ache?"

"Psha! I did not send for my physician!"

"Physician? no! He takes the body, I the mind; which hath the better bargain? I inquired after the symptoms of your corporeal frame, that I might ascertain the state of the incorporeal. You, mundane that you are, carried your thoughts no higher than the acceleration or stupefaction of the sanguinary tides. I judged by the tides of the moon of your brains — by your brains of your heart—by your heart of the lady."

"Could you not have asked a straightforward question?"

"Of a third person, but not of the principals in a matrimonial affair. Why, a man warmly in love would have construed, or rather misconstrued, a question into

a doubt, a doubt into an insult, an insult into a challenge, a challenge into a bullet, and a bullet — O, ye fates! into my heart, and all because of an indiscreet question. No, Fred, no; I am wiser than that. For want of a nail, the shoe was lost—for want of a shoe, the horse was lost—for want of a horse, the rider was lost, and all for want—no, Fred, no. I have just introduced a new mode for my hair, which has taken; and, as it is in the first blush of the new fashion, I am not willing that a single curl should be shaken by a mistimed argument, though it should have all the weight of—lead."

"As ridiculous as ever!"

"I flatter myself a little more so — I am improving. Remember that there is no standing still, and I would not willingly retrograde. Besides, absurdity, or eccentricity, which is the same thing, is the very charm of life, which the world runs after most vehemently. People can choose whether they will care or not for such a wise, sterling, profound, serious, fellow as you; but they have no choice, they are irresistibly impelled to follow my folly, to rush after me through bog, over briar, till the *ignis fatuus* has led them — he himself knows not whither."

"Well, but wise, serious people, such as you are pleased to designate your poor friend, sometimes follow these will-o'-the wisps quite as foolishly, and sometimes more fatally, than they who with a light heart have also a light pair of heels to escape again."

"Ah!—and a sigh—suspicious, Fred!"

"Was there ever a day in man's life when a sigh, perhaps breathed by memory, perhaps by anticipation, might not emanate from the heart?"

"These sighs are serious things. Come, I see I must resume my medical character. A sigh — that is, a lengthened expiration of the breath, followed by a lengthened expiration — rather curious that a sort of difficulty in breathing should have any connexion with the delicate embarrassments of the heart."

"A lengthened inspiration! — what treason, Frank, thus to vulgarise the sentiment of a sigh."

"Oh! *we*, that is, *we men*, know the value of a sigh. I would not depreciate it for the world — but then it must be breathed into the ears of a lady. Sighs are thrown away upon men; mere trash, bombast, nonsense, folly."

"And mine?"

"It was forgetfulness — or you mistook me for your mistress."

"It was not forgetfulness, it was remembrance."

"Then must I renew my investigation. Now, look me full in the face — there — gravely — that is grave enough — almost too gravely. Now, answer all my interrogations."

"Well, I am nothing loth."

"Are you in disgrace with your mistress?"

"No."

"Are you in favour?"

"No."

"The medium?"

"Yes."

"That is bad. You had better have had a quarrel. I would advise you to make it into a quarrel. It is much easier to pass from storm to sunshine, 'from Indus to the Pole,' than from indifferent dulness into grace and favour. Make a quarrel of it, Fred."

"How shall I manage it?"

"What a question! None but a dolt could have asked it. Tell her that her lapdog is an ugly bore."

"That would be true."

"Then you must not utter it. Be sure that in your anger you never on any provocation speak the truth. —Be as bitter as you will. —Be a very Brougham in satire—a very Wellington in ire; call your antagonist every vile and wretched thing on earth, only taking care to exceed or overleap the truth, and there need not exist the slightest obstacle to the renewal of the warmest friendship. But, oh! once utter a truth, sterling and immutable truth, and you shall find that the anger it generates shall be as imperishable as truth itself. It is on this principle that men who vituperate to-day shake hands to-morrow. There has been nothing but clack, and clamour, and the brazen note of war, but not an arrow shot; the sounds die away in the air, and leave no festering wound."

"Then, must I leave the lap-dog unassailed?"

"It is a doubtful point; she might not identify the little tassel with herself, and then she might forgive:

but, again, as the little Cupid is, doubtless, a little love, and the selection of her own most seraphic taste, to vilify the one might be to impugn the other. Upon the whole, I think you had better intimate to her that she squints."

"That she squints!"

"Ay, I suppose at least that that is not veritable truth, or else, oh! for a lament on your taste! That, therefore, she might forgive."

"But, suppose only for a moment that I would rather choose disgrace than favour — banishment than presence."

"That is difficult to suppose."

"And wherefore?"

"Because Mr. Frederick Markham professes to be a man of principle and honour, and consistent withal, and he is here on the point of marriage. The lady is ready, her friends are willing, settlements are made out, jewels bought, dresses selected, carriages in readiness, and the whole of the lady's five hundred dear friends waiting anxiously to congratulate her on the acquisition of a new name and a new appendage to it. And these are the smallest parts of the preparations; a greater is that the bridegroom's *old, sage,* and *steady* schoolfellow and friend has had some extremely scientific garments cast to his Adonis mould, and has submitted to be whirled a hundred and so many miles, to the danger of his curls and the fatality of his cravat, to honour the august ceremony with his presence.—

And are not these reasons enough to forbid his supposing that the matrimonial *yea* could be converted into a *nay*, and that too through the versatility of his capricious friend? Why, I tell you, Fred, that you have usurped my character; caprice is all my own, and I shall resent the robbery."

"I know all that you would imply.—I know that these changeful feelings are poor, pitiful, dishonourable! It is only to your ear that I would breathe them, for you are most truly my *steady* friend. I tell you, Frank, that I loathe myself! My boasted discernment is no better worth than the sight of the blind, or the wisdom of the idiot! I, who prided myself on my solidity of character, and my just appreciation of the worth of others—I, who thought that man could not deceive, nor woman delude me, have not only entangled myself, but committed the fatal folly of violating my own natural rights of liberty, of selling my birthright for a mess of pottage!"

"Order! order, Fred!"

"Ay, it's folly, too rank. But, when I think that I am in the toils of a heartless coquette, I may be permitted to rave a little in my net."

"Rave, by all means; you had better let the fit take its course till it shall have spent itself; you only protract by striving to suppress."

"I have done."

"Then that is the precise point at which I wish you to begin. Now, tell me how you, who were so ortho-

dox a lover, have all at once become infected with this heresy."

"I will tell you. Simply because, when I had utterly committed myself, the lady took no further pains to support her fictitious character. She, who was once soft as sighing eve, downcast, modest, diffident, now speaks with the loudest, boldest utterance. The eye that a month ago dared not meet mine now actually stares me out of countenance."

"And so you fell in love with a lady because she shut her eyes, and you have now fallen out of love because she has opened them again!"

"Frank, I tell you plainly that on this subject I cannot bear raillery. I loved her, at least I thought that I loved her, because her beauty attracted me, and her apparent softness and sensibility ensnared me. I cannot tell you what pains I was at to subdue every thing like ruggedness in myself in my approach to her, and how I strove to adapt my mind to the imagined image of her purity—and all the while she had a hackneyed heart and feelings, from which the blush and the brightness had all passed away, and she was scorning me for the very sanctity of my devotion!"

"Very pleasant, Fred, to a Quixotic sentimentalist like yourself. What excellent fools you men of sense make! I suppose after all this you are going to whistle her off."

"And be as much rogue as fool! I thought you had known me better."

"And so you sacrifice yourself, all that you are and all that you might have been, to a coquette?"

"No, I sacrifice myself to my own humour."

"For the sake of consistency."

"For the sake of honourable consistency."

"But, as you find that the lady you propose to marry is not the same lady whom you proposed to marry, it seems to me that the course of consistency is to escape from her. So doing, you would be true to your own tastes."

"True to my tastes, but false to my principles."

"So then you are resolved?"

"As man can be."

"Well, I wish you joy."

Mr. Francis Lyttleton Winchester walked to the window, lounged out of it, hummed an opera-tune, now and then glancing towards his friend with extreme *nonchalance*.

Much hurt and irritated, Markham hastily crossed the apartment to escape from the unkindness of his friend. The handle of the door was in his hand, when Winchester turned carelessly round and said, "Hark ye, Fred."

"Well."

"Is Miss Linley really handsome? Would a flirtation with her disgrace a man of taste?"

Markham indignantly clapped the door.

How is life spent? let us see—it divides itself—two quarters in sleeping, one in dressing, and one in eating

and drinking. Of the two last-mentioned occupations Letitia Linley had completed the one, and was waiting to commence the other.

"Pray, Mr. Markham," said the lady, "how soon may we expect to be honoured with the company of your friend?"

"I am expecting him momentarily."

"It would be a great pity were he hurried in his toilette. I think he has not been arrived more than three hours."

Markham coloured and looked mortified.

"He is not particularly anxious to make the acquaintance of your new friends," added Letitia, with an air of pique; "but profoundly wise people, like yourself and your friend, Mr. Markham, are, of course, far exalted above a vulgar curiosity."

Another nervous twinge passed across Markham's face. "Mr. Lyttleton Winchester," he said, "is in nothing like me. I should compliment him little in admitting the resemblance."

"Well, I am pleased to find that a gentleman's toilette involves a more elaborate operation than a lady's. The picture wants more last touches, more finish. We would not for the world see Mr. Lyttleton Winchester to a disadvantage, because, being your friend, we expect to find in him the very quintessence of perfection. So, Morrison," said the lady to a servant who entered to announce dinner, "let Mr. Lyttleton Winchester be told that our dinner waits his presence,

but that I particularly entreat that he may not too much hasten his toilette after his fatigue in travelling."

Markham crimsoned at the mock-courtesy of this speech; his friend had travelled but fifteen miles that morning.

He heard the reply with wonder. 'Mr. Lyttleton Winchester thanked Miss Linley, and would avail himself of her kindness for another half hour.'

Miss Linley coloured with indignation: her malice was retorted on herself. That half hour was made up of the longest minutes ever known in chronology. At its close, Lyttleton Winchester lounged into the room. The haughty frown with which Miss Linley had prepared to annihilate him fell innocuous: he lifted his glass at her, met the anger of her eye with a slight shrug of the shoulders and a still slighter smile, and dropped behind, as the lady, assuming her full height of stature, gave her hand to Markham and walked out of the room.

It was excessively provoking, but it was apparent to all Miss Linley's dear friends, that Mr. Francis Lyttleton Winchester was ice and adamant to all her charms.

"How astonishing!" said the dearest of her dear friends; "how truly astonishing! It is the first time I ever knew you, my dear Letitia, *fail in society*."

Miss Linley was resolved that she would not *fail in society*; and, having found that frowns fell as futile as on the impassive ice the lightning plays, she re-

solved to try whether sunshine might not melt. And Mr. Francis Lyttleton Winchester, the most superlative of beaux, the most exquisite of fops, suffered himself to be beguiled into a conversation.

"Do you patronize the fine arts?" asked the lady.

"Yes," Winchester replied, "I sometimes practise them myself."

"Indeed!—in what mode?"

Winchester looked archly.

"Ah! do you allow yourself so art-ful? But I meant such an art as this." It was a miniature.

"Yes, I like portraits of the distinguished."

"And none other? Not of women?" and Miss Linley tried to smile away the homeness of the question.

"I have portraits of my favourite horses. They make better pictures than women. There is grace, symmetry, beauty."

"Better pictures than women! Ingrate!"

"I like women only when they have a smile on their lips, and I should grow tired of a smile that sat simpering for ever there."

"Then you love the sunshine of smiles?"

"Yes, when they beam only on me; or, to speak more properly, I would myself be the sun, and the dial should answer only to my gaze. To me it should give an instant response; to every other ken be but a blank tablet. Now, the lips of a portrait must smile on all who looked upon it, and I should be jealous that other eyes should share with me."

"Then you would not tolerate a portrait that always smiled?"

"No, because it would smile on others as well as upon me—as you will do on Markham, as he is now passing."

The lady turned away her smile, and a frown gathered on her brow and let its shadow fall on Markham, as he passed seriously and melancholy on.

"Do you let him pass?" said Winchester, "without a word, without a look, or at least such a one as he had been more at peace without?"

"Let him pass as he will, as he may," said Letitia, disdainfully.

"Markham!" instantly exclaimed his friend, "Miss Linley is anxious to hear the sound of your voice."

Miss Linley cast an angry, a natural, frown upon him, which had no other effect than to force him into a gaiety which displayed to admiration the whitest of white teeth. "Nay," he said, "if you frown, I fly. Women are only tolerable while they are good-tempered. Markham, Miss Linley wished to show you a pretty picture—pretty, because like herself."

"I scarcely know whether you mean to be complimentary or censorious."

"Either would be too much trouble."

There was a contest in the mind of the lady, but it ended in a laugh. "You are *so* mirthful!"

Had *I* uttered one tithe of that impertinence, would it have been mirth in me? asked Markham of himself.

He plays the fool well — and can this exquisite folly please her shallow mind?

"Then you will not criticise my portrait?" asked Miss Linley, as she smiled upon Winchester, and turned her back on Markham.

"Oh yes, if it will oblige you."

"I long to hear its faults."

"To begin with the eyes: they are fine, but they want softness—let me look into those of the original, and try to find in their orbits the sensibility which should have beamed upon me here. Ah, false painter, there sleeps beneath those shadowing curtains a light that might have blinded your own dim vision, had you but had the power of kindling it to flame!"

Markham listened in astonishment.

"The hair—whose taste was that?"

"Mine," said Markham. "A month ago, Miss Linley allowed me a voice—as she now does you. It is after a pure model of the antique."

"And might do for an antiquary, but not for Miss Linley. Bad, bad, very bad! There wants a revolution in women's heads."

"The inside or the out?" quietly asked Markham.

"Both, equally. The outside is bad taste, the inside bad understanding."

"You are too complimentary," said Miss Linley, piqued.

"Now do be offended, and do not be the exception."

"I will, to disappoint you; so proceed with your critique."

"Well—hair bad; eyes middling; complexion good, only too positive; not a hue but seems every moment going to change, although we know it cannot change; attitude too firm, too unbending, not seeming ready to shrink from my gaze, but fixed and soldier-like; dress does not fit, and too many ornaments over the whole."

"Shall I bear this!" exclaimed Miss Linley.

"Just as you please; but, if you are so good as to bear this, you will bear a little more. The lips—I would say they were pretty, if they smiled upon me."

The living lips, "celestial rosy red," expanded as he spoke.

Shall *I* bear this! internally exclaimed Markham, as, indignantly excited, he passed on.

"But, Markham—" Markham would not hear: he was gone.

"Markham," repeated Winchester, "what an exertion it requires to pronounce that name! I shall advise him to get an act of parliament to change it, for I am sure it must have a most rugged and offensive sound in polite ears. What woman of taste could endure to be designated by such a title, *Mistress Markham!* No human being could ever imagine beauty and elegance under such an epithet, *Mistress Markham*—fah! what a sound!"

Winchester took his elegantly wrought card-case from his pocket, and, drawing out two of its highly

satined and elaborately ornamented cards, wrote on the back of one Mistress Markham. On the face of the other was inscribed his own grandiloquent patronymic, Mr. Francis Lyttleton Winchester; to the prefix of which he added the soft serpentining letter s.

He laid them before Miss Linley. "Which, think you, is the prettiest?"

Miss Linley had the grace to blush as she restored to him his own designation, and, taking the card which seemed the representative of her own slighted swain, tore it into atoms.

Markham was impatiently pacing backward and forward in his apartment, with a lowering brow and perturbed aspect, as Winchester entered.

Winchester passed his hands through his hair, and adjusted his cravat at the glass.

Markham stood frowning by. "When you have entirely finished your arrangements, I should be glad to be allowed to inquire the motive of your present conduct—if any motive you have beyond the indulgence of a heartless levity."

"Have you any other question to ask?—because it will be less trouble to answer all your interrogations at once."

"It is folly to ask questions when we know that replies cannot be given. I have only to express my regret that you should have taken the trouble of this journey, just to prove to me that there are male coquettes as well as female."

"Any thing further?"

"Nothing but that you are ——."

"Stay, Fred, stay, else you may say something which I ought not to forgive. Well, I am resolved that I never will have another sensible friend; they are all such impervious-headed fools. Why, you are more easily deceived than a woman! Cannot even see with your eyes open!"

"I see only that you are encouraging the evil qualities of a woman who is doomed to be my wife, and exposing her to the ridicule of the world."

"I am only playing at coquetry with an adept in the game."

"And confirming my wife in its practice even before my eyes!"

"No, Fred, she will never be your wife. She has done me the honour of sending by me her dismissal of your honourable self."

A strange mixture of feelings overspread the countenance of Markham, as he received Miss Linley's billet. Was it possible that so serious a circumstance could have been settled between his mistress and his friend with such an unseemly levity? But it was even so.—Miss Linley had thought further on their engagement, and, being convinced that it would not promote their mutual happiness, she apologised, as she would have done for not attending a party, for being obliged to relinquish her engagement.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Markham: "and how, Frank, did you obtain this?"

"Oh! you think too seriously of these things," replied his friend: "matrimony is not of half the importance that you imagine. A mere nothing, believe me."

"You fill me with wonder at your easy and rapid influence; and with amazement how you could obtain it over her imperious mind."

"Oh, on principle. I do every thing on principle. Always take it as a rule, Fred, that, *where you find a tyrant, you have there the true materials for a slave*. This has been the principle of my conduct towards Miss Linley. I found in you a slave, in her a tyrant: it was easy to assume the one, and to reduce her to the other. Receive this as a maxim, my dear fellow, and it will be useful to you through life; I always act upon it."

"But this letter! how was it obtained?"

"Oh, without trouble. You know I hate trouble. I would not sit by Letitia's side at dinner, because she was engaged to you."

"Is it possible!"

"Very possible: so she was piqued, and told me that she was still a free agent, and would never be a slave to any man. I laughed, sang, and replied that I never paid any attention to married women, because they were all *passées*, gone by, and that I was going to find out whether the little girl with blue eyes at the bottom of the table was worth any words. She rolled her black eyes spitefully at me, and told me that she would prove that she was free, and, taking a pencil and the

envelope of a letter, which was in her reticule, she hastily scribbled your dismissal, which she gave me with one hand, as I took the other and led her to the dinner-table."

"And into this woman's hands I was committing the happiness of my life!"

"One of the wise things that sensible men sometimes do."

Markham sat with his face buried in his hands and his elbows leaning on the table. What a strange mixture of feelings swelled his heart! Among those feelings, mortified self-love took the place of wounded affection. This, then, was the end of all his sanguine dreams.

Winchester gave him ten minutes' time for self-recollection. At its close he said, "Well, Fred, at what time shall I order our chaise?"

"Now! this moment! when you will!"

"It is late to-night, and I should not like us to go off like disappointed men. Let us breakfast here to-morrow, be as gay as May, and then show them a light pair of heels."

Markham hesitated. "Shall I tell you freely what has been passing in my mind?"

"At once."

"It is this—that in freeing me you have entangled yourself."

Winchester burst into intemperate laughter; but he could not laugh away the impression from Markham's mind.

"What preposterous folly this is of your's! Bound to the wind! tied to the air!"

"No matter to what; we should be true to ourselves."

"I tell you what, Fred, you will drive me out of all patience with your sickly sensibility. Are you not content with your own escape, but you must now involve me?"

"Your honour is as dear to me as my own. It will be said that you excited expectations in Miss Linley merely to serve a temporary purpose; that the moment that purpose was accomplished you fled. It is just the point on which a brother would send you a challenge."

"Has she a brother?"

"No."

"Well, then, since you cannot misconstrue my motive, I will stay long enough to prove to all Miss Linley's dear friends, and all whom it may concern, that I am in disgrace, and that she is not deserted, and I think I am very generous in humouring you so far. Let me see; how long will suffice for that? Till to-morrow morning; yes, I think I can contrive to get into pretty deep discredit before to-morrow noon; so I shall order the chaise at twelve. We will go a stage or two, and dine on the road."

The two gentlemen went to the ladies and green tea.

Miss Linley seemed to think that she had a claim of gratitude on Winchester, which he was bound to pay.

It was with astonishment that she saw him throw himself into the seat most distant from her.

Miss Linley beckoned, but Winchester was blind; she spoke, but he was deaf.

At length she sent a child, a little pet cousin, to summon him to her side.

"My little love," said Winchester, "I am going to sleep, and I promise that I will dream of you."

The little love carried back the answer, and in a moment more Miss Linley tripped across the room.

"Since you will not come to me, I must come to you;" and she took the lower end of Winchester's couch.

Has my principle no limits? thought Winchester.

"But you are melancholy?" said the lady.

"No, only dull. Is not dulness the greatest insult that can be offered to our friends?"

"Dull! and in my presence!"

"Pardon me, I had forgotten it."

"*Forgotten!*" Miss Linley looked indignant.

"Pray forgive me, but the fact is that I am hungry for sleep."

"I will leave you to indulge the inclination." Miss Linley rose angrily.

"Thank you. You are very good." And Winchester occupied her vacated seat with his own outstretched limbs, and arranged his person in the most elegant attitude for slumber.

How Sir Charles Grandison would have been shocked!

The lady flounced away. The gentleman did not sleep, but he thought, Surely I must have reached the boundary line of her patience; will it be possible for her to forgive as far as this? Is she so fitted for a slave that I cannot find the point of impertinence which might make her assert her freedom? But the greater the tyrant the greater the slave.

Half an hour afterwards Miss Linley passed him. She held out her hand and said, "Come, I will be the first to forgive."

"I did not know," said Winchester, "that I had been so unfortunate as to offend you."

"You did not," she answered.

"Then why talk of forgiveness?"

"Forgive me," she said, "for the inadvertent word. We are making up a quadrille."

Winchester would not understand the inuendo.

"You must like dancing," she said, "it must so well accord with your cheerful temper. For myself, it is my passion."

"It is too boisterous an amusement for me," he replied, "and only fit for milk-maids and May queens."

Again the colour flushed Miss Linley's cheek, and she moved on, but in another moment looked back and said, "Then you will not be a volunteer?"

"No, nor impressed," was the reply, and Miss Linley passed on in renewed spleen.

Now, will she dance with the first fellow that asks

her, thought Winchester. He was mistaken—Miss Linley did not dance at all.

It was morning and the breakfast hour, the most pleasant in the twenty-four, before the day is old enough to bring us offence and fatigue.

Who could display ill-temper at a breakfast-table? Not Miss Linley, but Winchester.

The expression of the countenance was enough; but Winchester soon found occasion to put the sentiment into words.

A lady present complimented Miss Linley on the becoming tint of her apparel, the colour of the rose.

"Do you know," she said smilingly, "that I never value compliments from my own sex."

"*I* never pay compliments," said Winchester. "In the first place, it is far too much trouble; and in the second, they are received but as debts paid on compulsion. I would as soon see a bailiff as a beauty; they are both equally duns."

Miss Linley's dear friend laughed, and said, with a great effort to look good-tempered, "That is both a rough compliment and a smooth one, but it is all Miss Linley's: she is the only beauty here."

"It seems that we are playing at the game," observed Markham. "The second pair of compliments is almost as good as the first."

"And neither of them are mine," said Miss Linley; "they were appropriated to beauty, not to me."

It may be seen that Miss Linley had grown humble as Winchester increased in arrogance; the natural consequence of his *principle*.

"But, pink is such a sweet colour," said the dear friend.

"It is too gaudy," said Winchester; "it tires the eye, and fatigues the imagination."

"But it harmonizes so sweetly with fair delicate complexions—"

"I do not like fair delicate complexions, they are tiresome."

"And is a lovely contrast to blue eyes."

"I never look at blue eyes," replied Winchester.

"You must be blind yourself," added the lady with another good-tempered laugh, "or you would have seen that Miss Linley has not only a blooming dress, but a complexion of the lily, and violet eyes."

"I beg her pardon," said Winchester; "she must forgive me, for I had forgotten all about it. Besides, a man cannot help his tastes."

Miss Linley rose and left the table with an air of inexpressible mortification.

"Too bad!" cried Markham, "too cruel! to find fault not only with her dress, but with her person!"

"I think I may order the chaise a couple of hours earlier. Half-measures are of no use. You know I do every thing on *principle*."

The next glimpse which the friends had of the lady was conclusive: she had changed her dress.

Markham was greatly irritated. "Is it for such a woman as this——," he exclaimed, "and this slave of your's was my *tyrant!*"

Winchester was involuntarily flattered. "Positively, Markham, I am in danger. There is no resisting such condescension. I could find in my heart to make a fool of myself, after all."

"At what time shall *I* order the chaise?" asked Markham, a little pointedly.

"It must be evening now," Winchester replied. "I thought that I had reached the boundary-line of Miss Linley's capacity to submit, but I find myself mistaken. My principle has proved so true that I must now take up the contrary position. I know that it cannot fail me, so I go to put it to the proof."

On the same principle, though reversed, Winchester acted. He became himself the slave, that Miss Linley might again resume the tyrant.

The lady was fairly intoxicated with her triumph. She believed that she had conquered.

As to Winchester, he had assumed a far more difficult part than that which he had abandoned. There was a natural impertinence about him, which he found it difficult to restrain, but he succeeded.

The Coquette was again the tyrant. She smiled and frowned; pouted and fretted; was silent or loquacious, to the full measure of her heart's content; and Winchester followed her about like a lamb in a silken string.

Even Markham was deceived. "I shall go without you, Winchester; I do not envy you your position, but I cannot bear to stay and see it."

"I told you," was the reply, "that you might order the chaise at eight."

It wanted but a quarter to the hour. Winchester was lounging at Miss Linley's side; he looked at his watch.

"Why?" she asked, "are you making an arithmetic of minutes?"

"No; I was thinking of the Ides of March."

"Have they come?"

"Come, but not gone."

"I do not understand you."

"No, nor I you."

"What is there doubtful?"

"You have spent five minutes without speaking to me."

"Is that unpardonable?"

"Wholly, unless you tell me that you spent them in thinking of me."

"I was thinking only of my flowers."

Winchester took an exotic bouquet from her hand, and tore the beautiful flowers into atoms.

"Barbarian!" exclaimed the lady, half angry, half flattered.

"You have heaped up unkindness upon me within the last hour."

"I am not bound to be always smiling. Besides,

remember that you told me you should grow tired of a perpetual smile."

"Well, I acknowledge that there is kindness in remembering my sentiments and acting upon them. So you frowned to please me; it was a delicate compliment."

"No; if I frowned at all, it would be to please myself."

"And my feelings?"

"Are in your own keeping."

"Are they not beyond it?" and Winchester tried to look tenderly.

"At all events, that is your affair, not mine."

"I said you were unkind."

"You are difficult to please. Neither words nor silence give you satisfaction."

"The silence should be filled with kind thoughts; the words with kind meanings."

"Certainly; but, why for you?"

"You promised me not to speak to Markham to-night."

"Unless I were tired of you."

"Would you kill me with such a supposition?"

"I should like to see whether the certainty would kill you."

"But, your promise?"

"Was conditional."

"And the condition?"

"Null and void." The Coquette could not resist the opportunity of exercising her power.

"I am serious!"

"So am I, and, to prove it—" Miss Linley beckoned to Markham.

"If you speak to him, I leave you."

"Do you threaten me?"

"No, but myself—and for ever!"

"Well, good bye."

Markham approached. Miss Linley smiled sweetly upon him, such a smile as once brought him to her feet.

"Mr. Markham," said the lady, "I cannot endure to see you looking so painfully grave, especially," and she looked modestly down, "while I reproach myself with being the unworthy cause. This is a more commodious seat than the one which you have quitted: will you not take it?"

Markham's face was an index of wounded feeling. "Madam," he said, "it is better that I should leave your presence altogether, for, I confess that in it I cannot either look or feel otherwise than pained and sorrowful. I forgive you," he added, in real emotion, "I forgive you the agony of spirit which what has been play to you has caused me, and I earnestly hope that the feelings of an honest man may never again be within your power."

"And good bye," Winchester added, "good bye, and, as I threatened you, for ever. I say nothing of my feelings: for, if there can be sympathy where there are no feelings, I must sympathize with you, for I have none. As to affairs of the heart, they are all milk and

water, and fit only for boarding-school misses. You will not regret me, because I am only the shadow. Markham was the substance. Adieu! adieu!"

Markham bowed profoundly, and walked sorrowfully away; Winchester retired backward, with an impertinent reverence, as from the presence of majesty.

Miss Linley sank on her sofa almost annihilated. Who can tell what an echo her heart gave back to the sound of their chariot-wheels!

SONG.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

Give me the flowers that breathe
  Rich odours on the air:
Oh who would twine a scentless wreath
  Scorning the balmy fair!
And give me hearts that glow
  Beneath their maiden mould —
Ah, what avails the fairest brow,
  When all within is cold!

Give me the hand to wake
  The spirit of the lyre,
Not coldly measured chords that make
  The form without the fire:
And, give me, more than all,
  The answering pulse to prize
The soul that soars from earthly thrall
  To commune with the skies!

THE JOGHEE.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

A JOGHEE is a devotee, or fanatic, who somewhat resembles a fakir, but with this distinction:—the former is of the religion of Brahma, the latter professes that of Mohammed. Any man, young or old, single or married, may become a Joghee; and the artful, the idle, the discontented, and the dissolute, arraying themselves in ragged and filthy garments, letting their beards grow long, and painting their faces in a singular manner, are those who are most frequently found under the habit of this pretender to sanctity.

Many moons ago, moons not within the memory of the present generation, or of the past, or of the past before that, a Joghee took up his abode on the top of a hill, named—nay, but the name of that hill has escaped our memory, and our friends must be contented to learn that it was situated in the neighbourhood of Madras, somewhere within the circumference of one hundred miles round that presidency. This Joghee obtained an extraordinary reputation for sanctity: his touch only was sufficient to cure all diseases; at least, so he said; for, had he not first asserted it himself, nobody would have been aware that he possessed this

wonderful property. Then, the people being credulous, and glad, moreover, to be healed at so easy a rate, flocked from all quarters to the pious man, to avail themselves of the benefit of his prayers and miraculous cures.

After a while, the Joghee, who was clad, like the other members of his fraternity, in filthy rags, and lived in a sorry bamboo hut, on the summit of the hill, began to think that he must better his condition, in order that he might better the condition of his relations; since it was a crying sin that the father and mother, the brothers and sisters, and the aunts, the uncles, and the cousins, of so holy and far-famed an individual should suffer all the pains and penalties of indigence, whilst he revelled, or if he pleased might revel, in the fat of the land.

When, therefore, he held his next levee on the hill, he brought out his *chatties* and other household vessels, desiring all who came to be touched or prayed for to put, as an offering to the gods, and as alms for the poor, a *dumree*, or a few cowries, into each. In this manner, it is almost needless to say, he collected, ere long, an immense sum.

But, man is a discontented animal: ambition also comes as a snare even to the righteous; and our Joghee, uneasy under his prosperous circumstances, and inflated with a pride, rather of the flesh than of the spirit, bethought him that he would build a temple, marry, (or not, it was optional), and maintain as many

conjeenas as the funds he had, and the funds he always intended to have, at his disposal would permit. Accordingly, he collected a great band of players on many instruments; such as were to be blown, touched, and beaten; and these musicians remained on the mountain, playing and making a tremendous noise, for one hundred and eighty and two days and a half, this being a mystic number. So devout and holy a proceeding brought from far and near a vast concourse of people; and, when the musicians ceased, the Joghee came forth from his hut. Loud acclamations hailed his appearance, which subsiding at length into silence, he thus addressed the assembly:—

"My children, I have dreamt a dream, and in the visions of the night, Ganésa, the strengthener and increaser—Ganésa, who bears the pomegranate of fruitfulness in one hand, and in the other the lotus-leaf of strength—Ganésa, who wears an elephant's head on human shoulders—Ganésa, one of the bright incarnations of the lion-headed Krishna, hath appeared unto me.* His commands are, that I become the high

* The Indian mythology is a delicate subject to handle, but a full account of the cause of Ganésa's Elephant's Head will be found in the "*Brahma Vaivertta Purana*," a work that treats of the manifestations of the Supreme Being in worldly forms, by the interposition of Krishna. Suffice it to observe that Ganésa, an avatar of Krishna, was the presumed son of Párvati and Siva. Sami, one of the gods who came to congratulate the supposed parents on his birth, had the curse of destroying whomsoever he gazed on, and, by a look, severed the child's head from its body. Vishnu replaced it with an elephant's head, the first he could lay hands on — the real one was re-absorbed into Krishna.

priest of his temple—that magnificent temple which I am to erect on this hill, to his honour; that I select as his priestesses two hundred of the most youthful and beautiful daughters of Hindustan, from whom shall proceed a race of priests worthy of their sire: and that I call upon each and every one to further the erection of Ganésa's temple, and the maintenance of its servants, by a ready donation of as large a portion of your worldly wealth as it is convenient to you to spare for this pious undertaking."

So saying, the Joghee retreated into his hut, amidst the *shevas* of the credulous people; and, ere long, three lacs and a half of rupees, collected by voluntary contribution, bore testimony to the force of his appeal; or, as perhaps it were better expressed, to the magic of his song, addresses similar to the above being chanted in a sort of recitative. The temple was built, endowed, and dedicated to Ganésa. The artful Joghee, wealthy, arrogant, and despotic, officiated as the arch-priest; and the two hundred hapless maidens—but we willingly pass over in silence the monstrous abominations ever coincident with idolatry, merely alluding to the well-known fact that over them the miserable heathen of India know not how to cast the veil (flimsy though it be) of classic sentiment, elegance, and refinement.

After a while, the promised priests, the worthy successors of their worthy sire, made their appearance in the temple of Ganésa; youthful, indeed, but on the

whole, fine lads, and active; yet, as in the ordinary course of Providence, daughters as well as sons are born into the world;—what had become of their sisters? Alas! they suffered a fate by no means uncommon to the female children of the Hindus, for whom there is generally a greater difficulty in providing (as with ourselves) than for the males: they were all massacred, murdered in their infancy, without remorse, by their inhuman father! One's blood absolutely runs cold at the bare detail of atrocities, not without their parallel at this day in India!

But to return. The temple of Ganésa, which for many years yielded a considerable revenue to all who were concerned in it, lies now, with its founder, the Joghee, low in the dust; but the descendants of that impostor are still, it is said, to be found in many of the religious edifices abounding in the vast empire of Hindustan. And it may here be, in conclusion of this sketch, remarked, that the rise of the generality of Indian temples is attributed to circumstances very similar to those of the foregoing tradition. And the ruins of many an idol-fane are scattered over the face of the land, not from any indifference on the part of the natives to the worship of their abominable deities, but from the circumstance of an ancient temple falling into disrepute, when a more modern neighbour obtains a name, and being forsaken and suffered to go to decay. The ruins of these abandoned edifices are frequently very picturesque, crowning (as do several of those now

in use) the summits, or rising from the sides, of hills; reposing in verdant valleys, or standing out in bold relief from sandy plains. Of many Hindoo temples, nought remains but the crumbling walls, merely held together by the firm embrace of the strong roots of the parasitical banyan-tree; and the emblems of a fearful worship may be observed by the musing traveller strewed about the ground, dishonoured and defiled, "fallen from their high estate" into one of cold neglect, and even least disrespected, when permitted to bury their deceased glories beneath the friendly covering of creeping plants, rushes, and grass!

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

You forwarded to me "The Shepherdess" last year to illustrate; adding that you thought you could not send it more appropriately than to a "SWAIN."—The following lines were the result of your hint.

A Swain?—I am indeed a Shepherd Swain!
Great minds, immortal minds, my *Mountains* grand;
Bright Poesy the *flower* that gems my plain,
And Prose the glorious *foliage* of my land!
My heart the hourglass—and my *hopes* its *sand!*
My books the precious flock more prized than gold;
Where Genius shines I take my willing stand;
Patience my *crook* — nor slow, nor over-bold;
All minds my *pastures* are—and Human Love my *fold!*

J. West. pinx.t Pub.d by Ackermann & C.o Strand. F. Bacon. Sculp.t

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BY L. E. L.

Sleep with honey-dews hath bound her,
  Sleep unwaked by day;
Through the forest growing round her
  None may take their way,
For it is a path forbidden
  By the words of power;
There the beauty must be hidden
  Till the appointed hour;
Till the young deliverer cometh,
And the maiden life resumeth.

Purple fruit and golden chalice
  Lie upon the floor;
For, in that enchanted palace,
  All is as before.
There still is the censer burning,
  With its perfumed flame;
Years on many years returning,
  See it still the same;
It will burn till light re-living
In those closed eyes quench its giving.

There her ivory lute, too, slumbers
  On the haunted ground,

Silent are its once sweet numbers,
Like all things around;
On her cheek the rose is breathing
With its softest red;
And the auburn hair is wreathing
Round the graceful head:
Changeth not that rosy shade,
Stirreth not that auburn braid.

Hath the wild west wind then only
Leave to come and weep?
Is the lovely one left lonely
To her charmed sleep?
No, when yon full moon has risen
O'er the azure lake,
Cometh one to that sweet prison
For the sleeper's sake;
On that only moonlit hour
Hath the gentle fairy power.

Then she calls fair spirits nigh her,
Each one with a dream,
So with sweet thoughts to supply her,
And those shadows seem
Real as life, but that each vision
Hath a lovelier ray,
More etherial and elysian
Than earth's common day.
Human thoughts and feelings keep
Life in that enchanted sleep.

Soon o'er that dark pine and laurel
Will a youth prevail:
Is there not a gentle moral
In that fairy tale?
Like that maiden's sleep unwaking,
Slumbereth woman's heart,
Till Love comes, that slumber breaking
For life's loveliest part.
Ah, the heart which it must waken
Soon will mourn its rest forsaken!

LOVE AND MERCY.

BY THE REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

"Sprinkling with bloom the bank beneath,
That silver almond seems in sighs
To whisper, as the zephyrs breathe,
How fast its fleeting blossom dies.

"The lonely bird from yonder spray
Bends o'er the Rose's blushing leaf;
And gentle Pity fain would say—
She chants her tale of widow'd grief.

"But, is it grief inspires the tones
That melt amidst the warbling shades,
Or, whispering to the zephyr, moans,
Where fast the silver almond fades?

"Ah! we may picture plaintive Love!
Yet wailings from man only part,
That to the trembling spirit prove
Their source is sorrow of the heart!

"Alas! the sufferings that we share—
They are no fabled, fancied woes
We droop, we linger in despair,
Till Death the scene of misery close."

Such was the Persian poet's lay,
While, glancing down the vale of tears,
He caught in vain a glimmering ray
To soothe his pangs—to calm his fears.

Though prostrate he the sun adored,
With Hope that to frail Nature clings;
Yet had the day's effulgent lord
For him no "healing in his wings."

The star of Bethlehem from on high
For him no balmy lustre shed;
He never hail'd the dawning sky
Whence wavering doubt and darkness fled.

Nor did he feel how short, how slight,
How valueless, life's little span,
Unconscious of the heavenly light
When Love and Mercy beam'd on man.

MORNING.

BY CAPTAIN CALDER CAMPBELL.

"Now have the mounting sun's all-ripening wings
Swept the cold sweat of night from earth's dank breast;"
And from the couch, whence Mem'ry's scorpion stings
Have harshly chased the gentle dove of rest,
I slowly steal, to watch the wondrous things
That Nature spreads upon her varied vest,
When sleepy Night her faint farewell is taking,
And Morn upon the misty hills is breaking.

There is a solemn silence in the night,
That well may calm to peace the troubled heart;
There is a sound of glee—a vision bright—
When Darkness throws her widow-weeds apart,
To don Day's bridal dress of dewy light,
That with the arrow's fleetness well may dart
O'er gloomiest bosoms thoughts of Hope, once dead—
Reviving, like shut flowers, 'neath Morning's tread.

But there are darker spirits—like deep caves
That in the womb of mountains, swart and wild,
Exchange the sunlight for the shock of waves,
Hiding from day their waters world-defiled;—
And mem'ry's beams to them are as the graves
That, veiled in night, by daylight are beguiled

Into the horror'd view;—before the eye
Raising the ghosts of pleasures long gone by.

The breath of Morning—all its fragrant dews—
Its budding boughs, its singing birds, its bees;
Its skies, vermilioned o'er with blush-like hues,
Its sunshine, laughing o'er bright-tinted trees;
Its voice of many tones, whose sounds transfuse
Through hoping hearts a thousand extacies;
To blighted spirits speak—like grave-strown blooms—
Of the death-work within these painted tombs!

For Morning's breath, though sweet and softly blown,
May reach the tempest's force before the noon;
Rude drifting rains may quench the fragrance thrown
From dewy buds—and carmine skies may soon
Be wrinkled o'er with angry clouds—the tone
Of Pleasure's voice may alter to the croon
Of rushing waves and furious winds—and all
The glorious earth be wrapt in Ruin's pall!

The withered heart hath but *one* resting place,
The silent solitude where sleep the dead;
Yet from the gentle radiance and sweet grace
Of Nature in her quietude, where tread
Of noisy man disturbs not, with rude pace,
The harmony that slumbers o'er the head,
A fleeting rest its tortured thoughts may win
From sights and sounds that have no taste of sin!

JULIAN AND LEONOR.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

[Perhaps the greatest value of this anecdote is that it is literally "founded upon fact." The circumstances are not wholly unknown in Rome and Venice, nor the dramatis personæ in England.]

Where sea-girt Venice points westwardly into the Adriatic, there is a little lone island, dimly visible from the sandy shore of the Lido, to which your gondolieri may row you in about half an hour. It looks dark and desolate; the stranger's step rarely intrudes upon its loneliness; but it is oftener visited by the Venetians, who turn from the gaiety of the Piazza di San Marco,

The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy,

to indulge, in that lone place, in the melancholy emotions which follow the *estro* of enjoyment. In the triumphant and stirring times of blind old Dandolo, it was a sort of gathering place for the wild mariners who swept the Adriatic and the Levant with a piratical freedom. They built a dwelling there, in which convenience was consulted rather than architectural beauty, and the place seems well adapted for the rendezvous of these skimmers of the seas. When the flag of St. Mark

ceased to be the talisman of power, pomp, pride, and victory — when the proas of Venice no longer darted over the seas with an eagle's arrowy flight, these ocean freebooters also felt decay: the island became deserted, their citadel a ruin; and of late years only did it receive a partial renovation, when it became converted into and used as a Lazar-house, or receptacle for the insane.

Among the inmates of this dreary abode was one whose madness was of a mild and subdued nature. When I learned that he was an Englishman, my curiosity—or it may be a higher and better feeling—became strongly excited. I inquired into the particulars of his story, and the result of this inquisition still more deeply interested me in his fate, while it assured me also that it would not be very difficult to soften his complaint—less of madness than melancholy. Its paroxysms were unfrequent; his mind was warped rather than wrecked; and, upon all points but one, he was fully as rational as are half the world. But I anticipate my tale; it is a narrative of a high heart, which "brokenly lived on," with all its ardent hopes shattered, and its affections strewed in the dust around it.

When I first saw that young Englishman in the Venetian madhouse, he appeared to be about thirty years of age. Toil and turmoil of the mind had early given him a furrowed cheek, for I afterwards knew that he wanted some years of his apparent age. He was rich and high born. He must have been more than usually

beautiful — if we may apply the term "beautiful" to man—for even then, the pale shadow of his former self, he was one on whom the eye would involuntarily linger —just as we cannot pass by, with the mere common glance of admiration, some splendid production where the art of the sculptor (Pygmalion-like) has thrown such mind into the marble, that it seems as if struggling into the energy of life.

From his youth upward he was enthusiastic as the veriest poet whose mind is so delicately formed as to be crushed in contact with the rude world — as some fairy-like piece of exquisite and priceless *bijouterie* is demolished by a slight touch. His imagination had loved to run riot through the asphodel fields of poetic thought, before he had "filed his mind" to the necessity of slaking its thirst at the fresh-welling fountains of solid knowledge. But, in time, this necessity became self-apparent, and he plunged eagerly into the deep quest of what Learning from her ancient scrolls can bestow, or Nature scatter forth to the inquirer from her ever-open and exhaustless volume of beauty and of living action. He drank deeply of the mingled waters of other men's detailed experience and his own dreamy imaginings. The magnificence of this world's external beauty filled him with wild delight. He had become an *Idealist*.

Wherever he looked, whatever he beheld, howsoever Nature arrayed herself, all ministered to the pleasure of a mind sensitively awake to a keen and quick per-

ception of the Beautiful. Like that flower, which still turns to the Day-God as he treads the azure paths of heaven, and folds up her golden petals when his glory retires to gladden other lands, so did his spirit expand as it gazed delightedly on the beauty of this world we are in and of; and, when the dusky twilight of graver thought came on, it veiled its contemplation from the darkness which then surrounded it. For hitherto, although he sometimes paused, even in the full rapidity of his studious course, to wonder at many things — wildering as the Fata Morgana to the Sicilian peasant —his soul remained tranquil in the path it traversed.

At length (for it could not long be otherwise) he panted for communings with an intelligence like his own. He sighed for some Egeria in his loneliness. His fancy framed for himself a being bright in charms and beautiful in mind. It endowed her with all of fair, or wise, or wonderful, that lover, philosopher, or poet, could severally have imaged. He languished for the bright reality of this dear vision, which haunted his dreams by night and his thoughts by day; breathing, beautiful, and real!

All place, all time, all things, became subsidiary to this one engrossing thought. "I will go forth," thought he, "to seek in other lands for that intelligence and beauty which I have vainly wished for in my own. In other climes, which Nature has arrayed in her most magnificent and beautiful hues, there must exist some corresponding human beauty and intellect to match the

gorgeousness which rests beneath these far and favoured skies. Surely, the children of these sunny lands must still be lovely and gifted, as in old days, when they were the poet-themes, which even now stir the soul of man up from its very depths!"

He made the tour of Europe, and still was dissatisfied. In France he did not find the creature he sought for. Beautiful women met his eye; wit, lightning-winged, sped from their lips; they had pretty words, strung like pearls, for his ear; smiles, which seemed the very arrows of a most hearted love; fascination, which, like a whirlpool, drew all admiration into its eddy; but he found, or fancied, that all was mere show and tinsel. He distrusted the *seeming* sincerity of heart with which Heartlessness can so well invest herself, and he fled in disgust from the Calypso wiles of Parisian fashion. It was the same wherever he went; all places lacked the Hesperian fruit he sought. So, as a last resource, he turned his pilgrim-steps to Italy; and, if here he failed also—if, indeed, the being he sought was not to be found — if Fancy had cheated him with a dream of what would not be — if his desire was to be unsatisfied—his resolve was to return from the wildering world of Imagination to the real world of Action; to let Ambition have a proper sway within his heart — to assume his station among the magnates of his land — to live for others, as hitherto he had lived but for himself; for he knew that a man may himself be bankrupt in happiness, and yet bestow it.

So he came to Rome, where, for a time, the distracting thoughts which so long had torn his bosom became stilled and subdued. He was now amid the wrecks of national glory and grandeur; and, thinking on what Rome had been, and viewing her present wreck, it is no wonder if, spirit-led to the memory of hoar antiquity, he should forget his own thoughts. But this was soon past: he still trod upon the grave of empire, but the spell had lost its power—he returned to the contemplation of the shrined hopes of his youthful fancy, smiling at his having ever forgotten them.

At Rome, though his stay was prolonged, his pursuit of the embodiment of mental and personal beauty was in vain. Still he lingered with the "Niobe of nations." At length, when hope was dulled, and he had become even somewhat ashamed of the phantasy which had cost him so much anxiety, he was preparing (in a chastened and soberer mood,) to return to England, when he was persuaded to attend a masqued ball at the Palace Borghese.

He mingled with the crowds, and was quitting that gorgeous scene, where happy hearts were more happy, and sad ones put on the seeming of joy, to cheat themselves into a forgetfulness of grief—when a lady, habited as Hebe, attracted his attention. He spoke to her, and her ready wit and eloquent words, rich simplicity of manner, and rare dignity of demeanour, made him yet more interested in this chance companion. It was the sole daughter of the last of the haughty house

of Colonna, who thus enslaved him. She had marked the coldness of his manner, the abstraction of his very mirth; and, with all the innocent thoughtlessness of youth, had sportively said that *she* would endeavour to thaw the frozen veil which enwrapped the northern stranger. She suceeeded.

The ancestral house of the Colonna—on whose columns the honours of Rome once rested—remained prouder in its poverty than even when wealth gave it a golden appanage. Julian soon knew that a daughter of that high and haughty line would not be given to a stranger. The Colonna family numbered the mighty among its alliances of old, and Leonor—the fair and sole scion of its latter days—was destined for a convent's cell or a marriage of interest.

And the knowledge of this but fed the flame which filled Julian's heart. He loved this fair daughter of the land of beauty and of passion. To him she appeared the realization of all that he had hopelessly hoped for—the gem, worth a monarch's ransom, to be snatched from the treasury of life, and pressed to his heart as priceless.

He offered his hand and heart to the lovely lady. The offer met with calm and cold rejection. But, it is said, I cannot guess how truly, that in Italy, as in England, a lady's "No" may sometimes be interpreted by love into a half-compliance—and Julian found it well to hold this consoling casuistry of passion.

Leonor was conscious of the power of her great

beauty; proud, too, of her natural genius, and her wealth of accomplishments; but, amid this consciousness of dominion and this pride of mind, there ran an under-current of deeper and better thoughts. She could know the value of a true heart, and therefore half repented the fancied necessity which led her to reject such a lover as Julian.

To him—intellectual and enthusiastic—Leonor appeared as gifted in mind as she was confessedly peerless in person, and he still cherished—almost against hope—the thought that she might yet be the living flower to bloom by his ancestral hearth, sole in his heart and cherished by his love. Mock not at such a hope. Love is most dream-like; it is composed of an alternation of hopes and fears: its *hopes* are clouded by the shadow which fear flings across them; and its very *fears* are sun-tinted by the gleams which hope reflects from its mirror, whereon are imaged a thousand thoughts of future bliss. And who may expect the boon of success so well as the young and the gifted?

One evening, in the autumn, Julian walked amid the ruins of the Coliseum, accompanied by Leonor—for they had separated from the company. They paused to gaze upon the splendour of the night-queen, then springing from her bed of glory on high, illumining the world with her silvery sheen. It was a scene for the heart to muse, with a melancholy not unpleasing, over the shattered remnant of the world's ancient mistress.

It was a scene for regret, for memory, for admiration, but it did not deeply interest them long—for, when the heart beats high with the pulse of passion, love becomes the only inspiration of the thoughts of youth.

Leonor felt the "dangerous stillness" of that hour and scene. The devotedness of her lover had touched her heart—is it not ever thus?—and as she looked stealthily upon his noble brow, and drank in the eloquence which flowed from his lips as he talked of the glory of Rome's elder days, and as his eye, even more eloquent than his winged words, beamed with enthusiasm when he spoke of that departed greatness—oh, who can blame if the haughty heart of the fair Colonna unbent from its pride—if a consciousness of her admirer's worth flashed across her with the suddenness of thought and the certainty of conviction—if a softer accent dwelt upon her tone, and a tenderer feeling glanced from her flashing eye!

She knew that this was to be the last evening of Julian's stay in Rome. At the rejection of his suit he felt indignation, and there flows but a narrow Rubicon to separate that feeling from love. To forget, however, is a task more difficult than to adore. With Julian—for he had tried it—forgetfulness was impossible. He had found it difficult to avoid her society. Latterly, his manner towards her had been studiedly indifferent—but now, when the morrow's sun was to see him depart for ever from the place which *her* presence had sanctified to him—from the only one who

had ever appeared suited to share with him the difficult empire of heart, there was a tenderness (unknown to himself) in his slightest words, and this stole into the heart—hitherto cold as the marble pillar at whose base they sat—which he had ceased to hope would ever respond to his.

He changed the subject of their converse. Hitherto, he had spoken of indifferent themes, to while away the fast-thronging thoughts — unsummoned memories — which rose into his heart. The effort had failed. He ceased to speak, and Leonor and he were both silent with mutual, but unacknowledged, emotions. At length, he broke the silence; calmly, at first; but, as he proceeded, his voice had a deeper tone of feeling, his manner became more earnest, and his cheek and brow became passion-flushed.

"We part, Leonor," said he. "I could have wished for a happier doom. Henceforth, a solitary hearth and shattered hopes are mine. That I loved—that I love—you, I need not repeat. The tale has been told you once too often, but the feeling will not, *cannot*, cease but with my life. You, with the pride of a high ancestral name—amid the admiration of a thousand hearts, and the hopes of youth and beauty—may live, lovely and beloved: but the more bitter doom is mine!"

"No," interrupted Leonor, "like your's, my course will be a lone and sorrowing one. I can bring but a worldly heart and baffled hopes to the altar, at which, as a victim, I am to be devoted. A little month will

see my youth, and the beauty which you praise, lost in the gloom of a convent's cell. Perhaps, before then, you will have forgotten this passion which you say consumes you!"

But, as she spoke the words, there was a melancholy tenderness in her subdued voice, and Julian's hopes began to bud anew. Ever, when we are turning away from the portal of Hope, some recalling whisper is heard to teach us the "Open Sesame!" which we had forgotten!

"And why, dearest Leonor, need a convent's gloom be the portion of one so fair, so hearted? Are there no climes but this of Italy where love can make the fond heart happy?—no skies beneath which tenderness may not bloom and exhaustless affection be nourished? In my own land there are happy hearts to greet *my* return, and love *her* whose love would make glad my home. Fly with me there, if flight be needful, or *here* give me a claim to call you my own: let a husband's rights supersede those of a parent, and the utmost pride of Rome's haughtiest houses shall not—cannot—break the love-links by which our hearts will be united!"

The lady's answer is not on record; but, after a pause, she placed her hand in his, and threw herself into his arms, and wept long, but *not* bitterly. If these be not symptoms of her acceding to his proffer, then am I unversed in the lore of love.

The mingled whispers of the lovers—the glad con-

fession, each to each, of the birth and progress of affection—the happy aspirations for a long life-dream of joy that Hope breathed forth—*these* cannot be mistaken. Has love a happier time than this? Ere they parted, the lovers had agreed to substitute, as early as possible, the nuptial ceremony for that ritual sacrifice by which it was intended to dedicate Leonor to cold celibacy. Her heart had always abhorred the cell—she felt happy at avoiding it, and *thus*.

There is always some bitterness springing up, to cast its poison into the cup of life. The young can but dream of these things, at first, but the more mature feel them in sad reality. Some busy babbler, some wretched eaves-dropper, had listened to the converse of the lovers, and, by the morrow's dawn, her proud father had learned the affection and resolve of Leonor. He had no compunction when he doomed her to a convent—that living grave, where woman, in her youth and beauty, is entombed with all her budding affections and delicate hopes. But his heart panted with indignation when he knew that his daughter had dared to feel for herself, and wed happiness. "I would scarcely," said he, "have had her espouse the proudest he in Rome, and she shall not wed with a stranger to her country and its faith." So, ere a week passed, Leonor had been forced to commence her noviciate.

Distraction seized on Julian when he learned this. He had been absent, at Venice, when this harsh step was taken, and exaggeration reported that Leonor had

been professed a nun. His paroxysms of anger and outraged love terminated in a dangerous and tedious illness, which subsided into the melancholy madness in which I first saw him. He thus came to inhabit that lazar-house, in the lone island in the Venetian lagune, of which I have already made mention.

Leonor inherited all the lofty spirit of her ancestors. She did not lack the heart to conceive, or the will to execute. Weeks passed by, and consciousness of her wrongs, with the excitement of her passion, stronger from its persecution, as Religion grows mightier from the bonds and bars in which Intolerance would bind it, urged the desire of rescue — of return to liberty and love.

After a time, the circumstance of Julian's madness reached her ear, and augmented her determined will. "He," thought she, "cannot now take me from this living tomb; what he cannot achieve for me, let me perform for him. Let me break the bonds which detain me here, and hasten to restore his mind to its wonted vigour. Medicine fails to do so, but there is a spell in the great power of love which can administer hope even to the hopeless, drive despair from the despairing, and relume the flickering lamp of Reason with a light as beautiful as Affection ever gleamed upon Pain."

At the festival of the Carnival, immediately preceding Lent, much latitude and liberty are always allowed to both sexes. Sometimes (although it does not commonly occur) the novices are permitted to leave their

convents under strict *surveillance*, and, in the quaint disguises of the season, mingle with that world of life and love, to which they are on the eve of bidding a long farewell. To Leonor this indulgence was proffered, by her accepted. Her demeanour had been so calm, her endurance so voiceless, that they feared the monotony of such a life might wear away the vigour of her mind — even as water, drop by drop, wears away the marble: and they did not apprehend that such apathy as her's would abuse the privilege they allowed her. So she mingled with the crowds, and her well-assumed air of abstraction completely deceived her attendants, until at length they became less watchful, and Leonor was left to herself. She seized the opportunity afforded by this desertion, and speeded to execute her project. Its boldness was equalled by its success.

At that time, the seventh Pius wore the pontifical tiara. Leonor was no stranger to the person of this good old man. She had, more than once, received his almost parental blessing; and to the Vatican she now proceeded, strong in hope.

There was not much dignity preserved in that stately dwelling of the "head of the Church on earth;" and, in that season of revelry and feasting, that little was so much relaxed, that it was no very difficult matter for Leonor to penetrate—almost unquestioned—into the private chamber of the Pontiff. She passed through the splendid suite of apartments, and, at length, reached the peculiar and private audience-room of the Pope.

As she paused at the door, pondering on the best mode of interesting Pius in the story of her wrongs, she was accosted, in a gentle and parental tone, by an old man, plainly clothed, and bearing no external marks of pomp or power. But, in his dark eye—which the storms of seventy years had scarcely dimmed—and on his lofty brow was enthroned that dignity, which high station and its consciousness rarely fail to confer. It was the Pope:—she threw herself at his feet, in an agony of tears. Her heart had failed her when the goal was reached. The impassionate and mild old man raised her from the ground, and courteously led her into the chamber.

In a very few moments she was calm: the magnitude of the stake—hope and happiness—gave her self-possession and courage. She told her story: she implored the interference of the holy father, and the pathos of her tale won unaccustomed tears from his aged eyes. Is there not a charm in the narrative of true and trusting love? Is there not a spell in the holiness of truth and the fervour of affection? There must be so; for the Pontiff wept over the sorrows of this youthful lady, and whispered consolation and hope to her wounded spirit.

"I release you, my daughter," said he, "from the solitude of the conventual life: the vows which are not sanctified by a willing spirit cannot be worthy Heaven. Earth, as yet, has higher claims upon you. Go, and join him to whom your heart's hopes are wedded: offer

with him those conjugal vows which are a holy rite of his faith, and a solemn sacrament of our's. Go, and serve your God in another land—for your stay cannot now be safe in this—and, if ever your heart should incline to stray from that faith which has been the faith of your fathers through long ages, remember that *I* have blessed your union with one whose God is my God, although we worship him in different modes, and pray to the throne of the Highest for grace to guide you in the true path to peace here and happiness hereafter."

Fervently did Leonor thank him, and rapidly did she run through the plan which she had framed for the restoration of her Julian. The good old man smiled at her eagerness of anticipation, and approved of the details of her project. He even offered her money to assist it, and she accepted the assistance. She took leave of him, deeply touched by his kindness, and pleased with the success of her romantic errand. She did not return to her convent.

When Julian had resided for some time in the Venetian madhouse, his disease became much mitigated. It subsided into melancholy—in a word, he was quite rational upon all points but one. He believed that Leonor was lost to him for ever, and thus he had no hope to console him. The very sound of a woman's voice pained him:—this was the fatal chord which could not be touched without awakening the violence of his most

darkened mood. When first I saw him, I was struck with the elegance of his pursuits, even in that melancholy abode. One day, as I was passing by his door, he accompanied himself on the guitar. His voice was sweet in its manly depth, and he displayed no inconsiderable skill in music. His song was simple—the words were his own: and he had arranged them to a wild but pathetic melody. The song ran thus:

As the violet loveth the welcome shade,
And the mariner loveth the sea,
As the peasant-boy loveth his native glade,
Where his bounding step is free—
As the nightingale loveth the lonely flower,
Which blooms by the rippling rill—
As the maiden loveth the moonlight hour,
Where music hails her still—
So is my spirit's love for thine,
As it never would part more,
And deems that thou art half divine,
Leonor! Leonor! Leonor!

But the mariner finds an ocean grave,
And the violet blooms to die—
And the peasant sinks into the slave,
Beneath some tyrant's eye.—
And withers the rose by the rippling stream—
And the bird's sweet strain grows dull—
And a cloud flits over the moon's pale beam
For the loss of the Beautiful:—
And thus, fair spirit, thoughts of thee
In care and grief are o'er,
When lingers the bright, the glad, the free—
Leonor! Leonor! Leonor!

While he was singing, my steps had been arrested by the melody, so unusual in such a place, and I yet remained by the door of his apartment when he opened

it. A few words of apology led to a gentle and gracious reply from him. A few moments after, and we were wandering, arm in arm, in the garden of the citadel. I did not then know that he was confined therein; indeed I was scarcely aware of the use to which the Austrian authorities at Venice had devoted that building. We separated, with a promise to meet again.

On inquiry, my boatmen told me the popular legend of Julian's sad story, and you may be sure it did not mar the interest I took in him. Frequently I revisited that lone island, and became more and more pleased with the wonders of mind and the treasures of knowledge which were the rich possessions of the ill-fated Julian. At last, scarcely a day passed that I did not visit him, for the gaiety of Venice (all glare and glitter) did not suit my mind at the time. My friends smiled as I withdrew from their mirthful society, and many rare quips and jests were passed upon my relinquishing *their* converse for that of my unhappy countryman. That I did so was well known in Venice.

One day, just as I was about leaving my home for Julian's habitation, a boy was ushered into the chamber, on the plea of urgent business. In a sweet voice, and with entreating aspect, he said, "Dismiss the attendants." I did so, and he threw himself before me, soliciting my permission to wait on my friend Julian; "as a companion—an attendant—a menial. I know,"

said he, "that I have the power of restoring him to health, and I trust you will not refuse the boon I pray for." I raised the youth from his lowly posture. We had a long interview, during which he communicated such peculiar circumstances, that I could no longer refuse to comply with his request; and—with a hope-flushed cheek and a heart swelling with admiration of the conduct of the youth, who had given me full confidence in his history and intentions—I went to the island.

I did not lose much time in mentioning to Julian that I had brought a careful attendant with me. Briefly explaining that the youth had solicited the office of waiting upon him, I introduced him. I perceived Julian's cheek to flush, and his eyes to brighten, and his frame to tremble with emotion, when the youth entered. These effects were momentary, but renewed, more slightly, when he heard the youth's voice, which was low and sweet. As he waited upon us at table, I noticed that his lip quivered and his cheek paled, as he watched the ravages which disease and neglect had made in the features of Julian.

Matters went on smoothly enough for some weeks, until the youth, one day, called me aside, and said, "I am tired of this horror of suspense, and would wish to undertake Julian's cure now, before the heat of the summer season, which is always dangerous, in this climate, to those who suffer from disease of the mind." So, knowing of what he purposed doing, I acquiesced.

That night, while we sat at supper, the youth brought a crystal goblet full of wine, which he proffered to Julian. "It is," said he, "your birthday, and you must make merry with your friend, as they do in England, my dear master." Julian said with a smile, "I will drink, if you tell me how you know, what I had forgotten, that this is my birthday." The youth blushed, and replied, "Drink of the wine first, and I will afterwards inform you." So Julian drained the cup, and suddenly fell back on the sofa; for the youth had mixed in the wine a subtle powder which had the power of inducing strong and sudden sleep. We placed him on the couch at ease, and waited his awakening.

He slept, calmly as an infant, for many hours; and when, at last, the heaviness of slumber appeared to be abating—as we could perceive by his restless movements—the youth left the room, saying, "If he complains of thirst, give him to drink from the cup which stands in yon recess, and, before then, do not hesitate to lead the converse to the subject of his illness and its cause."

Presently, Julian awoke; and I knew by the colour on his cheek and the calmness of his glance that a great change had taken place. At first, as if to himself, he murmured the *refrain* of his song,

"Leonor! Leonor! Leonor!"

and then, after a pause, said—"I am, as it were, awakening from a dream; will you not inform me of what has happened?" And I told him of his illness, and we

spoke of the cause, and then I knew that he was recovered, for he did not decline to hear me speak of Leonor, whose name, heretofore, he had allowed none but himself to utter. "We must save her," said he; "she loves me better than she loves aught else in the world. The youth who hath so carefully attended me and yourself shall join to save her." Then he inquired where that youth was, and complained of a great thirst. I remembered what instructions the youth had given, and handed the cup of wine to him.

He drank. At the bottom of the cup was a golden ring; which when he saw, he trembled, and his cheek grew pale as death, and he was, for a time, without motion, except the tremulous quiver of his lips, which were much convulsed. "Whence came this?" said he, at last. And, as I was about replying, the door opened, and the youth entered—not dressed in the attire of manhood, as hitherto—but habited as a lady, bright and beautiful. And Julian, when he saw her, knew his lost Leonor!

Indeed, I knew, from the first, who she was, for she had told me: but, fearing that her sudden appearance might altogether overthrow his mind, she had thus provided to obtain a crisis by means of the subtle drug which she put into his wine. It was a fearful experiment — but what will not love essay, when health and happiness are trembling in the scale against madness and despair!

You may be certain that we kept silent on these

matters. I took upon myself to provide a ship to convey the happy lovers to England. That night, we quitted the island, and proceeded to Malta, where Julian and Leonor were wedded. While we remained at Malta, news arrived of the death of the Pope; and much we deplored the loss of that true friend, who had not only sanctioned Leonor's escape, but checked pursuit after her, suggesting that it was probable she had drowned herself in despair at her baffled love.

It is not necessary to continue the tale. The lovers went to England, where Julian's family, delighted at his recovery and return, were grateful to the fair cause of both. If, in youth, Julian was an Idealist in fancy, he is now a Realist in enjoyment. He has lived, a happy man, and such happiness as his extends instead of diminishing.

SONG.

FROM "TITIAN," AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

The last sunburst of glory
  Has faded away,
And the rushing waves murmur
  A knell for the day;
Earth is gleaming with lustre,
  And Heaven with delight,
For the moon is arising—
  Fair queen of the night.

Not a cloud is before her
To dim her pure light;
Not a shadow comes o'er her,
Her beauty to blight:
But she glows in soft lustre—
One star by her side—
From her throne in the azure,
Earth's beautiful bride.

Shine on, lovely planet,
Unclouded and free;
Shed thy beauty around all
Of land and of sea;
Bright eyes are upon thee,
For she whom I love
With me gazes on thee,
In thy brightness above!

THE BETRAYED.

BY ELEANORA LOUISA MONTAGU.

Farewell! a long and last farewell
To that betraying heart!
The feared and fated hour hath dawn'd
Which tells us we must part.
The bloom of my devoted truth
Still robes its parent tree;

But the rose of love, untimely shed,
Shall leave but thorns for thee!

When thou art far, my soul shall weep
The tears no hand may dry,
While memory's magic wand shall raise
The never-ceasing sigh;
Yet welcome, welcome to my breast
The thoughts I fain would flee,
Could I but deem the hand of time
Would veil the past from thee!

But thou must bear an inward woe—
A grief more deep than mine!
O'er one whose God is Truth alone
The star of peace may shine:
But, when at gold's debasing shrine
Thou bend'st the suppliant knee,
The anguish of a late remorse
Shall start to life in thee!

Oh! dear unto this heart thou wert,
Thou dream of lost delight!
The ray which greets the prisoner's eye
Ne'er wore so loved a light!
Whatever spot of earth shall form
A living grave to me,
While yet one prayer shall pass these lips,
That prayer shall rise for thee.

H.P. Parker, pinx.t Publ.d by Ackermann & Co. London 1837 T.S. Engleheart, sculp.t

PUSS & THE POETESS.

PUSS AND THE POETESS.

A TALE OF SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONTI."

What, stranger? have you never heard
Of the lady under the holly-tree?
'Tis a story that will make you weep—
It always does me.

OLD BALLAD.

THE terrace-walk at Aspens, (what a pleasant fancy it is to call country retreats after the names of trees!) is renowned as the most perfect thing of its kind on a small scale, within twenty miles of the cheerful cathedral town of W——: with its sloping flower-knots and rich lawn on the one side, and on the other the old fantastically pierced screen or wall, which it is said once belonged to the cloisters of a religious house, the very name whereof is now forgotten. A long irregular one-storied house terminates the walk at one extremity; and, though a thing of shreds and patches, with here a niche and there a sashed door, in one place something meant for a pinnacle, and a little further a huge stack of chimneys, laced with aspiring shoots of ivy: it has a comfort, and homeliness, and propriety of appearance, which rarely belong to the most regular and classically correct design for "villa or casino" (your *dilletanti* con-

descend not to cottages, save as objects in their "ornamental grounds)," which ever found its way out of architect's studio.

The lady of Aspens was as perfect of her kind as her terrace-walk: a little old-fashioned, a little absurd; but "just the best creature in the world;" outwardly a structure of antiquated silks and cobweb laces, and jewellery as ancient as the reign of Queen Anne: at heart religious and discreet — the very pink of good neighbours—a lady, (as some one or other said of her), "down to the very tips of her pins." What else but a strong sense of duty, equalled only by her kindliness, could have induced her to trouble the waning years of a long and tranquil widowhood with the charge of an orphan niece? and, being herself a woman of small abilities and requirements, whose sole accomplishment was making the most of her cards when Fortune was unkind, and whose best talk was no more intellectual than Mrs. Barbauld's gossip

> Of farm and orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
> Or drowning fly, or shoe lost in the mire—

could persuade her to devote herself unweariedly to the companionship of one whose meanest ideas touched upon "pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses;" who was sentimental to the sky-blue point, and who mourned over the day as trifled away in unideal worldliness if it was not spent among books, and prints, and papers, and pictures; or in discussions of the mysteries of the human heart, and the more

subtle workings of the affections? But, Laura Beresford, (happy at least in her picturesque name), was poor and homeless: and her aunt felt her presence at Aspens as much a matter of course as if she had been

> No dainty lady of degree,
> Of beauty, or of book—

but a "nice, good-humoured, well brought-up, companion of a girl," who could manage a genteel establishment if required, could embroider patiently at a composition of worsted and canvas, which should last as serious occupation for three years: and, best of all, eke out a rubber, if wanted.

In spite, however, of the resignation in which genuine Christianity and constitutional good-humour had each a part, which enabled Mrs. Gray to trip over the small trials of daily life; to come into close contact with a nature far different from her own—and that in the person of a dependent — and still preserve her smoothness of temper unfrayed; there were times when Laura's perverse sensibility troubled her meditations like a passing ghost. Nay, when the former had gone the length of refusing Sir Antony Oliphant, because he fell short of the heroic standard enthroned by her imagination, it is said that Mrs. Gray could not eat for three days, revoked at whist half-a-dozen times in one evening, though the Dean was her partner, and walked slowly to and fro within the precincts of Aspens saying little: the strangest thing of all. One simple remonstrance, indeed, she had attempted. She had hinted, in the inno-

cent concern of her heart, that ten thousand a year was ten thousand a year, and that Sir Antony was a pattern for sons and landlords; but the bare suggestion of these truths had called forth such a torrent of eloquent remonstrance, with tears, sighs, and insinuations of a fearful future, if the least constraint were offered to the inclinations of the young lady, that the good little woman was scared into silence. Still she brooded over these inexplicable things long and earnestly: adopted the only and most hackneyed plan which occurred to her of sending Laura to pay a visit of six weeks to an old friend; and, hopeless as the matter seemed to be, turned in her mind the to her momentous step of recommending patience and expectation in a letter to the disconsolate baronet, who, Rumour averred, pined upon his refusal, and had been even heard discussing the erection of a mausoleum within sight of his drawing-room windows.

On the April evening when my tale commences, Mrs. Gray was soliloquizing upon the terrace at Aspens, swept along at a brisk pace by a full but not rude breeze, and looking from a distance like a dwarf balloon surmounted with a couple of arms precisely crossed, and a high-crowned bonnet and streamers:—"Dear me! the poor young man!" so ran her thoughts, "*poor* Sir Antony! So well brought up, and so genteel! his mother was a Middlehurst—and to think of his setting up that gloomy thing to remind him of his end!—so close under the very windows of the house—how

dismal! I wish Mrs. Roxburghe may do some good with poor Laura—and *such* an offer to refuse! . . . Not that I want her to leave me; her room will look very forsaken to-morrow when she is gone — though I will not say but it would have been a convenience, could she have sat down to a table, when I cannot have Miss Saxton. Bless me! this wind is so quick with one! . . . and I shall miss hearing her sing; though she does choose such die-away ditties. There she begins again!" . . . . and through one of the half-opened windows came a beautiful voice doing its utmost to sound miserable, as it breathed forth

Love not! love not! — the thing you love may die!

"Well, to be sure," resumed Mrs. Gray, permitting herself to be again put in motion by the wind, "*I* never was so doleful in my young days. Heigho! I shall send those guinea-fowls to Sir Antony to-night, poor fellow! it will divert his mind and do him good! A mausoleum, indeed! — that would be a fitter thing for me to think about than such a fine portly youth as he is! and yet I feel strong and hearty, and, thank God! willing to stay here as long as is thought fit." A more boisterous gust of the breeze whirled away the codicil to this resigned speech, and warned the walker to return into the house.

The evening was long and dull; Laura, in the main a good girl, feeling a little culprit-like, and her aunt restrained by a struggle between a sense of duty which prompted her to give advice, and a good-natured un-

willingness not to wear out the affections of her young charge by counsel too often repeated. Nature, however—and the nature of the old is to warn and foresee—got the mastery; and, when her niece rose to retire for the night, and lighted the wax-light in the quaint-looking Dresden candlestick, and offered her lips for the usual kiss, with some little penitence in her air, Mrs. Gray retained her gently with:

"Just one word, Laura, darling—one little word before you go to bed; for you know I shall have no opportunity to-morrow night; and I am thinking a great deal about your affairs just now, my dear. Ah, well! I was not going to press you again about Sir Antony—so you need not blush, and look as if you wanted to run away. Here, sit down on this little stool, (your mother worked it when we were at school together) and, listen to me, like a dear child."

"You are going into the world, Laura, to-morrow: for the races are coming on at Stony Hampton, and Mrs. Roxburghe will of course be there and take you, and you will see many new faces and people—red coats, I warrant, by the dozen."

—A little toss of the head on Laura's part. She, whose thoughts were with the poets and philosophers, to be talked to about a red coat!

"And very probably, love, you will be sought after and thought much of: for, though a large girl—my dear, what a bounce you gave!—I was saying that, though a large girl—your mother was twice your size

before she was thirty, so it is ordained for you — you are very pretty, and the men like a young rosy face— I know by experience."

"Now," thought the stubborn damsel to herself, "I am going to be coursed through the catalogue of her lovers!"

"What I meant to say was, Laura, *do* be discreet if you should have many beaux. Don't set your heart upon a very rich man — because you may possibly be thinking of his guineas when you think you are thinking of himself. And, as for a poor man, my love, what would become of you and your play-books as a poor man's wife?—I tremble to contemplate it! Then, about rank, a title is a title—but, the old families are not what they used to be: and some of those proud fashionable dowagers of mothers-in-law would treat you like Lucifer. Now, Lady Oliphant, besides her deafness, is quite a prisoner to that Bath chair of her's, and so . . . . well, well, my dear, I won't. Laura, I will never forgive you—*never*, if you fix your choice upon a foreigner — they should marry in their own countries — some of those Germans have three wives, and call it no sin: hush, my love, I know it is so, Captain Cromarty told me.—And then, *do* be difficult about temper, Laura;— principles, of course, Laura—for you are a good child. — I do not want you to fancy a fool precisely; but, as for a genius—don't look angry, Laura, till I remind you of that pretty compliment of Archdeacon Dockray's. 'Mrs. Gray,' said he, 'Miss Beresford has genius

enough for two;'—so you are not to be displeased at a nice young man because he is not very bright — but, above all things—I will let you go now, your candle will be burnt out else — don't, don't be taken with a man with an odd temper—a jealous man. If he suspect you once, have nothing to say to him—a fractious lover makes a fierce husband; and you *must* marry happily, Laura, though you marry to please yourself, and not me!"

There was enough of heart-warm unselfish affection in the last words of this rambling harangue and the tone of their speaker, to touch a colder creature than Laura Beresford: and she parted from her aged relative for the night, with a less impatient sense of her mental deficiencies than she had hitherto entertained. How strange it is that it should be so hard to the young to forgive weakness! and how wise are they who require not to be taught this best of lessons by harsh and blighting experience!

A few days' experience of common-place society, if taken naturally and imperceptibly, may do a good deal in the way of setting right one not perversely or affectedly unreasonable. It is true that Laura carried with her to Stony Hampton her favourite solitary fancy that she was not understood — but, though she was willing—nay, had expressed in verses more high-sounding than correct, and had engrossed, in a diary of the heart, full of dashes, notes of exclamation, and quotations, her desire to retire from the giddy world—

it is one thing to withdraw from an unwilling and admiring throng, another to be permitted to slip away as a matter of course, perhaps even of expediency. In the first case are some of the pleasures and consolations of self-martyrdom, in the second the prosaic vexation of submitting, because the thing is not to be helped. Had any one told Laura that she looked pale or melancholy, she would have felt it "comfort her marvellous much"—but to be passed over as "a pretty sort of girl, but a shocking bad dancer," a remark she had absolutely overheard, from one of the nimble and spruce youths of Stony Hampton, with the existence of all her hidden stores of romance and fancy never so much as adverted to, *was* a trial. Now, Sir Antony Oliphant did confess to *some* liking for poetry — *did* find moonlight pleasant on a dry night—while the Smiths, and Browns, and Nevilles, and Lovells, were so amusing to each other and to themselves as to have neither eyes nor ears; nor — as Laura indignantly confided to the journal of her griefs—*hearts* for a stranger. Neither does a maiden aged nineteen, however poetical, like too often sitting out when quadrilles and galloppes are going merrily on — and this was Laura's fate — Mrs. Roxburghe choosing to dance herself. A dancing chaperon, as all the world knows, is an unsympathizing and cold-blooded *lusus naturæ*.

Wrapt in comfortless meditations sate our poor Laura on a certain evening, occupying one of "the anxious benches" of a public ball, wondering when it

would be over, and, as her eye fell listlessly upon a transparency, through which a strong flare of lamp-light streamed, recalling the forms and figures in a certain window of stained glass at Oliphant Place, till her thoughts grew rhythmical, and, alas! for her caution, vented themselves in murmured speech. She was planning an ode, it is believed, whereof the first lines were to be:

> I hate this world and its glittering shapes,
> Its women are puppets, its men are apes.—

She paused, perceiving an eye fixed upon her: an eye, too, that said unutterable things. It was a cold, dark, piercing, and deep eye, and, with a certain *under-tone* in its glance, (if so far-fetched a phrase may be allowed to pass), which sent a shiver through her veins—for she felt that she had been overheard—and, for aught she knew to the contrary, had been laughed at—and what sentimentalist could ever abide ridicule? On looking up, she perceived that this awful searching feature belonged to one whom she had never seen before: a very superior being she was sure to the buckram and buckskin gentry of Stony Hampton. The gentleman was tall, and pale, and dark, with a magnificent head of hair, massy, but guiltless of essences and curling-tongs; his hand as white as a woman's; his dress plain, but with that *je ne sçais quoi* in its appointments which even Laura could appreciate; his attitude at once reminded her of the Apollo Belvidere, and Retzsch's Faust, or, to use her own phrase, as inscribed

in her journal, of all things "graceful, and sculpturesque, and mysterious." He was crossing the short space which separated them: was he going . . . . . yes, he *did* speak, and, Phœbus, in what a voice!

"Might I entreat the favour of the sequel to that couplet?" said he, with an air of profound deference. Yet, in spite of his heroic and chivalrous gesture, poor Laura must be accused of the unheroine-like wish of longing that Mrs. Roxburghe were near her. She stammered, blushed — fairly rose to her feet.

"I beg you ten thousand pardons, madam, for my impertinence, but I could not resist . . . I am the most absent of men, and forgot myself."

"O, delightful, Captain Cromarty!" broke in the foolishly girlish voice of Mrs. Roxburghe — a voice which it cost her infinite trouble to maintain unchanged through a long series of years, "the very *vis-à-vis* of all others to be desired! Laura, Mr. ——, (the name escaped Miss Beresford), come, stand up, the room is thinning, and the ball just beginning to be pleasant— I am in *such* spirits to-night; positively I feel like my own daughter."

Could Mrs. Gray have overheard her friend's vivacity, Laura's visit at Stony Hampton might probably have been abridged. As it was, the young lady took the arm of the companion on whom she was thus strangely thrown—trembling from head to foot — and quite too genuinely occupied in her mind to have time to recall as much as one simile or a quotation.

"We have both of us been thinking aloud, I suspect," said the gentleman, anxious to relieve Laura of her embarrassment, as he led her to her place in the quadrille; "it is so unsafe a habit, and would cause so much unpleasant remark if known, that we had better mutually agree to say nothing about it." Laura bowed, at once set at ease by the composed polish of his manner; but she *felt* that he was surveying her from top to toe with curious scrutiny, and that, if her feet had been as large as they were tiny, her stately partner was already in possession of the fact. I say she *felt* this, for never was any man less of a starer than Mr. Percy Hertford.

But she had no time to afflict or perplex herself: for her partner, (probably to atone for a piece of involuntary or irresistible impertinence) began to talk to her in *such* a strain of flowery discourse! Never before had anything so enchanting gladdened the ears of Laura Beresford. Mr. Hertford told—and this with no obtrusive resolution to broach the picturesque—of a moonlight night passed alone among the ruins of the Coliseum, by the side of a dying bandit:—of a month spent in one of those magnificent Spanish monasteries, where the religion of romance still lingers, though decaying, as yet having lost none of its old ceremonials. He had travelled with Shelley for four days and nights —no wonder that to listen his partner stood motionless and rapt, thereby giving the Stony Hampton gentry another cause of complaint against her for damaging

the symmetry of the quadrille! He had been abandoned by ruffianly Arab guides in one of the tombs in the valley of Beban-el-Malook . . . . but my readers will lose breath if they follow him further. What a glorious contrast and compensation was this colloquy for the monotony of Sir Antony Oliphant's wooing! Poor Laura! she lost her heart within an hour. She passed the transparency with its lights again and again; but the associations which had made her eye linger upon it somewhat relentingly, but half an hour before, had faded away for ever!

From foreign scenes and characters, the subject naturally changed to poetry—from poetry to romance: and here Laura was at home. She, too, had been in Arcadia, and could talk of its "whereabouts." Every one who is well read in light literature remembers "The ———," that tale so full of talent and terrible incident, which was heralded by preliminary paragraphs for months before it made its appearance, and the advertisements whereof were *improved*, (so say the divines) by hints, and commentaries, and applications, till booksellers' shops were broken open by readers eager to obtain a first glimpse of a story so magnificently lauded, and the proprietors of circulating libraries were compelled, in self-defence, to call in the constabulary force, to ensure an impartial delivery of early copies—so fierce was curiosity—so riotous the world of gentle readers. Now, Laura was brimful of this "dear awful book," and as good, at least, as a key to its diffi-

culties and insinuations. Fancy, then, the pleasure, the positive ecstacy, she felt upon discovering the secret of its parentage, on being told, in a voice as musical as Rubini's, that she hung upon the arm of the magician of its mysteries—of one whom she had, at an awful distance, regarded as little less fearful than the Veiled Prophet himself! How the writer was led so far to forget himself never thoroughly transpired.

"We understand one another," murmured Mr. Percy Hertford, as they parted for the night, with a gentle pressure of hands, too emphatic, while it was gentle, not to imply something nearer and dearer than mere common acquaintanceship. The gentleman ran his hand negligently through his splendid hair, and repaired to his hotel—*not* to dream of his hundredth conquest. The lady reached home, as she expressed it herself, "to confide the raptures of the past hours—O earth! how rarely found on thy orb of tears and disappointments!"—to her diary. It would be shameful maliciously to put forward the fact, that she *could* fall asleep after so much exciting and high-souled communion: her slumbers, then, must have been but a trance, and not the mere vulgar refreshment of weary nature!

A dream which shall last three weeks is a thing that can only befall the most readily enchanted of visionaries once in her life. For three weeks was Laura totally contented—happy is too poor a word to

use—she was absorbed—fascinated—lapped in Elysium. With the fourth week, some of the sunshine of her lot had grown dim—she accidentally discovered that Mr. Hertford was forty-two, instead of the age he owned to—thirty: in the innocence of her first *sensation*, she had fancied him only twenty-five. What was worse, with forty-two years he had as many ways of his own;—was particular in trifles, loved his own corner, and his own chair, and his own weather. The sun made him languid, the breeze irritable;—an English summer he pronounced to be the most irrational of hot weather;—and, did Laura venture to hint at a liking for frost and Christmas berries, he coolly gave her to understand that no one knew what winter was save those who had merrily sledged it through in St. Petersburg or Moscow. Then in music he was *so* exclusive a connoisseur! He had walked out of the room in the midst of "Auld Robin Gray," with a more than audible sigh for Malibran—no Englishwoman, he had once declared, *could* sing:—and, though this declaration was made before he had heard Laura Beresford's small but musical voice, and though she readily excused the remark on its first utterance, it clung to her memory, and, in the course of the fourth week aforesaid, made a more conspicuous figure in her thoughts than she cared to own. It was provoking to have to lay aside her guitar whenever he came in:—surely it would be only lover-like and courteous in him *sometimes* to listen to her! Some men make love by ex-

pounding their own opinions, and talking of their own exploits—Mr. Percy Hertford was of the number; and it was rumoured that of late his listeners had proved less patient than they had once been.

And then the gentleman's antipathies!—as numerous were these as the sands of the sea—as necessary, it seemed, to his comfort, as the air he breathed, or the clothes he put on. He shared in Lord Byron's dislike to receiving ocular demonstration that the gentle sex were fed on aught more substantial than air, or May-dew, or sunshine: he loathed sounds, and sights, and scents, which other people hear, and perceive, and taste, as so many daily matters of course. Once, when the two were enjoying a sentimental *tête-à-tête*—Laura expatiating upon some favourite poem with more than usual earnestness—he suddenly interrupted her, almost rudely, turning pale the while, gasping for breath, and showing other symptoms of distress, which she could not but remark.

"Pray, Miss Beresford—you must really excuse me—but I shall not breathe again till that cursed animal be gone." The quadruped thus unceremoniously designated being a pet kitten of our heroine's, Laura pouted, turned red, and tears made their way into her round eyes. Antagonists as cat and dog have been, since the days of the flood, she thought that they should be included in the same proverb.

Mr. Hertford's uncharitable speech led to a brisk argument; for Laura's dread of him had so far worn

off, that she could now venture to support her own fancies. Too young and too pretty to run the least risk of being suspected of the humours of spinsterhood, the maiden defended herself by precedent and quotation—talked in high-sounding phrase of Bacchus and his pards; did not every one know that cats were only little leopards? Did Mr. Percy Hertford mean to say that his disgust extended to all the mythological representations of the joyous, wine-loving god? Was it likely that Gray (and Mr. Hertford, exclusive as he was, owned to a great admiration of that choice poet) would have immortalised Selina, had the race whereunto she belonged deserved to be estimated as the Pariah tribe among quadrupeds? Lastly—for Laura was rather discursive than logical—she came down from times ancient to times modern, and quoted Mademoiselle Jenny Vertpré's inimitable personification of *La Chatte Metamorphosée*, in support of her predilection. To this last convincing argument there could be nothing replied: the gentleman smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and took his leave. The lady, triumphing in her successful argument, found herself in such an unusual mood of charity towards all mankind, that, in closing a letter to Mrs. Gray, (about one tenth of which it is presumed was understood by that excellent lady) she found herself, strange to say, sending her compliments to Lady Oliphant, and "hoping that the cold winds had not tried her severely."

A strange puzzle is the human heart! Laura's

pertinacity in the little debate just described, so far from disgusting her admirer, proved, it would seem, if anything, a stimulus to his admiration. Such of the gentler sex as intend to win by unlimited acquiescence *must* confine their hopes of appropriation, or of being appropriated, to the inexperienced or the stupid. There was another of the eternal Stony Hampton balls that evening, during which the grand and difficult Mr. Percy Hertford devoted himself exclusively to Mrs. Roxburghe's fair guest; while she—a strange puzzle is the human heart!—began to fancy herself in some slight danger of yawning, even when his discourse flowed the most poetically—began to regard the conscientiousness with which the Smiths, and Browns, and Joneses, regarded all engagements admitted or inferred, with more surprise than approbation—began to admit that, though sentiment is a dear, delicious thing, "Love itself can't live on flowers"—and to wish for her supper! But her cavalier was persevering in withdrawing her from the giddy throng, and his whispers were more fervent and more significant than they had been formerly; he spoke of the union of hearts and the mysteries of unworldly affection—sighed twice—took, with a reverential gesture, one flower from Laura's bouquet, and replaced it, on parting, by a perfumed billet; saying tremulously, as he pressed her tiny symmetrical fingers, "Read this, and let me have your answer to-morrow." She knew that that most agitating of all things—a proposal—was coming,

and bade him good-night with less than her usual composure.

Arrived at home, locked up in the solitude of her own chamber, it may be supposed that Laura lost not a moment in tearing the declaration of love (for such, indeed, it proved) from its envelope. She threw herself into a richly-carved easy chair, and began to read it. "Down, Minette, down!" cried she to her kitten, a privileged intruder into her room, who was rioting upon her toilette, among scraps of verse and flaçons of perfumery. The presence of her favourite was hardly very propitious to Mr. Hertford's suit—the style of his declaration was yet more fatal to its success. "Much obliged to him for his condescension," soliloquised Laura—"down, Minette! I say, you are *too* bold! Yes, indeed, he makes me an offer because he cannot help it: every line shows it. *After many struggles with his passion;*—and then, this allusion to my dear aunt—the insolent!—*will remove me from all contracting influences.*—He is confident, at all events; as if I would give up my relations for his sake!—and what has this long-winded verse from Shelley to do with the matter? *The delight and comfort of his future years*—of his old age, he means—it is too presuming, too selfish—I will read no more of it"—and she threw away the envelope in high disdain; and, tossing the offending letter upon the table, to be finished on some future opportunity, took up a book to tranquillise her ruffled spirit. But the wound inflicted was not very

deep, nor could the hand which had inflicted it have been very dear; for, according to the usual placidity of her temperament, sleep, in the shape of a downy dream, overtook her, before she had, by way of sedative, turned over (for she did not pretend to read) ten pages of her darling "Corinne."

There is no more awkward moment in life than the one in which a well-assured (call it not *self-conceited*) man awaits an answer to some love proposal, into the making of which he has been precipitated—such things *will* happen. Mr. Percy Hertford had pshawed and wondered at himself half the night. "A green girl, without rank, without style, without fortune! What had he been about?—he who had wandered over Europe and Asia without ever having committed such a folly! So ignorant, too, as she was—and then her talk made up of odds and ends of fustian!—so fond of his antipathy! Had he been drinking too much, or was it his fate?" And to these uncomfortable self-questionings succeeded visions of a most homely and unpicturesque future—of a fat, red-faced wife, with a loud laugh and noisy spirits, and a tribe of clamorous children. His dreams continued in the same current as his waking thoughts: and so unfavourably wrought the combined influence of the two upon his personal appearance, that, when he rose on the following morning, in spite of all the aids of dress and decoration, his mirror revealed to him the unpalatable fact that he looked cross, and old, and fifty!

Laura's disenchantment had proceeded so far, that she, too, made a similar discovery, when she greeted him in the full daylight of Mrs. Roxburghe's sunny little breakfast parlour; and this in spite of an embarrassment of manner—which may be said to be awkward rather than conscious—to belong to one who has made a blunder rather than to one labouring under a delicate embarrassment.

Mr. Hertford, it must be confessed, was chivalresque enough on the present occasion to satisfy the most exactingly romantic of maidens. How he sighed, and pressed, and protested! He wondered at himself while he bent down, whispering his raptures into Laura's ear:—but 'twas his fate: and perhaps he inwardly resolved that this outlay of gay words should stand in the stead of more substantial and less showy deeds. She, meanwhile, listened, mute as Niobe — teased, anxious, uneasy — once or twice, a little disposed to smile, but in the main obliged by the compliment of such a splendid act of wooing addressed to herself. He ceased, and she blushed, and began—

"I am sorry. . . ."

"Dear Miss Beresford—dearest Laura . . . ."

A pause on the lady's part.

"That sweet confusion, how it enhances your beauty! —But, in one word—in only one word, I entreat of you —make me the most blessed of mortals: you read my letter, did you not?" . . . .

"I am very sorry . . . ." continued the lady, full of her own matter of excuse.

"The letter," persisted he, his mind equally possessed with the epistle he had put together with such care and subtlety, and a copy whereof had been deposited among his archives—"I trust you did me the favour of weighing well, and with a bias towards the favourable, the arguments I ventured to advance at its conclusion."

Laura's agitation visibly increased—"Indeed I am very sorry—I do not know what to say."

"You understand me, however—there *can* be no doubt of your understanding me, after the explicit manner in which I there stated my expectations. Say but yes, and I am the happiest of lovers."

"Indeed, indeed," replied his auditor, feeling herself on the verge of a dilemma, and the better and more truthful part of her nature coming to her assistance—"I am afraid you will be very angry with me, Mr. Hertford, but I must tell you every thing—I have not read the whole of it."

"You have not!" replied he, with a start, almost a stern one, and his natural temper, rather than his acquired breeding, spoke in his sudden and unpremeditated—"I hope, madam, you have some satisfactory account to offer me for such—such a singular and disrespectful proceeding."

Laura was a little frightened, a very little piqued—"I might question Mr. Hertford's *right* to call me to account," said she, quickly, with an attempt at a gay rallying manner, "were I to choose; but I am not

very punctilious, and will own the exact truth, and throw the blame upon the right party. Poor Minette! —*if* you were *very* anxious for me to read the *whole* of the letter—the blame lies with her, and it is another to add to your list of causes for antipathy."

Mr. Hertford made a wry face (O how old, how positively monkey-like, he looked at that moment!) as the name of his aversion was mentioned—"You are making game of me, Miss Beresford," said he gravely, and with yet increased irritability of manner.

"Upon honour bright, I am serious—To say the truth, then, I left your letter half unfinished on my dressing-table — and — do not look so awful — positively fell asleep. Well, my dear, tiresome little Minette, who loves a secret as well as any of the Stony Hampton coterie, chose to mount up there for her usual game at romps — overthrew my dressing-box, which overthrew my candle, which set fire to the various treasures spread around; and, had not the faithful creature waked me by her screams, and by scratching my face—for, believe it or not, as you will, she *is* as sagacious as any quadruped under the sun—the blaze would probably have reached my gown, and you might have been called upon to write an elegy upon my untimely fate, instead of being put to the labour of writing your letter over again, or communicating its contents to me as we sit here. You look angry, Mr. Hertford; surely you do not place *me* in competition with a scrap of paper and a morsel of wax; the time spent over

employing the same being, of course, given into the bargain, when a fair lady is in the case."

Laura's raillery, which was half real, half assumed, proved too much for her admirer. "Could this," he indignantly asked of himself, "be the meek, delicate, sentimental Miss Beresford?—this hoyden, with red cheeks and a wide mouth; she who confessed herself capable of falling asleep over a letter—and *such* a letter? There was no knowing what she might not say next!" His colour changed from a sallow to a yet paler and unlovelier shade, and his frame trembled with ill-concealed vexation, as he rose, and, taking his hat, which he had crushed into fifty uncouth forms as Laura had made her playful defence, bade the young lady good morning, with a stiff bow and a few freezing words—"She should hear of him again!"

But it has been conjectured that his resolve was lost in empty air, for Laura never received duplicate or second edition of the epistle so ignominiously destroyed; and, on the evening of that very same day, Mr. Percy Hertford disappeared from Stony Hampton, called away, of course, by sudden and peremptory business, and bearing thence with him, it must be confessed, but little of its sunshine.

* * * * * *

"Minette! Minette!" cried Lady Oliphant (not the dowager) as she watched, with a mother's proud eye, the gambols of a round-limbed, crowing boy with a grandchild of her old favourite, who sate blinking by

the fire-side, as demure as if she in her time had never indulged in the like indiscreet sportiveness, "what an awkward business it was that you once delivered me from!"

"Yes, indeed, my Laura," replied Sir Anthony, who, like many other country gentlemen, was an indifferently bad hand at a pun in his own parish, "if every one could so easily get rid of a foolish, insipid, coxcomb of a lover and her only folly — for *your* common sense came pretty speedily back when once you dismissed Mr. Percy Hertford, or he took himself off—who would not rather court than deprecate such a CAT-ASTROPHE?"

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Oh! mother, dear mother, what dreams of delight
Have brightened and gladdened my slumbers to-night!
Methought the kind father we mourn for as dead
Had returned to our dwelling, and stood by my bed.

"He questioned me much on the paths I had trod,
Of affection to you, and obedience to God;
My answers he seemed quite rejoiced to obtain,
And said, 'Soon, dearest boy, I shall meet you again.'"

The mother felt faint and desponding of heart;
She looked on the child, and she knew they must part,
For the flush on his cheek, and the light in his eye,
Foretold that her sweet one was destined to die.

One murmuring thought on her trial she cast,
But she sunk on her knees — the temptation had past,
And she sobbed forth, while clasping the hand of her son,
"The will of our gracious Creator be done!"

Night came — the fair boy was reposing in sleep,
His mother sat near him to watch and to weep,
The volume of life her sad vigils beguiled,
And she turned o'er its pages, and looked on her child.

On his red lip a smile now appeared to arise,
And he suddenly opened his dark radiant eyes,
He stretched forth his arms, as though called to his home,
And softly he murmured, "Dear father, I come!"

Life fled in that moment — all cares were in vain,
Friends came at the tidings, a sorrowing train;
They wept for the sweet playful child they had known,
But more for the widow deserted and lone.

Yet not without hope her affliction deplore,
For the God who has taken can also restore,
And the desolate widow has trust in His love,
Who can call her to join her dear lost ones above.

RIGOUR OF THE LAW IN 1657.

AN HISTORICAL FACT,

RELATED BY MRS. GORE.

"YOUR views are doubtless noble, nor would I insinuate that your confidence is misplaced," observed Major Dewey to his brother-in-law, George Strangwayes, as they were riding together towards Blandford, from the neighbouring farm of Mussen, the property of the latter gentleman. "'T is now near upon eight years since your father died, and you came into possession of the estate of Mussen. Since then, it has been your pleasure to leave Mistress Mabellah in possession of the place; nor would I insinuate but that the farm, (considering her feeble sex and lonely condition), has been sagely administered."

"The place prospers," answered Major Strangwayes carelessly; "the plantations are rising — the land is improved. Did you notice to-day, brother Dewey, the fine crop of wheat standing in West Croft, which in my father's time produced little besides docks and thistles? This change had scarcely been, had a short-sighted, long-armed soldier like myself remained at the

head of affairs. *I* have not patience for a farmer, Heaven help me! If a saucy farm-knave outbraves me in his duty, 't is a word and a blow, or rather a blow wordless. Down goes he, flat as the threshing-floor; and then there are broken pates to be answered for at Mr. Justice's, and fines, and, may be, worse; because, forsooth, my cavalier blood is too hot in my veins to bear the insolence of a hireling."

"Pray Heaven the heat of your cavalier blood betray you not, sooner or later, into a sorer strait!" responded the sober Major, a member of the Rump Parliament, and, in political as in religious principles, wholly opposed to the brother-in law, to whom he was linked by ties of worldly interest. "Pray Heaven you may be convinced in time that mischief hunts out the violent man, and that the Lord only should be the repayer of vengeance!"

"And a slow paymaster, too!" muttered Strangways between his teeth, as he whisked off with his riding wand a tendril of the dog-roses interlacing the green lane through which they were pacing, "or you and your's would scarcely have the upper hand this day of King Charles's loyal subjects, to read a sermon to my patience!" Then, turning towards the sedate Dewey, he resumed: "But, as touching this affair of Mussen Farm, I protest to you that I see no cause to misdoubt the prudent government of my sister. Mabellah is of grave years, (my elder, God-a-mercy, by ten!) past the time of wiving, and, still more, (with

reverence to her spinsterhood), of all wild inclinations. I could scarce choose a more home-staying steward; and, since her savings and sparings will of likelihood revert to myself, her only brother and heir, why harass the poor woman during her lifetime by denying so poor a concession as the possession of the bond you wot of?"

"The Lord keep me from insinuating aught against the prudence or principles of my sister-in-law!" replied the Major; "nevertheless, flesh is frail, and—"

"Frail — with gray hairs sprouting on the brow, and a beard sprouting on the chin?" cried the Major, laughing. "Frail! go to — I can scarce rebuke your sauciness, seeing the absurdity of such insinuations. Bless your cautious soul! Mabel is as chaste in thought and deed as word; for, behold! is she not a sister of your own congregation, pure in doctrine and demeanour, as Tabitha or Eunice of old? I tell ye, too, good Major, the bond is but a toy! At *your* suggestion I caused it to be drawn out when I gave her up possession of Mussen; only for the better understanding of those to come after us, that the farm was not only mine, conceded in leasehold to my sister, but that the stock and plenishing and certain moneys left in trust for their keeping up are mine also. Within these three months, poor Mabel, in her fidgets lest the hazards of my somewhat wayward life might throw the document into less worthy hands, has been eager to have it in her possession. And why not? Are we not one flesh? Is not the same blood flowing

in our veins? Not as holy mother Church proclaims of man and wife—figuratively and typically—but truly, warmly, absolutely—even as Nature created us: and shall I fear to entrust her with a paltry parchment, involving a thousand pounds or so of worldly pelf? No, no, brother Dewey! There were no longer good faith to hope for in the world, if banished from the bosom of a loyal family like that of Strangwayes, of Mussen!"

"You said, methinks, friend George," pertinaciously resumed the Major, "that 'twas *within these three months* Mistress Mabellah had shown herself eager to obtain possession of the bond? *That tallies!*"

"What tallies — and tallies with what?" cried the blunt Strangwayes, suddenly pulling up his horse, and looking the parliamentarian in the face.

"Nay — nothing—nothing but an idle thought that troubled me!" murmured Dewey, pushing on.

"Out with it, man, and 't will trouble no more!" cried his brother-in-law.

"A thought once spoken is like a fountain loosed," quoth the Major.

"And a fountain pent engendereth troubled waters," replied Strangwayes, cheerfully. "Speak, therefore. What (of evil or good portent to Mussen Farm) hath chanced within the last three months?"

"Heard ye not of the death of that thrifty and believing matron, Mistress Rebekah Fussell?" demanded Dewey.

"Let her die and—"

"Nay," interrupted the Major, misdoubting how vile a word was to follow, "but consider that this mischance leaveth our friend Obadiah Fussell a widower."

"It might leave him Attorney General to the Protector, or the devil himself, for aught I cared to the contrary."

"For, to the contrary of *such* appointments, your interests prevail not!" responded Dewey. "But as a man of single estate, (excuse the jocularity!) Master Fussell may cast a covetous eye upon the estate of Mussen."

"Put the affront of courtship upon a sister of mine?" cried the Major, with kindling eyes. "Obadiah Fussel—the attorney of Blandford! Fussell! the sneaking, pitiful, crop-eared—"

"I pray you, peace!" cried Dewey, terrified by this outburst of choler, and looking cautiously at either hedge, lest, peradventure, the man they spake of might be lurking there in ambush. "Bethink you, good brother George, that words meaning offence to Fussell mean offence also unto me. Let it be no matter of *party*; let it be a matter of man and man; ay, and of woman too, since the weaker vessel must needs be concerned, in the person of our good sister Mabel! Yet, though I would by no means insinuate disparagement of the right meaning of Master Fussell, I must in all candour admit—"

"Speak out, and be d——d to you!" cried the im-

patient Major. "In two words—the point! What views has attorney Fussell upon Mabellah Strangwayes?"

"Marriage; and by marriage possession of her person and estates," said Dewey stoutly.

"The designing villain!" cried Strangwayes, involuntarily clenching his fist. "Woo a wife of Mabel's years, (even in her youth so hard-favoured as never to have found a suitor, and now fouler-faced than the old woman of Endor,) in order to obtain possession of goods and chattels not her own; and to bestow them doubtless on the whelps of his former brood, to the despoilment of my sister's legal heirs! I'll learn the truth on't—ay! and *see* the end on't!" cried he, suddenly wheeling round, and turning back towards Mussen. And, with the unhappy Dewey vainly spurring to keep up with him, or at least to attain sufficient proximity for remonstrance, he galloped on at speed, and drew rein only beside the gateway of the farm.

Alas! the fat hackney of the Blandford attorney was there before him, carefully fastened to the palings; and, having stridden his way towards the parlour, where Mistress Mabellah was accustomed to sit of an afternoon spinning with her maids, instead of the hum of the wheel, habitual there at that hour, the drone of an hypocritical voice saluted the ear of George Strangwayes as he threw open the door.

"I am half answered already," ejaculated he, reddening with rage, on perceiving the pursy attorney

wheezing forth his adoration into the ear of his withered sister. "Still I would fain have a plain word in satisfaction of a plain inquiry."

Fussell, who had risen in confusion on the bluff soldier's entrance, turned towards Mabellah, as if for explication of this appeal.

"You, sir!" continued Strangwayes addressing him, "you, with lawn weeper and crape hatband — you — attorney!—presbyterian!—Roundhead!—what shall I call ye?—Answer, what brings ye to Mussen?"

The attorney, thus fiercely interrogated, showed no haste to comply; but Mabellah, apprehensive perhaps that her first suitor (and no doubt her last), might be browbeaten from his purpose if not promptly reinforced, answered, with a degree of coldness that might be termed, by courtesy, composure, "This gentleman, brother, is here by *my* invitation, and will be upheld by *my* sense of hospitality."

"Sense of tomfoolery!" rejoined the irate George. "Dupe that ye are, and worse! — How, Mabel! at *your* years — grey, wrinkled, doting — are ye to be blinded by evil wishes into a belief that this fellow, this quill-driving, skin-engrossing, *two, ten*-faced hypocrite, has other thoughts in his courtship than to fleece the old ewe of her wool?"

"Sir! you lack courtesy!" interrupted Fussell, constraining himself so readily that not a tinge of choler brightened his sallow unimpassioned visage; "courtesy to me and to this lady—my plighted wife."

"Plighted *wife!*"—shouted Strangwayes, in a tone that suspended the step of poor Dewey upon the threshold. "When she who, for twenty miserable years, bore with the pinchings of your miserly household and the gripings of your hard-fisted tyranny, has lain but three months in her grave! Out on ye both, for outragers of all private principle and public decency!" and, turning his back upon his sister and her demure Celadon, he flung himself breathless into a seat.

"Were it not prudent, sister, for your *friend* to depart?" whispered Dewey, drawing nigh unto Mabellah, who stood smoothing down her lawn apron, as scarcely knowing whether to wax penitent or angry. "Not that I would insinuate violence; but, of a verity, our friend George is chafed beyond the bounds of discretion, and——"

"Ay! let him sneak away, like a beaten dog as he is," cried Strangwayes, having overheard this expostulation.

"Sir, you are pleased to be personal," observed Fussell, knitting his brows.

"No!—I am *not* pleased, and *that*, dull as you are, you may discern!" retorted George. "And, moreover, if this my displeasure moveth the like feeling in yourself, there is a ready remedy. Broadswords have been drawn ere now on less provocation."

"They may be drawn in a greater, ere I outrage the law or put my life into the hands of a harm-seeking rebel," replied Fussell, in a soft, placable

tone, strangely at variance with the offence his words seemed to convey.

"I expected no better of thee!" retorted Strangwayes, with an impatient kick of the boot on the back of an unhappy cur which just then came fawning upon him, the property of the attorney. "Hate me, hate my dog!" thought Dewey; and, sidling towards Fussell, whom he apostrophized as his very good friend, he invited him to accompany him back to Blandford, leaving the sister and brother to come to a better understanding.

"The Lord will peradventure bring him to a sense of his evil-mindedness!" whispered Fussell to his future wife, as she accompanied him to the door with excuses and adieus. "For, behold, Mabellah Strangwayes, this day must judge between us! If you are for holding faith with me, be firm; for, as you now decide, so also shall you abide. Hence forward are we to be as man and wife, or as strangers."

Thus admonished, Mistress Mabel came back to her place to make a clear breast to her brother George of her intentions; and admit her positive determination and engagement to become in due season Mistress Obadiah Fussell, of Cross Street, Blandford.

"Of Cross Street, Blandford," replied Major Strangwayes, mastering his indignation, "but of Mussen Farm no longer. From the first day I can remember, the ill-conditioned dog you would foist upon me for brother has been the special aversion of my soul.—

Not one of my schoolboy pranks, but he came maundering to my father to relate; and, when I grew to man's estate, and would fain have won the hand of poor Mildred Hooker to be my wife, he poisoned the ear of the family against me, our banns were forbidden, and Mildred was wedded against her will and choice to a ruffian, who——. But, no matter!—all this and more has been *his* doing; and I tell you, sister Mabel, *here* in the presence and fear of my Maker, that, once his wife, you set foot in Mussen Farm no more."

"That, Heaven be blessed! lies not at your discretion," replied the irritated spinster. "Here dwell I, by lawful right, as tenant on lease; and, here, maid, wife, or widow, will I abide, under shelter and succour of the law."

"That shall be seen," cried Strangwayes.

"And, furthermore," pursued Mabellah, incautiously, "it is the opinion of those more versed than I am in such matters that our good father's will, constituting me sole executrix of his estate, purported towards yourself——"

"So, so, so, so!" cried Major Strangwayes, lacking patience to hear her to an end. "An attorney, but three months a widower, becomes suitor to my sister, and already threats of litigation between those who have hitherto lived together as friends, in the noblest acceptation of the word! What sin have I committed, to find myself engaged in conflict with this cloven-foot —this limb of the black art!"

"You talk as foolishly as wickedly," replied Mistress Mabel, without moving a muscle of her prim visage.

"I talk as frankly as resolutely," cried George rising and confronting her. "Marry Obadiah Fussell, and, were you thrice my sister, you should forth from my gates but once, and that on your wedding-day."

"*Your* gates? — so you could show me where they stand?" retorted Mabellah, bridling contemptuously.

"Tempt me not to fulfil your request sooner than becoming," replied Strangwayes, growing as pale with emotion as he had heretofore been red with anger. "I would fain not have it said of me that I dealt harshly with my father's — and, what is more, my mother's, daughter."

"My father, (honour to his memory), took care to secure me from the attacks of your ungovernable temper, by constituting me his executrix," replied Mabellah. "And all that he failed in securing I have myself wisely made sure, by causing leases to be signed between us, such as endow me with the farm of Mussen for twenty and one years ensuing, and as many more, should it be my desire to renew my tenancy. For the rest, stock and furniture are wholly my own, and ——"

"*How!*" interrupted the now infuriated man, "do my ears deceive me, or am I to convict my father's daughter of fraud and felony? — The stock, said ye, and furniture of Mussen? — Give up to me, woman, while I have patience to demand it, the bond by which ——"

"To spare all further irritation on that point," interrupted Mabellah, "the bond, the will, ay, and whatsoever acts of law pertain to the property of the family, are now in the safe keeping of Master Fussell, soon to be my lawful lord and husband."

"Mabellah!" said George Strangwayes, "but one word more on this hateful subject! — Against yourself I dispute not.— There are but two modes of disputation; those of the strong arm or the strong argument — and for the first, you are a woman, and too much a weakling; for the second, a woman, and too much a fool: and in neither point a match for *me*. But, I speak for the warning of him who has put fraud into what was once an honest bosom; I speak for the warning of this pilfering, pettifogging attorney; whom — mark me, so surely as ye persist to wed, so surely will he be done to death by the hand of your brother!"

So saying, he rose and quitted the farm. He returned to Blandford: and next day the substance of all he had uttered to Mabellah did he commit to writing, and intrust to the hands of his brother-in-law, Major Dewey, to be submitted in the form of cartel to Lawyer Fussell. But the attorney would as little hear of fighting as of retreating from his projects. He protested that Mistress Mabellah was the wife of his choice; being of prudent years to undertake the charge of his motherless and mistressless family, and moreover too advanced to render it likely these burthens should be increased. In vain did Major Dewey represent to

him, and appeal to the purposed bride for confirmation of the assertion, that it was only in terror of the sequestration, to which the exertions of George in the royal cause had rendered him amenable, that the estates of the family had been placed under her jurisdiction, and that to profit by this vexatious necessity was an act of positive dishonesty. Mistress Mabellah's heart was set upon marriage; and, knowing that her attraction in the eyes of the Puritan attorney lay in the lands and tenements of Mussen, she adhered to them—she persisted in asserting her rights—and subsequently in transferring them by marriage to Fussell. All that remained at last for the honest Cavalier was to commence a suit in equity against Obadiah Fussell and his wife.

So it was, however, that Westminster Hall could be by no means of eloquence or logic dispossessed of the idea that the Whig lawyer was in the right, the Cavalier in the wrong. He was nonsuited by juries of Dorsetshire and juries of Middlesex; he was set aside by justices and judges; he was set upon by sheriffs and tipstaves; his claims on the stock and furniture of Mussen Farm were pronounced null and void by the law, which refused to recognize private agreements in families, made for the express purpose of evading the penal statutes of the country.

By all this Major Strangwayes was at once impoverished and infuriated. Throughout the ranks of the Cavaliers, there was not a braver nor more free-

spirited man. To have contributed to the well-being of any member of his family, he would have made wondrous sacrifices: but to be despoiled of his own by the intrigues of a canting attorney was more than he could bear. Moreover, the gallant Major had ulterior views on the disposal of Mussen Farm and its appurtenances, such as rendered it painful as well as mortifying to find so considerable a share of his paternal inheritance subtracted by cunning from his hands. Mussen Farm he had purposed to bestow upon one dearer to him than life; and the prolongation of lease claimed by Mrs. Fussell perplexed him scarcely less than the usurpation of his goods and chattels attached to the property. A man of herculean strength, and hitherto untouched by ailment, George Strangwayes now fell sick. A burning fever, attended with delirium, reduced him to the brink of the grave; and, on recovering his strength sufficiently for the business of life, he found that, during his sore sickness, his enemies had found means to poison against him the minds of his kinsfolk and acquaintance; that he was represented as a strong-handed man, going about to devour the substance of a sister, whom it was his duty to foster and protect; as a ruffian bidding defiance to the laws and legislature. He saw that all men avoided him as a brawler and peacebreaker. In Blandford, his native place, persons of honourable degree, connexions of his family, or hand-in-hand companions of his youth, were seen to cross the street rather than extend their hands

to him in amicable greeting. He felt himself shunned—detested; he became morose, mistrustful, and at enmity with all his kind. George Strangwayes grew, in short, a-weary of the world!

His sister Dewey was no more; and her husband, the demure Major, who had been the first to insinuate into his mind displeasure against Fussell, taking fright at the family feuds he had assisted to stir up, gradually declined all intercourse with George. "Not that he insinuated unfair usage on the part of the Major towards the attorney: but Fussell and himself were brethren in the spirit as well as the flesh;" and Dewey began to fear rebuke from the elders of his congregation. It was known that, having one day encountered Fussell in Westminster Hall, where a suit at law between them was then pending, Strangwayes defied him mortally, in the presence of men, saying, "That Calais sands was the fit place for men of birth and breeding to decide their quarrels—not the musty precincts of the Common Pleas."

One last letter of counsel was addressed, accordingly, by Major Dewey to the impetuous brother-in-law, whose cause he had made up his mind to abandon, representing that these incessant litigations had already eaten into his substance, and would eventually leave him no substance to eat; that his means and credit were declining, and that, soon, nothing would remain but to mortgage the estate of Mussen Farm, the object of this obstinate contest. But Strangwayes was un-

persuadeable! "Even unto life and death," he replied, "will I pursue this pitiful vagabond; and, when all else is gone, pawn even the sword so long devoted to my country, and become a hewer of wood or drawer of water, rather than suffer the property of my fathers to be wrested from me without a struggle. At least, men shall have no cause to assert I lacked mettle or resolution; but, when I am gone for ever, they may write over my grave, 'Here lies one who resisted oppression, and lived and died an honourable Cavalier!'"

Two years elapsed after the marriage of Mabellah Strangwayes, and ten since the death of her father; nor seemed there the remotest prospect of a period to the discords of the family. The sons of Fussell, by his first marriage, were at college; and Mabellah, at the head of his well-ordered household, took delight only in thrift and housewifery; laying up store of the things of this world, without conceit of the straits to which a long-pending suit in Chancery had reduced her brother. Of George Strangwayes she heard little, save by the means of her brother-in-law, Dewey, when he returned to the county of Dorset from his duties at Westminster; the Major averring that George spent the greater portion of his time at some farm in Kent, where he declined visits, and was said to pass his days in the sobrieties of study.

"Verily, I should say adieu and God speed thee, with some misgiving of mind," observed Mabellah to her husband, on taking leave of him previous to his

departure from Blandford to London, at the commencement of Hilary Term, 1656, "were I not assured that my brother George dwelleth no longer in the metropolis. I would not there should be further encounters or strife of words between ye. For though I am assured by our beloved brother-in-law, Dewey, (on whom is the esteem of men and the favour of his Highness the Protector,) that the fiery humour of my brother is much abated; yet it bringeth discredit both on thine and mine that there should be menace and defiance between one born of my flesh and one of my flesh by election. Therefore, good husband, do I rejoice with an exceeding great joy that the unruly Major should have settled himself where ye shall nevermore encounter.''

"I have small fear of the braggartry of so graceless a man," replied the Roundhead attorney, buttoning up his riding doublet, and commending to the care of his clerk (by whom he was to be escorted to the London Courts) his cloke-bag, containing documents connected with the suits of law of the country clients in whose behoof he was undertaking the expedition.

"Look to the parchments, John Collins," quoth he; "enough for myself to have an eye and hand to the charge of money with which I am fain to encumber myself." And, having settled his pistols in his holsters, he mounted the hackney upon which, on the fourth day after departure from Blandford, it was his purpose to reach the metropolis. But he was molested by no grievance or mischance by the way. Although,

each day at even-fall, Master Collins came clattering up to the heels of his master's galloway, in terror lest the bushes by the wayside should conceal some squire of the moonlight, or cutpurse gentleman of the road; nought occurred to put their courage to the proof, save a damp bed, when halting for the night at Basingstoke. Arrived in town, the two limbs of the law settled themselves at no vast distance from the great body to which they were collaterally attached; putting up hard by the Temple and the Inns of Court, at a lodging called the George and Half Moon, three doors from the Palsgrave's Head Tavern, Temple Bar Without. Mr. Fussell, a man of sober and discreet habits, was already well known to the people of the house. Early to bed and early to rise, he was accustomed to go forth with his clerk and blue bag, at eight of the clock, to breakfast at the adjoining tavern, and to return at nightfall, his business concluded, to pass the remainder of the evening in revising that of the day past, and arranging that of the day to come, at a scrutoire placed beside the window, overlooking the Strand; without other visiters than a scrivener or two, and one Diggens, a law-stationer of Chancery Lane.

It was on the sixth evening after the establishment of the Blandford attorney at his lodgings, that he returned, as usual, at an early hour, fatigued by press of business, and announcing his intent to refresh himself with a cup of Dorchester ale, ere he retired to rest, that he might be on foot betimes on the morrow; and

John Collins, who had been plotting with the apprentices of the law-stationer to escape from the George the moment his master should be fast, in order to enjoy his first carouse with the gay younkers of the capital, sat watching with an anxious eye the proceedings of his master, who had taken up his usual position at the scrutoire, to affix dockets on certain files of papers, ere he laid them aside. When, lo! to his infinite consternation, he beheld the over-wearied attorney fall forward, overcome with sleep, upon his desk, as was no unusual case with him after a day of severe exertion.

"And so farewell my night's pleasuring!" bethought the clerk. "There he lies — fast as St. Clement's Church; and I am penned here till midnight, like a silly sheep in fold!"

It was in vain that Collins strove to invade poor Fussell's slumbers by letting fall divers ponderous law-folios, borrowed by the attorney of his friend Diggens for present reference. The sleeping lawyer budged not. At length, despairing of obtaining his liberty, when he heard the neighbouring church of St. Dunstan's chime out ten of the clock, John Collins, on pretence of a question to be urged touching the disposal of the morrow's business, jogged the elbow of his master, and, receiving no answer, jogged and jogged again. A sudden apprehension of mischief caused him, at length, to raise the head of his master from the desk; when a stream of blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils!

Starting back with horror at the sight, the clerk discomposed the attitude of the unhappy man, so that he fell prostrate from the chair upon the floor; when Collins, nothing doubting that his master was labouring under a fit of apoplexy, flew to the door, and, with loud outcries, summoned the whole house to his assistance. The lifeless attorney was laid upon a couch, when, lo! fatal proof became apparent that he had fallen a victim to assassination. The orifice of a gunshot wound was visible on his forehead—another in his cheek; and the nearest surgeon, hastily called in, declared that, having been shot through the head, his life had been at least two hours extinct.

Officers of justice were now summoned—a search prosecuted; and, in addition to the bullets which had entered the body of the murdered man, a slug was found lodged in the window-sill, from the direction of which, it was plain that aim had been taken by some person standing on the opposite pavement of the street, whence the head of Fussell, as he sat at his desk, was visible through the half-drawn curtain. The passage, indeed, by which the bullets had entered the window was so narrow, that but an inch more or less must have defeated the purpose of the assassin.

The first object of the constables of the night was to institute a minute search in the Strand and its adjacent streets and passages. But the time was past; the man of blood had effectually escaped, and all was silence and peace in the highways of the city. The afflicted

clerk, who, from his position relatively to the deceased, stood exposed to strong suspicion, was secured for the night; and, on his examination the following morning before the magistrates, having admitted that he had declared to one Smith (a barber, lodging in the same house, whose services had been required by his unfortunate master,) that Fussell had brought with him a considerable charge of money to deposit in the hands of Master Snow, an eminent goldsmith and money-broker, established at Temple Bar, the said Smith was arrested, and proof obtained that, throughout the night and preceding day, he had been absent from his lodgings.

On further examination, however, an *alibi* was established by the terrified barber; and all remained in perplexity and horror, waiting the arrival of Fussell's eldest son, who had been sent for express from Oxford.

The first exclamation that escaped the lips of this youth on being introduced into the chamber where lay the dead body of his parent was — "This is the act and deed of my uncle Strangwayes!" upon which the magistrates, eager to accomplish the ends of justice, (having made themselves masters of the nature of the disputes prevailing between the deceased and his brother-in-law, and the threats often held forth by the latter,) promoted so diligent a search, as caused George Strangwayes to be laid hold of, on the following morning, while in his bed and lodging, over-against Ivy

Bridge, in the Strand, near to the spot where now stands Bull Inn Court.

Yet, strong as was the suspicion against him, so undaunted was the bearing of the Major, under examination before Mr. Justice Blake, who conducted the proceedings, that public opinion decided strongly in his favour, and a general murmur rose in the crowded justice-room, when Strangwayes was required by the magistrates to repair to the chamber containing the corpse, and submit to the ordeal, then popular, of touching the wounds of the deceased in presence of the coroner and jury. But the gashes bled not—the dead man stirred not; and the spectators, with full faith in the mysteries of sympathy, avowed their conviction in favour of the prisoner. Still, till the delivery of a verdict, Justice Blake decided that he should be remanded to prison; and the proceedings of the inquest were once more diligently resumed, though with little chance of success. In a city so populous, what hope that a delinquent should be detected, whose crime it was supposed must originate in mistake, the only known enemy of the deceased being already virtually acquitted of the charge? The foreman of the jury, indeed, suggested as a last expedient that all the owners of gunsmiths' shops in London and the suburbs should be examined touching the firearms they had recently disposed of. But this seemed a difficult task; and a juryman, named Holloway, a gunsmith, in the Strand, even stated to the coroner that his profession was so nume-

rous as to render it impossible. "I, myself," said he, "*lent* a carbine on the day of the murder, and so, doubtless, did many of the trade; yet it would puzzle me at this moment to name the borrower." Forthwith, however, Holloway was made by the coroner to refresh his recollections, and, after some delay, succeeded in calling to mind a gentleman named Thompson, of Long Acre, formerly major in the army of the king, and now married to a daughter of Sir James Aston.

A search was instituted for Major Thompson, who, having already disappeared, his lady was arrested in his stead—their calling and Roman Catholic connection finding little favour in the eyes of a Roundhead magistrate. But, on the news of his wife's arrest, the Cavalier surrendered himself, and admitted that he had indeed borrowed a carbine of Master Holloway on the day in question, for a friend, who purposed to use it in deer-shooting, on a visit he was about to pay at the park of a noble Earl of the County of Kent. The name of this friend he for some time refused to give up, but, on being pressed with the threat of fresh rigours against his lady, who was still in confinement, Thompson admitted that it was none other than George Strangwayes, the brother-in-law of Obadiah Fussell, to whom he delivered the carbine, loaded with a brace of bullets and a slug, between seven and eight at night, in the churchyard of St. Clement's, and received it back again at his own lodging, between ten and

eleven, from the major, who stated that, having postponed his visit, he had no further occasion for the piece. Such evidence was considered sufficient to justify the full committal of Major Strangwayes to Newgate, to take his trial for the murder.

It was on the 24th of February, 1657, that this desperate man was finally arraigned at the Sessions House, in the Old Bailey, before Lord Chief Justice Glyn. But, having heard his indictment recited, and being required to plead (according to the usual form) "Guilty" or "Not Guilty" of the charge, neither menace nor persuasion would induce the hardy soldier of King Charles to hold up his hand in the Courts of the Commonwealth. It was in vain the learned Glyn and the rest of the Bench urged that, should he continue in contempt of Court, his crime involved no less a sentence than the horrible punishment of pressing to death. Not even the terrors of such a fate could determine Strangwayes to submit to any ordinary course of law. Having wasted hours in argument, the venerable Judge descended to entreaty—to tears; imploring the accused not to offer himself as so fearful an example.

"Let the rigour of the law of England take its course!" replied Major Strangwayes, in a firm voice. "We have seen a pretended tribunal pour forth the innocent blood of its best and noblest — even of the martyr Charles Stuart — (a saint in heaven). Spare not, therefore, mine, who own myself a sinner, whether guilty or not of the one misdemeanor laid to my charge."

"Yet, bethink thee, rash man, while Heaven still allows an outlet of escape from the agonies of death about to be adjudged thee," said the venerable Glyn, "bethink thee that, though direct proof against thee there is none—"

"I will bethink me only of submission to the sentence ye shall pronounce," interrupted the bold major. "Leave me to make my peace with God — with man, alas! it can never more be made."

Whereupon, slowly rising, and dashing away the tears of mercy that stood on his furrowed cheeks, the Lord Chief Justice rose, amid the breathless stillness of the Court, and, putting on the cap tendered him by his macer, pronounced sentence on the prisoner:—

"George Strangwayes, of Mussen, in the county of Dorset," said he, "sometime major in the armies of Charles Stuart, convicted of contempt of the most worshipful Court of Sessions of the county of Middlesex, holden at the Old Bailey, it is the decree of a jury of your countrymen that ye be sent back to the place from whence ye came, and thence to the press-yard of the prison of Newgate; where, being laid bare upon your back, with your arms and legs stretched forth by cords, one to one side, the other to the other, as much iron and stone shall be laid upon your body as you can bear. The first day ye shall have three morsels of barley bread, and the next day drink thrice of the water from the channel nearest to your prison door; and this shall be your punishment till you die!"

All present heard and shuddered, the prisoner alone maintaining a stedfast countenance. To Newgate he returned, without a word spoken; and that night several eminent divines waited upon him, some by will of the Protector, some in private charity, to prepare his soul for death, and counsel him to tender submission to government. To the clergy thus assembled he replied with becoming reverence as regarded the hopes of his salvation, professing humble faith in Christ, and an earnest hope to be brought through his merits to the mercy and glory of God; but denying the authority of Cromwell, and keeping his loyalty to the last. To one, however, of the members (Dr. Warmester) he addressed himself for private spiritual comfort; and, the rest having departed, exceeding sorrowful at his contumacy, the good Doctor obtained leave of the sheriffs to attend him in his cell, at the same hour that his brother-in-law Dewey was to take a last leave of the condemned.

"Doctor," said the dauntless Strangwayes, when they three were alone together within the four stone walls of the cell, "take — write — and bear witness of me!"

"A confession!" was the involuntary ejaculation of Dr. Warmester. "Then Heaven has in its mercy touched a callous heart."

"No confession!" replied Strangwayes, in a firm voice; "unless, indeed, that I appeal not against the justice of my judge. Neither pincers of iron, nor other implement of human cruelty, could wring from me such

confession as would bring upon my head the ignominy of the gibbet, and cause my estate to be forfeited to the law. There are those of my kin, to whom the lands of Mussen must descend when I am dead and gone" (Major Dewey here drew forth a kerchief of ample dimensions); "I should not rest in my grave, Doctor, did I imagine that the estates of my forefathers were to fall into the hands of traitors and regicides!"

"I beseech you, good brother, take heed of your words, that you offend not with your tongue," mildly interposed Dewey; "not that I would insinuate distrust of the worthy divine here present—but—"

"So much the better," interrupted the brave Cavalier with a smile; "since it is *him*, and no other, I humbly pray to accept the office of my executorship, and the bequest of my whole property and estate"—the Major turned pale and trembled—"to have and to hold in trust for such purposes as I shall confide to his discretion"—the Major breathed again—"requesting you, brother Dewey, as one of my nearest kinsmen, to subscribe as witness this my last will and testament."

To refuse, and refuse in ignorance of the nature of a bequest which might purport good to him and his, was out of the question. With a trembling hand, Dewey affixed his signature to the document thus hastily prepared; the turnkeys adding their names, for further testimony.

"I am every moment awaiting the arrival of her to

whom this trust is dedicated," observed Strangwayes, when all was done and the paper conveyed to the charge of the governor of the prison; and scarcely had Dewey time to recover his surprise, when the door of the cell opened, and a turnkey re-appeared bearing a lovely child, a girl of some six years old, who, on beholding Strangwayes, called on him in a piteous voice by the name of "Father;" and, springing into his arms, hid her sweet face in his bosom, so that nought was visible but the long rings of her radiant hair veiling her little shoulders.

"Rachel!" faltered the prisoner, his strong voice waxing weak as he addressed the child.

"Father! dear, dear father!" murmured the little creature in reply. "What art thou doing, father, in this dark, sad place? It is so long since thou wert down at Beechwood; and I have wearied for thee so grievously! Winter is almost gone; there are white snowdrops springing up, and the briars budding in the garden-hedge. Come back with me, father, to Beechwood; come away from these great gloomy walls and this loud, noisy city. The blackbird is sitting again in the orchard; and I have been so good, so *very* good, Nurse Blanchard promised to tell you how quiet and how good I have been — never once going near the bird upon her nest, because thou lovest so well the song of the blackbird of a summer afternoon. Father, father! thou art weeping?"

No one had courage to interrupt the little prattler;

no one had courage to exhort the unhappy Strangwayes, as he clasped the tender babe more closely to his breast, and imprinted kiss after kiss, kisses mingled with tears, upon her cheeks and brows.

"Rachel!" said he at last, when he could gather courage to address her, "thy father is going on a long journey, a long, painful journey; and it will be months, years, many, many years, ere we two meet again. Henceforward, Rachel, thy good nurse will be all in all to thee, saving, above both her and thee, the authority of this worthy gentleman, thy spiritual pastor, and above even *him* the Lord Most High, who will be a stay to thy orphan condition. When I am gone, Rachel, see thou be submissive unto their will! Shouldst thou grow to woman's estate, make thy fortunes among such as are faithful to the cause of thine exiled and lawful sovereign; fear God, my child, honour the king! Be true in word and deed, and unto others mild and merciful, as thou shalt thyself expect mercy!"

"But I will go with thee, father," sobbed Rachel, when the voice of her protector ceased speaking. "Take me with thee, dear, good father, take me with thee! I will be so orderly, so diligent, so obedient, so thou wilt only sit beside me at night, as thou wert wont when I lay down to sleep, and suffer me to kneel by thy side at morning when I offer up my prayer. Dear, dear father, I will not be denied—I will—I *will* go with thee!"

"Rachel, it must not be!" said the agonized father,

not daring to move, lest the babe should take cognizance of the irons with which he was loaded. "Thou must even now bid me farewell, and away; and be it as a token of love betwixt us, little Rachel, that thou leavest me without murmur, so as to spare a pang to the father that so dearly loves thee!"

The young child listened. Her bosom heaved, as she laboured with a sore effort to restrain her falling tears. She looked up wistfully in her father's face, and the sobs were repressed upon her quivering lip, as she pressed it to his cheek, his brow, his chin, in the outpouring of her innocent tenderness. She uttered not a single syllable, she dared not trust herself to speak; but, with unheard-of self-command, stretched out her fair arms silently towards the turnkey who had brought her to the cell, and who now stood beside the grated door, with tears coursing down his rugged face. Another moment, and all was dark: the door had turned on its sullen hinge, and closed again upon the man and his burden; and, lo! it seemed as if a sunbeam had been suddenly withdrawn from the place.

For a time not a word was spoken.

"That child, brother Dewey, is the child of Mildred Hooker!" said Strangwayes, at length breaking silence, *and it is mine!* Mildred has been six years dead, (she died in giving birth to my babe), and Rachel will soon be an orphan. Marvel not, therefore, that I find courage to confront a death of pain and terror to secure to the offspring of one so tenderly beloved the means of

maintenance. It was by the cunning of Obadiah Fussell that Mildred was wrested from me as my bride, and bestowed on a man who within two years of her marriage made off to Virginia, leaving her to want and shame. In my arms did she take refuge! We had tidings, but doubtful, of the death of her husband; and there was need that the marriage which we formed at the altar, (ay! by legal form at the altar), should be kept close till a sure certificate of his interment came to hand. Death stepped in between. It was my faithful Mildred's interment I had to certify. From that day the cottage at Beechwood became my home, the babe my solace. Oh! that lawless dealing had not served to thrust me thence for ever, and deprive my poor infant of the tender watchfulness of a father!"

"And, as touching the violent end of poor Fussell?" observed the divine, perceiving the heart of the prisoner to be softened, and hoping the moment might be favourable to obtain a confession.

"As touching that unhappy man, who would have robbed me of the last morsel destined to preserve the life of my child, I pray ye let no more be said!" replied Strangwayes, in a tone of resolution. "The God of vengeance knows for what I have to answer. All that remains to me of time must be devoted to preparations for eternity."

And it was done so! All that night the worthy divine remained with Strangwayes, breathing words of comfort and promises of peace. Early in the morning

came Dewey again, with many Cavaliers, who had served in happier times with the brave soldier. Of each George Strangwayes took an affectionate but manly leave; refusing to give ear to their entreaties that he would release himself from coming torture by confession.

"My house and lands shall never fall to the lot of the Regicides," was his still reiterated reply. "A holy and a happy purpose awaits the destination of Mussen Farm."

Already the javelin-men were assembled; and the sheriffs came forth with pale faces to preside over this frightful execution. The bell of Christchurch tower tolled heavily; the ordinary began reciting the service of burial of the dead; when George Strangwayes, clad in a close-fitting garb of white, covered with a long mourning cloak, was led forth into the press-yard. The very executioners looked aghast, as scarcely knowing what course to pursue.

"Doctor! support me with your prayers," said the Cavalier in a solemn voice, addressing Dr. Warmester, who stood there with his hands devoutly folded on his breast. "For *you*, friends!" he added, addressing such of his party as were there to do him friendship to the last, "when the weights are put on, I pray you leap upon my body, that my sufferings be abridged."

And, dreadful as was the duty, they had courage to comply. The ponderous masses of iron and stone were upheaved on the press placed upon the outstretched

body of the victim, until heavy groans burst forth, bearing involuntary token of his anguish. At that signal, three stout Cavaliers flung themselves with headlong pressure on the body; and, after one more doleful cry, all was still: the spirit had departed from its tortured dwelling-place of clay!

Some hours afterwards the weights were taken off, and the wooden press on which they were deposited removed. It was seen that, by the humanity of the executioners, an angle of the press had been purposely placed over the heart of the victim, to put a speedier end to his torments; for, by the injunction of the Protector, the sharp billet usually placed under the backs of malefactors condemned to the horrible fate of pressing to death to hasten the execution, had been withheld from George Strangwayes, the malignant. By the interference of Dr. Warmester, the mangled body was placed in a decent coffin, and interred at the north-western corner of the cemetery in Moorfields. There may a plain headstone still be seen, bearing the initials G. S., A. D. 1657; and nigh unto it a small mossy ridge. For, the child Rachel having soon pined away unto death, the divine who ministered to the last moments of her father caused her to be laid at the feet of him who, for her sake, had braved the utmost rigours of the law; and whereas, by the death of the innocent, the estate of Mussen fell to his absolute disposal, Warmester bestowed it in perpetual endowment upon the school of Christ's Hospital, in the city of London.

It was averred that, previously to the execution of the unfortunate Strangwayes, many persons waited upon Cromwell, (among others Major Dewey, the parliamentarian, and Mabellah, the widow of Fussell), to implore commutation of his sentence. But, the Protector remained inexorable, replying to them in the words used by the barons of England at Merton in 1258, in rejection of the factious petition of the clergy:

"*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari!*"

POETRY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

"Where find ye Poetry?" Go, look abroad,
Go forth and meet it in each blade of grass;
In every bell of dew, that on the sod
Makes for the butterflies a looking-glass;
In every sunbeam, and in every shade,
In the stream's murmur, and the wild bird's song;
In merry cricket's chirp the weeds among;
In sunny meadow, and in gloomy glade!
"Where find ye Poetry?" The fertile earth
Is one fair volume, filled with thoughts sublime;
And, he who worships Nature, and looks forth
With pondering spirit on the course of time,
Shall in each page find sweetest poetry:
Religion, Beauty, Truth, Sublimity!

G. Cattermole. del.t Pubd by Ackermann & Co London. F. Bacon. sculp.t

THE BRIDAL TOILET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARTLEY."

The Bridal Toilet! not an hour of mirth,
As toilets were when her young heart was free:
For, now, within that loving heart, have birth
Imaginings that may not uttered be.
Dream-like, they flit before her mental sight;
Love, Hope, and Fear, mingling in deep delight.

It is the goal of life. All by-gone joy
Seems nought to that which opens to her view.
Supremely blest, her future whole employ,
For life is love! "Oh! Edward! Be thou true!"
She half exclaims, then smiles away the doubt.
Blest confidence! Oh, what were life without!

'T is something, too, to leave that ancient hall,
Through which a little playful child she ran,
That long accustomed room, which held her all
Of youthful property since life began;
To leave them, as a vessel leaves the shore,
And call her parent's home *her* home no more!

But, even as the vessel steers from land,
To plough through unknown seas with vent'rous keel,
Goes forth her spirit! None may understand
That mighty mystery, though all may feel
Or know the wond'rous power, Affection's spell,
Love's hallowed flame, which not e'en death can quell.

That glows, triumphant, in her virgin breast:
On *one* alone, for life, she now relies.
Be calm each thought, lulled every fear to rest!
Smile, Lady, smile, though tears bedew thine eyes!
One little hour — and, walking at his side,
Ye shall be One—the Bridegroom and the Bride.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

FROM "TITIAN," AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

Which is the better, tell me, pray —
Old Wisdom, with his frown of scorning,
Or Lady Folly, young and gay,
As is a summer's sunny morning?
One, dark as Night;
The other, bright
As Joy o'er Beauty's features flashing —
One, calm and cold;
The other, bold
As a swift river, seaward dashing!

Let sober elves read Wisdom's book,
  Until its leaden pages tire them;
While Folly prompts me still to look
  On Youth and Beauty—to admire them!

Which is the happier?—doubt it not,
  The light from Wisdom's palace streaming
Smiles not upon a brighter lot
  Than that from Folly's cottage beaming.
    For ancient lore,
    And golden store,
  Oppress the heart, and dull its spirit.
    Best gem of earth
    Is bright-eyed Mirth—
  The wealth which Folly's heirs inherit.
But would the earth in gladness roll,
  Oh bring the maid and sage together;
Let Folly read *his* learned scroll,
  And Wisdom wear *her* cap and feather!

HOPE.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

    Beautiful dream!
Floating, like shadows of the summer sky,
    O'er the blue stream,
Oh let me feel thy radiance ere it fly!

Oh linger yet,
In thy soul-gladd'ning loveliness and light,
Till I forget,
Beautiful dream! to wake from day to night.

'Tis past—'tis fled;
And dim reality around me flings
The soulless dead,
Dull world, to which our mortal being clings,
In hope's despite—
The hope that, luring ever, still betrays,
Breathing its blight
O'er each loved blossom of youth's trusting days.

And is there none,
No certain hope to which the heart may cleave,
When, wandering lone,
The pilgrim gazes on the approaching eve?
Yes, beaming far
Through cloud and storm, soft harbinger of love,
One silent star
Shines o'er his path, Hope's beacon from above.

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POETS' CORNER.

TO ** ** **.

"Forget me not"—is thy request, alas! it needed not—
Long have I struggled with my heart, and thou art not forgot!
I would not that the eyes I love should shed one tear for me,
Or that my own dark sorrows drew a sigh of grief from thee;
I would not ask one thought of thine while friends and fortune smile,
For I can bear my lonely lot—yet love thee all the while;
But should a cold and evil day cast shadows on thy heart,
And chased by fortune's frowns away, thy summer friends depart,
Should grief and sickness change that brow, and thou on earth feel lone,
Perhaps 'twill soothe a pang to think *one* heart is all thine own!
Know, should those days of darkness come, that *one* doth yet remain
Who'd spurn the proudest happiest lot, to share and soothe *thy* pain.

C. M. D.

British and Foreign Review.

—Miseries of a Bachelor's Life.—Poor fellow! he returns to his lodging—I will not say to his "home." There may be every thing he can possibly desire, in the shape of mere external comforts, provided for him by the officious zeal of Mrs.———, his housekeeper; but still the room has an air of chilling vacancy, the very atmosphere of the apartment has a dim, uninhabited appearance—the chairs, set round with provoking neatness, look reproachfully useless and unoccupied; and the tables and other furniture shine with impertinent and futile brightness. All is dreary and repelling. No gentle face welcomes his arrival—no loving hands meet his—no kind looks answer the listless gaze he throws round the apartment. He sits down to a book, alone; there is no one sitting by his side, to enjoy with him the favonrite passage—the apt remarke—the jnst criticism; no eyes in which to read his own feelings; his own taste are unapprecated and unreflected; he has no resource but himself—no one to look np to but himself; all his happiness must emnate from himself. He flings down the volume in despair; hides his face in his hands, and sighs aloud; *O! me miserum! Book of Courtship.*